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THE WORKS

OF

J.-B. P. MOLIERE

VOLUME II

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

SGANARELLE

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLE

THE FLYING DOCTOR

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

THE EDITION

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE

ON JAPAN VELLUM PAPER

LIMITED TO TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES

No. 51

THE

WORKS

OF

MOLIERE

ILLUSTRATED

SCANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

MM. LOUIS LELOIR MAURICE LELOIR JACQUES LEMAN

SCENE VII.

JACQUES LEMAN, PINXIT. GERY PICHARD, ETCHER.

SCANARELLE'S WIFE (Dorine, Mr. Y. where commits the mistake of Lelie, [illegible]): "OH! HEAVEN! IT IS A MINIATURE, A FINE PICTURE OF A HANDSOME MAN."

SCANARELLE (Dorine, Mr. [illegible] over the [illegible]): "WHAT IS THIS SHE LOOKS AT SO CLOSELY? THIS [illegible] CLOSE DOES MY HONOR LITTLE GOOD. A VERY UGLY FEELING OF JEALOUSY [illegible] TO CREEP OVER ME."

PARIS

CHEZ MARIUS, PEARL, EDITEURS

[illegible]

[illegible]

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

SCENE VI.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

SGANARELLE'S WIFE (*Thinking herself alone, examines the miniature of Lelio, which she has just found on the ground*): "OH! HEAVEN! IT IS A MINIATURE, A FINE PICTURE OF A HANDSOME MAN."

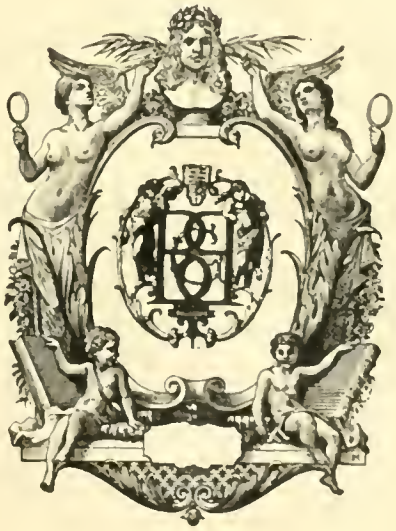
SGANARELLE (*Aside, and looking over his wife's shoulder*): "WHAT IS THIS SHE LOOKS AT SO CLOSELY? THIS PICTURE BODES MY HONOR LITTLE GOOD. A VERY UGLY FEELING OF JEALOUSY BEGINS TO CREEP OVER ME."

THE WORKS OF MOLIERE

ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

MM. LOUIS LELOIR MAURICE LELOIR JACQUES LEMAN
EDMOND HEDOUIN



PARIS

CHEZ BARRIE FRERES, ÉDITEURS

RUE SCRIBE, 19

PHILADELPHIA: GEORGE BARRIE & SON

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

TO THE RIGHT, POLIXENA AND AMINTHA, THAT IS TO SAY, MADELON AND CATHOS; TO THE LEFT, MASCARILLE HOLDING OUT HIS GLOVED HAND, AND SAYING:

"PLEASE TO FASTEN THE REFLECTION OF YOUR SMELLING FACULTY UPON THESE GLOVES." SCENE X.

IN THE CENTRE, THE CROWN OF THE MARQUISATE DE MASCARILLE.

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

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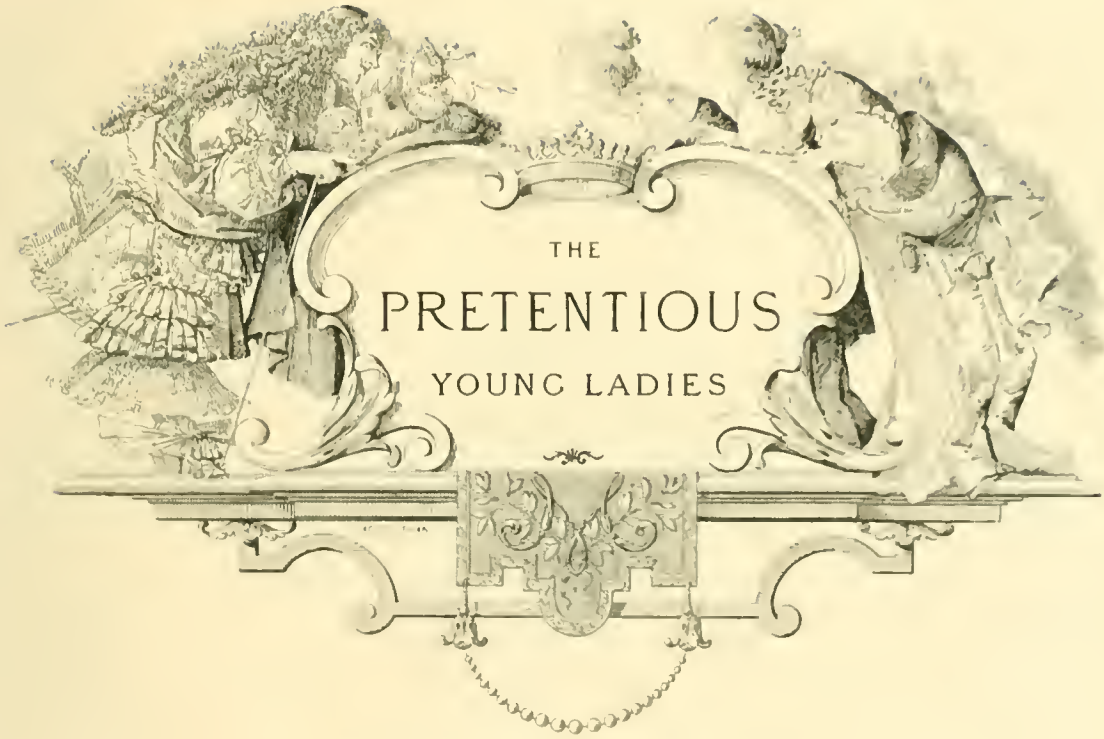
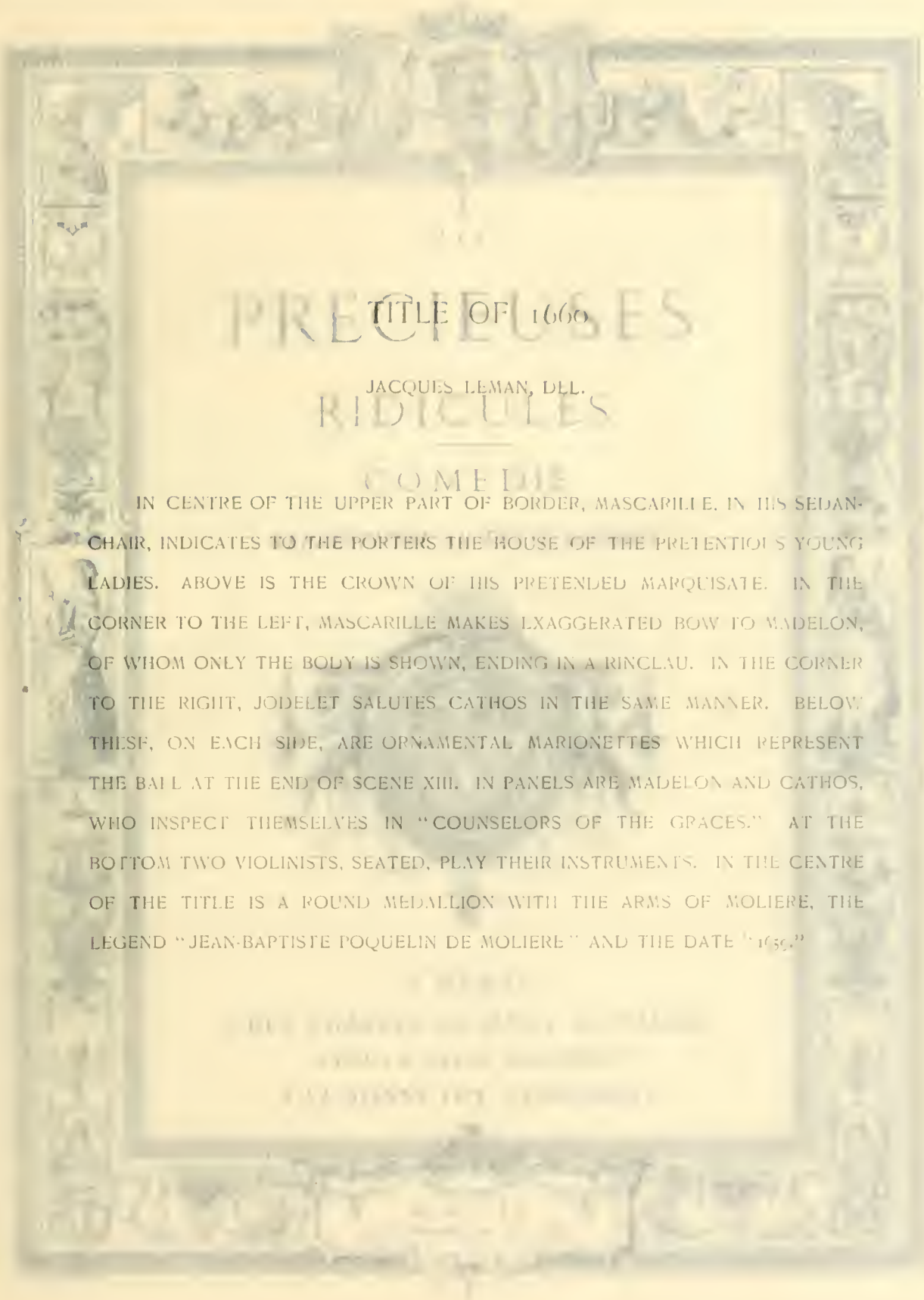

THE
PRETENTIOUS
YOUNG LADIES



TITLE OF 1660

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN CENTRE OF THE UPPER PART OF BORDER, MASCARILLE, IN HIS SEDAN-CHAIR, INDICATES TO THE PORTERS THE HOUSE OF THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES. ABOVE IS THE CROWN OF HIS PRETENDED MARQUISATE. IN THE CORNER TO THE LEFT, MASCARILLE MAKES EXAGGERATED BOW TO MADELON, OF WHOM ONLY THE BODY IS SHOWN, ENDING IN A RINCEAU. IN THE CORNER TO THE RIGHT, JODELET SALUTES CATHOS IN THE SAME MANNER. BELOW THESE, ON EACH SIDE, ARE ORNAMENTAL MARIONETTES WHICH REPRESENT THE BALL AT THE END OF SCENE XIII. IN PANELS ARE MADELON AND CATHOS, WHO INSPECT THEMSELVES IN "COUNSELORS OF THE GRACES." AT THE BOTTOM TWO VIOLINISTS, SEATED, PLAY THEIR INSTRUMENTS. IN THE CENTRE OF THE TITLE IS A ROUND MEDALLION WITH THE ARMS OF MOLIERE, THE LEGEND "JEAN-BAPTISTE POQUELIN DE MOLIERE" AND THE DATE "1659."

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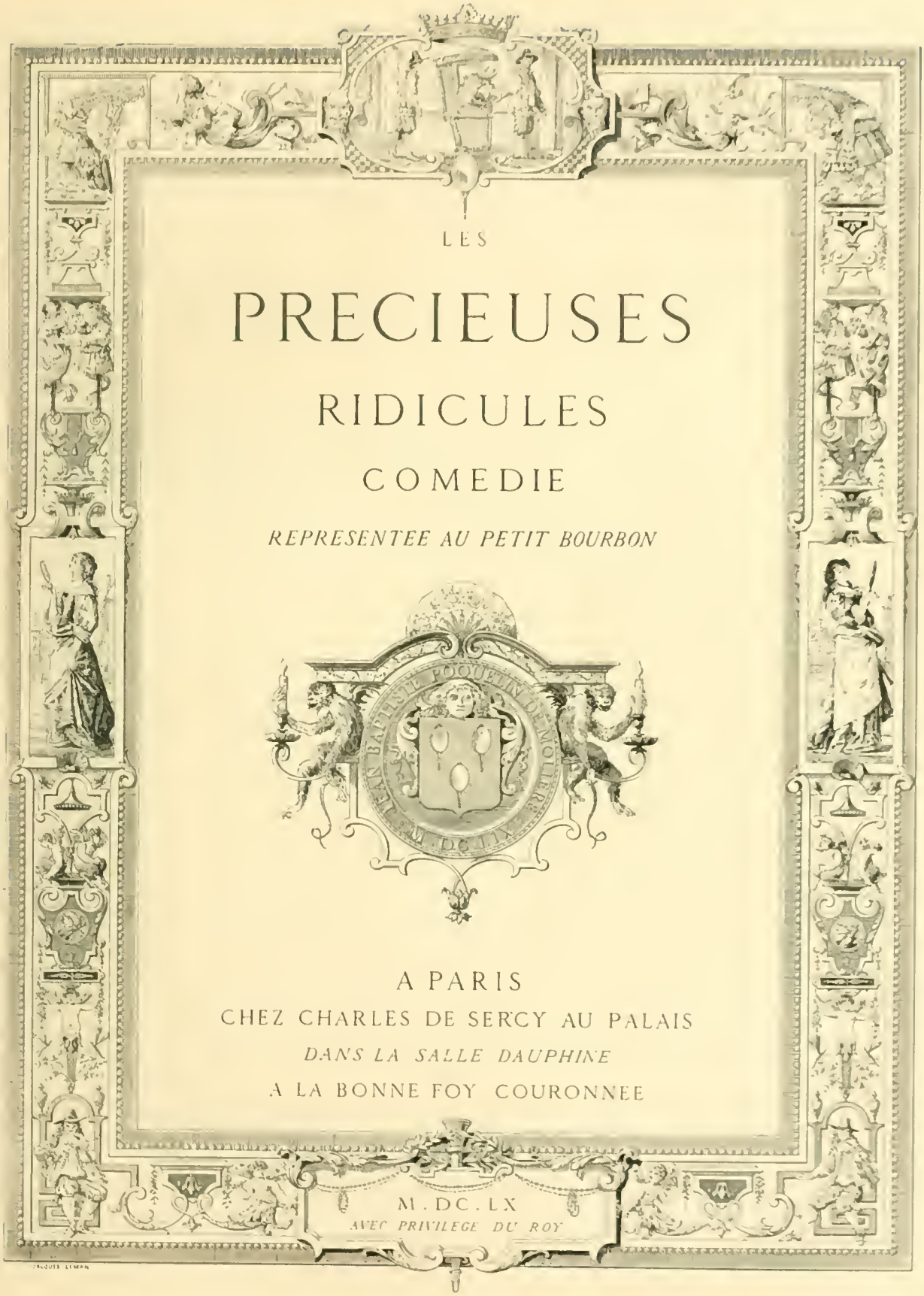
LES
PRECIEUSES
RIDICULES
COMEDIE
REPRESENTEE AU PETIT BOURBON
JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN DE MOLIERE
M DC LIX
A PARIS
CHEZ CHARLES DE SERCY AU PALAIS
DANS LA SALLE DAUPHINE
A LA BONNE FOY COURONNEE
M . DC . LX
AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le 19 Janvier 1660, signé: "Par le Roy en Conseil, MARESCHAL,*" il est permis à* GUILLAUME DE LUYNES, *Marchand Libraire de nostre bonne ville de Paris, de faire imprimer, vendre et débiter* Les Précieuses Ridicules, représentées au Petit Bourbon, *pendant cinq années, et Défenses sont faites à tous autres de l'imprimer, ni vendre d'autre édition que celle de l'exposant, à peine de deux mil livres d'amande, de tous despens, dommages et intérests, comme il est porté plus amplement par les dites Lettres.*

Et le dit DE LUYNES a fait part du Privilège cy-dessus à CHARLES DE SERCY et CLAUDE BARBIN, Marchands Libraires, pour en jouir suivant l'accord fait entre eux.

Achevé d'imprimer pour la première fois le vingt-neuf Janvier 1660.

Registré sur le Livre de la Communauté . . .

Le vingt Janvier 1660.

Signé: JOSSE, Syndic.

Le exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

Molière began in *The Pretentious Young Ladies* to paint men and women as they are; to make living characters and existing manners the groundwork of his plays. From that time he abandoned all imitation of Italian or Spanish imbroglios and intrigues.

There is no doubt that aristocratic society attempted, about the latter years of the reign of Louis XIII, to amend the coarse and licentious expressions which, during the civil wars, had been introduced into literature as well as into manners. It was praiseworthy of some high-born ladies in Parisian society to endeavor to refine the language and the mind. But there was a very great difference between the influence these ladies exercised from 1620 until 1640 and what took place in 1658, the year when Molière returned to Paris. The hôtel de Rambouillet, and the aristocratic drawing-rooms, had then done their work, and done it well; but they were succeeded by a clique which cared only for what was nicely said, or rather what was out of the common. Instead of using an elegant and refined diction, they employed only a pretentious and conceitedly affected style, which became highly ridiculous; instead of improving the national idiom they completely spoiled it. Where formerly D'Urfe, Malherbe, Racan, Balzac and Voiture reigned, Chapelain, Scudéry, Ménage and the Abbé Cotin, "the father of the French Riddle," ruled in their stead. Moreover, every lady in Paris, as well as in the provinces, no matter what her education was, held her drawing-room, where nothing was heard but a ridiculous, exaggerated, and what was worse, a borrowed phraseology. The novels of Mlle. de Scudéry became the text-book of the *précieux* and the *précieuses*, for such was the name given to these gentlemen and ladies who set up for wits and thought they displayed exquisite taste, refined ideas, fastidious judgment, and consummate and critical discrimination, whilst they only uttered vapid and blatant nonsense. What other language can be used when we find that they called the sun *l'aimable éclairant le plus beau du monde, l'époux de la nature*, and that when speaking of an old gentleman with gray hair, they said, not as a joke, but seriously, *il a des quittances d'amour*. A few of their expressions, however, are employed even at the present time, such as *châtier son style*, to correct one's style; *dépenser une heure*, to spend an hour; *revêtir ses pensées d'expressions nobles*, to clothe one's thoughts in noble expressions, etc.

Though the *précieux* and *précieuses* had been several times attacked before, it remained

for Molière to give them their death-blow, and after the performance of his comedy the name became a term of ridicule and contumely. What enhanced the bitterness of the attack was the difference between Molière's natural style and the affected tone of the would-be elegants he brought upon the stage.

This comedy, in prose, was first acted at Paris, at the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon, on the 18th of November, 1659, and met with great success. Through the influence of some noble *précieux* and *précieuses* it was forbidden until the 2d of December, when the concourse of spectators was so great that it had to be performed twice a day; that the prices of nearly all the places were raised (see note 7, page xxviii), and that it ran for four months together. We have referred in our prefatory memoir of Molière to some of the legendary anecdotes connected with this play.

It has also been said that our author owed perhaps the first idea of this play to a scarcely-known work, *les Cercle des Femmes, ou le Secret du Lit Nuptial; entretiens comiques*, written by a long-forgotten author, Samuel Chapuzeau, in which a servant dressed in his master's clothes, is well received by a certain lady who had rejected the master. But as the witty dialogue is the principal merit in Molière's play, it is really of no great consequence who first suggested the primary idea.

The piece, though played in 1659, was only printed on the 29th of January, 1660, by Guillaume de Luyne, a bookseller in Paris, with a preface by Molière, which we give here below:

A strange thing it is, that People should be put in print against their Will. I know nothing so unjust, and should pardon any other Violence much sooner than that.

Not that I here intend to personate the bashful Author, and out of a point of honor undervalue my Comedy. I should very unseasonably disoblige all the People of Paris, should I accuse them of having applauded a foolish Thing: as the Public is absolute Judge of such sort of Works, it would be Impertinence in me to contradict it; and even if I should have had the worst Opinion in the World of my *Pretentious Young Ladies* before they appeared upon the Stage, I must now believe them of some Value, since so many People agree to speak in their behalf. But as great part of the Pleasure it gave depends upon the Action and Tone of the Voice, it behooved me, not to let them be deprived of those Ornaments; and that success they had in the representation was, I thought, sufficiently favorable for me to stop there. I was, I say, determined to let them only be seen by Candlelight, that I might give no room for anyone to use the Proverb;[1] nor was I willing they should leap from the Théâtre du Bourbon into the *Galerie du Palais*.[2] Notwithstanding, I have been unable to avoid it, and am fallen under the Misfortune of seeing a surreptitious Copy of my Play in the Hands of the Booksellers, together with a Privilege, knavishly obtained, for printing it. I cried out in vain, O Times! O Manners! They showed me that there was a Necessity for me to be in print, or have a Law-suit; and the last evil is even worse than the first. Fate therefore must be submitted to, and I must consent to a Thing, which they would not fail to do without me.

Lord, the strange Perplexity of sending a book abroad! and what an awkward Figure an Author makes the first time he appears in print! Had they allowed me time, I should have thought it over better, and have taken all those Precautions which the Gentlemen Authors, who are now my Brethren, commonly make use of upon the like Occasions. Besides, some noble Lord, whom I should have chosen, in spite of his Teeth, to be the Patron of my Work, and whose Generosity I should have excited by an Epistle Dedicatory very elegantly composed, I should have endeavoured to make a fine and learned Preface; nor do I want books which would

have supplied me with all that can be said in a scholarly Manner upon Tragedy and Comedy; the Etymology of them both, their Origin, their Definition, and so forth. I should likewise have spoken to my friends, who to recommend my Performance, would not have refused me Verses, either in French or Latin. I have even some that would have praised me in Greek, and Nobody is ignorant, that a Commendation in Greek is of a marvellous efficacy at the Beginning of a Book. But I am sent Abroad without giving me time to look about me; and I can't so much as obtain the Liberty of speaking two words, to justify my Intention, as to the subject of this Comedy. I would willingly have shewn that it is confined throughout within the Bounds of allowable and decent Satire, that Things the most excellent are liable to be mimicked by wretched Apes, who deserve to be ridiculed; that these absurd Imitations of what is most perfect, have been at all times the Subject of Comedy; and that, for the same Reason, that the truly Learned and truly Brave never yet thought fit to be offended at the Doctor or the Captain in a Comedy, no more than Judges, Princes and Kings at seeing Trivelin,[3] or any other upon the Stage, ridiculously act the Judge, the Prince or the King; so the true *Précieuses* would be in the wrong to be angry, when the pretentious ones are exposed, who imitate them awkwardly. In a Word, as I said, I am not allowed breathing time; Mr. de Luyne is going to bind me up this Instant: . . . let it be so, since the Fates so ordain it.

In the third volume of the *Select Comedies of M. de Molière*, this comedy is called *The Conceited Ladies*. It is dedicated to Miss Le Bas in the following words:—

MADAM,

Addresses of this Nature are usually fill'd with Flattery: And it is become so general and known a Practice for Authors of every kind to bedeck with all Perfections Those to whom they present their Writings, that Dedications are, by most People, at present, interpreted like Dreams, directly backwards. I dare not, therefore, attempt Your Character, lest even Truth itself should be suspected—Thus far, however, I'll venture to declare, that if sprightly blooming Youth, endearing sweet Good-nature, flowing gentle Wit, and an easy unaffected Conversation may be reckon'd Charms,—*Miss* LE BAS is exquisitely charming.

The following COMEDY of *Monsieur* MOLIÈRE, that celebrated Dramatick Writer, was by him intended to reprove a vain, fantastical, conceited and preposterous Humor, which about that time prevailed very much in *France*. It had the desir'd good Effect, and conduced a great deal towards rooting out a Taste so unreasonable and ridiculous.—As Pride, Conceit, Vanity and Affectation are Foibles so often found amongst the Fair Sex at present, I have attempted this Translation, in hopes of doing service to my pretty Country-Women.—And, certainly, it must have a double efficacy, under the Patronage of one who is so bright an Example of the contrary fine Accomplishments, which a large Fortune makes her not the less careful to improve.

I am not so presumptuous to imagine that my *English* can do sufficient Justice to the sense of this admir'd AUTHOR; and, therefore, have caused the ORIGINAL to be placed against it Page for Page, hoping that, both together, may prove an agreeable and useful Entertainment.—But I have detain'd you too long already, and shall only add that I am, with much respect, and every good Wish, MADAM, *Your most Obedient Humble Servant*,

THE TRANSLATOR.

The *Précieuses Ridicules* have been partly imitated in "*The Damoiselles à la Mode*, Compos'd and Written by Richard Flecknoe. London: Printed for the Author, 1667. To their graces the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, the Author dedicates this his comedy more humbly than by way of epistle." This gentleman, who was "so distinguished as a wretched poet, that his name had almost become proverbial," and who gave the title to Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, is said to have been originally a Jesuit. Langbaine states "that his acquaintance with the nobility was more than with the Muses." In the preface our author says: "This

Comedy is taken out of several pieces of *Molière*. The main plot out of his *Pretieuse's Ridiculee's;* the Counterplot of *Sganarelle* out of his *Escole des Femmes,* and out of the *Escole des Marys*, the two *Naturals;* all which, like so many *Pretieuse* stones, I have brought out of *France;* and as a Lapidary set in one Jewel to adorn our English stage."

This motley play was never acted; at least the author says: "For the Acting it, those who have the Governing of the Stage, have their Humours, and wou'd be intreated; and I have mine and won't intreat them; and were all Dramatick Writers of my mind, they shou'd wear their old *Playes* Thred-bare, ere they shou'd have any *New*, till they better understood their own Interest, and how to distinguish betwixt good and bad."

The "Prologue intended for the overture of the Theater 1666," opens thus:—

> "In these sad Times[4] our Author has been long
> Studying to give you some diversion;
> And he has ta'en the way to do't, which he
> Thought most diverting, mirth and Comedy;
> And now he knows there are inough i' the Town
> At name of mirth and Comedy will frown,
> And sighing say, the times are bad; what then?
> Will their being sad and heavy better them?"

According to the list of "The Representers, as they were first design'd," I see that Nell Gwyn should have played the part of "*Lysette*, the *Damoiselle's* waiting Woman."

James Miller, a well-known dramatist, and joint-translator of Molière with H. Baker, has also imitated part of *The Pretentious Young Ladies* and with another part borrowed from Molière's *School for Husbands,* two characters taken from Molière's *Learned Ladies*, and some short speeches borrowed from the *Countess of Escarbagnas*, he composed a comedy, which was played at Drury Lane, March 6, 1735, under the title of *The Man of Taste; or, The Guardians.* Mr. Miller appears to have been a man of indomitable spirit and industry. Being a clergyman with a very small stipend he wrote plays to improve his circumstances, but offended both his bishop and the public. At last he was presented to the very valuable living of Upcerne, in Dorsetshire, and was also successful with a translation of *Mahomet* of Voltaire, but died within the year after his induction. *The Man of Taste* was printed for J. Watts, 1735, and is dedicated to Lord Weymouth. We give part of the dedication:

> "As to the Attempt here made to expose the several Vices and Follies that at present flourish in Vogue, I hope your Lordship will think it confined within the bounds of a modest and wholesome Chastisement. That it is a very seasonable one, I believe, every Person will acknowledge, When what is set up for the Standard of Taste, is but just the Reverse of Truth and Common Sense; and that which is dignify'd with the Name of Politeness, is deficient in nothing—but Decency and Good Manners: When all Distinctions of Stations and Fortune are broke in upon, so that a *Peer* and a *Mechanick* are cloathed in the same Habits, and indulge in the same Diversions and Luxuries: When Husbands are ruin'd, Children robb'd, and Tradesmen starv'd, in order to give Estates to a *French* Harlequin and *Italian* Eunuch, for a Shrug or a Song;[5] shall not fair and fearless Satire oppose this Outrage upon all Reason and Discretion. Yes, My Lord, resentment can never better be shown, nor Indignation more laudably exerted than on such an occasion."

The Prologue, spoken by Mr. Cibber, is racy. We give the first half of it.—

"Wit springs so slow in our bleak Northern Soil,
It scarce, at best, rewards the Planter's Toil.
But now, when all the Sun-shine and the Rain
Are turn'd to cultivate a Foreign grain;
When, what should cherish, preys upon the Tree,
What generous Fruit can you expect to see?
Our Bard, to strike the Humour of the Times,
Imports these Scenes from kindlier Southern Climes;
Secure his Pains will with Applause be crown'd,
If you're as fond of Foreign sense as . . . sound:
And since their Follies have been bought so dear,
We hope their Wit a moderate Price may bear.
Terence, Great Master! who, with wond'rous Art,
Explor'd the deepest Secrets of the Heart;
That best Old Judge of Manners and of Men,
First grac'd this Tale with his immortal Pen.[6]
Molière, the Classick of the Gallick Stage,
First dar'd to modernize the Sacred Page;
Skilful, the one thing wanting to supply,
Humour, that Soul of Comic Poesy.
The Roman Fools were drawn so high . . . the Pit
Might take 'em now for Modern Men of Wit.
But Molière painted with a bolder Hand,
And mark'd his Oafs with the Fool's-Cap and Band
To ev'ry Vice he tagged the just Reproach,
Shew'd Worth on Foot, and Rascals in a Coach."

Mrs. Aphra Behn, a voluminous writer of plays, novels, poems, and letters,—all of a lively and amorous turn,—was the widow of a Dutch merchant, and partly occupied the time not engaged in literary pursuits in political or gallant intrigues. Her comedies are her best works, and, although some of her scenes are often indecent, and not a few of her expressions indelicate, yet her plots are always lively and well sustained and her dialogues very witty. The date of her birth is unknown, but she died on the 16th of April, 1689, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

In 1682 was performed, at the theatre, Dorset Garden, her play, *The False Count; or, a New Way to Play an Old Game.* The prologue attacks the Whigs most furiously, and the epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, is very indecent. The plot of this play, or rather farce, is very improbable, and the language is more than free. Julia, in love with Don Carlos, afterwards Governor of Cadiz, was forced by her father to marry Francisco, a rich old man, formerly a leather-seller; the latter going with his family to sea on a party of pleasure, are taken prisoners by Carlos and his servants, disguised as Turks. They are carried to a country house, and made to believe they are in the Grand Turk's seraglio. There is also an underplot, in which Isabella, Francisco's proud and vain

daughter, is courted by Guilion, a supposed count, but in reality a chimney-sweep, whose hand she accepts. In the end everything is discovered, and Guilion comes to claim his wife in his sooty clothes.

Thomas Shadwell, a dramatist, and the poet-laureate of William III, who has been flagellated by Dryden in his *MacFlecknoe* and in the second part of *Absalom and Achitophel,* and been mentioned with contempt by Pope in his *Dunciad,* took from the *Précieuses Ridicules* Mascarille and Jodelet, and freely imitated and united them in the character of La Roch, a sham count, in his *Bury-Fair,* acted by his Majesty's servants in 1689. This play, dedicated to Charles, Earl of Dorset and Middlesex, was written "during eight months' painful sickness." In the Prologue Shadwell states:

> "That every Part is Fiction in his Play;
> Particular Reflections there are none;
> Our Poet knows not one in all your Town.
> If any has so very little Wit,
> To think a Fop's Dress can his Person fit,
> E'en let him take it, and make much of it.

Whilst, in *The Pretentious Young Ladies,* Mascarille and Jodelet impose upon two provincial girls, in *Bury-Fair,* La Roch, "a French perukemaker," succeeds in deceiving Mrs. Fantast and Mrs. Gertrude under the name of Count de Cheveux. The count is very amusing, and, though a coward to boot, pretends to be a great warrior. His description of war is characteristic. He states that "de great Heros always burne and killè de Man, Woman and Shilde for deir Glory."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LA GRANGE, } Repulsed lovers.
DU CROISY, }

GORGIBUS,[1] A good citizen.

THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, Valet to La Grange.[2]

THE VISCOUNT JODELET, Valet to Du Croisy.

ALMANZOR, Footman to the pretentious ladies.

TWO CHAIRMEN.

MUSICIANS.

MADELON, Daughter to Gorgibus, } The pretentious young ladies.
CATHOS, Niece to Gorgibus, }

MAROTTE, Maid to the pretentious young ladies.

LUCILE, } Two female neighbors.
CELIMENE, }

SCENE—*Gorgibus' House, Paris.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE UPPER PART IS THE CROWN OF THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE BOWS OF HIS VIOLINISTS; ON THE ROUNDED CORNERS ARE TWO VERY YOUNG PRETENTIOUS LADIES ALREADY FLIRTING WITH FANS. THE TWO UPRIGHTS ARE COMPOSED OF LITTLE VIOLINS. AT THE BOTTOM, A CHEST WITH LION'S FEET, IN FRONT OF WHICH, ON A FOOTSTOOL, STANDS A YOUNG VIOLINIST PLAYING HIS INSTRUMENT. IN THE LOWER CORNER ARE THE HAT AND GLOVES OF MASCARILLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—La Grange, Du Croisy.

Du Cr. Mr. La Grange.

La Gr. What?

Du Cr. Look at me for a moment without laughing.

La Gr. Well?

Du Cr. What do you say of our visit? Are you quite pleased with it?

La Gr. Do you think either of us has any reason to be so?

Du Cr. Not at all, to say the truth.

La Gr. As for me, I must acknowledge I was quite shocked at it. Pray, now, did ever anybody see a couple of country wenches giving themselves more ridiculous airs, or two men treated with more contempt than we were? They could hardly make up their mind to order chairs for us. I never saw such whispering as there was between them; such yawning, such rubbing of the eyes, and asking so often what o'clock it was. Did they answer anything else but "yes" or "no" to what we said to them? In short, do you not agree with me that if we had been the meanest persons in the world we could not have been treated worse?

Du Cr. You seem to take it greatly to heart.

La Gr. No doubt I do; so much so, that I am resolved to be revenged on them for their impertinence. I know well enough why they despise us. Affectation has not alone infected Paris, but has also spread into the country, and our ridiculous damsels have sucked in their share of it. In a word, they are a strange medley of coquetry and affectation. I plainly see what kind of persons will be well received by them; if you will take my advice, we will play them such a trick as shall show them their folly, and teach them to distinguish a little better the people they have to deal with.

Du Cr. How can you do this?

La Gr. I have a certain valet, named

Mascarille, who, in the opinion of many people, passes for a kind of wit; for nothing now-a-days is easier than to acquire such a reputation. He is an extraordinary fellow, who has taken it into his head to ape a person of quality. He usually prides himself on his gallantry and his poetry, and despises so much the other servants that he calls them brutes.

DU CR. Well, what do you mean to do with him?

LA GR. What do I mean to do with him? He must . . . but first, let us begone.

SCENE II.—GORGIBUS, DU CROISY, LA GRANGE.

GORG. Well, gentlemen, you have seen my niece and my daughter. How are matters going on? What is the result of your visit?

LA GR. They will tell you this better than we can. All we say is that we thank you for the favor you have done us, and remain your most humble servants.

DU CR. Your most humble servants.

GORG. (*Alone.*) Hoity-toity! Methinks they go away dissatisfied. What can be the meaning of this? I must find it out. Within there!

SCENE III.—GORGIBUS, MAROTTE.

MAR. Did you call, sir?

GORG. Where are your mistresses?

MAR. In their room.

GORG. What are they doing there?

MAR. Making lip-salve.

GORG. There is no end of their salves. Bid them come down. (*Alone.*) These hussies with their salves have, I think, a mind to ruin me. Everywhere in the house I see nothing but whites of eggs, lac virginal, and a thousand other fooleries I am not acquainted with. Since we have been here they have employed the lard of a dozen hogs at least, and four servants might live every day on the sheep's trotters they use.

SCENE IV.—MAGDELON, CATHOS, GORGIBUS.

GORG. Truly, there is great need to spend so much money to grease your faces. Pray tell me, what have you done to those gentlemen, that I saw them go away with so much coldness? Did I not order you to receive them as persons whom I intended for your husbands?

MAG. Dear father, what consideration do you wish us to entertain for the irregular behavior of these people?

CAT. How can a woman of ever so little understanding, uncle, reconcile herself to such individuals?

GORG. What fault have you to find with them?

MAG. Theirs is fine gallantry, indeed. Would you believe it? they began with proposing marriage to us.

GORG. What would you have them begin with—with a proposal to keep you as mistresses? Is not their proposal a compliment to both of you, as well as to me? Can anything be more polite than this? And do they not prove the honesty of their intentions by wishing to enter these holy bonds?

MAG. O, father! Nothing can be more vulgar than what you have just said. I am ashamed to hear you talk in such a manner;

you should take some lessons in the elegant way of looking at things.

GORG. I care neither for elegant ways nor songs.[3] I tell you marriage is a holy and sacred affair; to begin with that is to act like honest people.

MAG. Good Heavens! If everybody was like you a love-story would soon be over. What a fine thing it would have been if Cyrus had immediately espoused Mandane, and if Aronce had been married all at once to Clélie.[4]

GORG. What is she jabbering about?

MAG. Here is my cousin, father, who will tell as well as I that marriage ought never to happen till after other adventures. A lover, to be agreeable, must understand how to utter fine sentiments, to breathe soft, tender, and passionate vows; his courtship must be according to the rules. In the first place, he should behold the fair one of whom he becomes enamored either at a place of worship,[5] or when out walking, or at some public ceremony; or else he should be introduced to her by a relative or a friend, as if by chance, and when he leaves her he should appear in a pensive and melancholy mood. For some time he should conceal his passion from the object of his love, but pay her several visits, in every one of which he ought to introduce some gallant subject to exercise the wits of all the company. When the day comes to make his declarations—which generally should be contrived in some shady garden-walk while the company is at a distance—it should be quickly followed by anger, which is shown by our blushing, and which, for a while, banishes the lover from our presence. He finds afterwards means to pacify us, to accustom us gradually to hear him depict his passion, and to draw from us that confession which causes us so much pain. After that come the adventures, the rivals who thwart mutual inclination, the persecutions of fathers, the jealousies arising without any foundation, complaints, despair, running away with, and its consequences. Thus things are carried on in fashionable life, and veritable gallantry cannot dispense with these forms. But to come out point-blank with a proposal of marriage—to make no love but with a marriage-contract, and begin a novel at the wrong end! Once more, father, nothing can be more tradesmanlike, and the mere thought of it makes me sick at heart.

GORG. What deuced nonsense is all this? That is high-flown language with a vengeance!

CAT. Indeed, uncle, my cousin hits the nail on the head. How can we receive kindly those who are so awkward in gallantry. I could lay a wager they have not even seen a map of the country of *Tenderness*, and that *Love-letters*, *Trifling attentions*, *Polite epistles* and *Sprightly verses* are regions to them unknown.[6] Do you not see that the whole person shows it, and that their external appearance is not such as to give at first sight a good opinion of them. To come and pay a visit to the object of their love with a leg without any ornaments, a hat without any feathers, a head with its locks not artistically arranged, and a coat that suffers from a paucity of ribbons. Heavens! what lovers are these! what stinginess in dress! what barrenness of conversation! It is not to be allowed; it is not to be borne. I also observed that their ruffs[7] were not made by the fashionable milliner, and that their breeches were not big enough by more than half a foot.

GORG. I think they are both mad, nor can I understand anything of this gibberish. Cathos, and you, Magdelon . . .

MAG. Pray, father, do not use those strange names, and call us by some other.

GORG. What do you mean by those strange names? Are they not the names your godfathers and godmothers gave you?

MAG. Good Heavens! how vulgar you are! I confess I wonder you could possibly be the father of such an intelligent girl as I am. Did ever anybody in genteel style talk of Cathos or of Magdelon? And must you not admit that either of these names would be sufficient to disgrace the finest novel in the world?

CAT. It is true, uncle, an ear rather delicate suffers extremely at hearing these words pronounced, and the name of Polixena, which my cousin has chosen, and that of Amintha, which I took, possesses a charm, which you must needs acknowledge.[8]

GORG. Hearken; one word will suffice. I do not allow you to take any other names than those that were given you by your godfathers and godmothers; and as for those gentlemen we are speaking about, I know their families and fortunes, and am determined they shall be your husbands. I am tired of having you upon my hands. Looking after a couple of girls is rather too weighty a charge for a man of my years.

CAT. As for me, uncle, all I can say is, that I think marriage a very shocking business. How can one endure the thought of lying by the side of a man who is really naked?

MAG. Give us leave to take breath for a short time among the fashionable world of Paris, where we are but just arrived. Allow us to prepare at our leisure the groundwork of our novel, and do not hurry on the conclusion too abruptly.

GORG. (*Aside.*) I cannot doubt it any longer; they are completely mad. (*Aloud.*) Once more, I tell you, I understand nothing of all this gibberish; I will be master, and to cut short all kinds of arguments, either you shall both be married shortly, or, upon my word, you shall be nuns; that I swear.[9]

SCENE V.—CATHOS, MAGDELON.

CAT. Good Heavens, my dear, how deeply is your father still immersed in material things! how dense is his understanding, and what gloom overcasts his soul!

MAG. What can I do, my dear? I am ashamed of him. I can hardly persuade myself I am indeed his daughter; I believe that an accident, some time or other, will discover me to be of a more illustrious descent.

CAT. I believe it; really, it is very likely; as for me, when I consider myself . . .

SCENE VI.—CATHOS, MAGDELON, MAROTTE.

MAR. Here is a footman asks if you are at home, and says his master is coming to see you.

MAG. Learn, you dunce, to express yourself a little less vulgarly. Say, Here is a necessary evil inquiring if it is commodious for you to become visible.[10]

MAR. I do not understand Latin, and have not learned philosophy out of *Cyrus*,[11] as you have done.

MAG. Impertinent creature! How can this be borne! And who is this footman's master?

MAR. He told me it was the Marquis de Mascarille.

MAG. Ah, my dear! A marquis! a marquis!

Well, go and tell him we are visible. This is certainly some wit who has heard of us.

CAT. Undoubtedly, my dear.

MAG. We had better receive him here in this parlor than in our room. Let us at least arrange our hair a little and maintain our reputation. Come in quickly, and reach us the Counsellor of the Graces.

MAR. Upon my word, I do not know what sort of a beast that is; you must speak like a Christian if you would have me know your meaning.

CAT. Bring us the looking-glass, you blockhead! and take care not to contaminate its brightness by the communication of your image.

SCENE VII.—MASCARILLE, TWO CHAIRMEN.

MASC. Stop, chairman, stop. Easy does it! Easy, easy! I think these boobies intend to break me to pieces by bumping me against the walls and the pavement.

1 CHAIR. Ay, marry, because the gate is narrow and you would make us bring you in here.

MASC. To be sure, you rascals! Would you have me expose the fulness of my plumes to the inclemency of the rainy season, and let the mud receive the impression of my shoes? Begone; take away your chair.

2 CHAIR. Then please to pay us, sir.

MASC. What?

2 CHAIR. Sir, please to give us our money, I say.

MASC. (*Giving him a box on the ear.*) What, scoundrel, to ask money from a person of my rank!

2 CHAIR. Is this the way poor people are to be paid? Will your rank get us a dinner?

MASC. Ha, ha! I shall teach you to keep your right place. Those low fellows dare to make fun of me!

1 CHAIR. (*Taking up one of the poles of his chair.*) Come, pay us quickly.

MASC. What?

1 CHAIR. I mean to have my money at once.

MASC. That is a sensible fellow.

1 CHAIR. Make haste, then.

MASC. Ay, you speak properly, but the other is a scoundrel, who does not know what he says. There, are you satisfied?

1 CHAIR. No, I am not satisfied; you boxed my friend's ears, and . . . (*Holding up his pole.*)

MASC. Gently; there is something for the box on the ear. People may get anything from me when they go about it in the right way. Go now, but come and fetch me by-and-by to carry me to the Louvre to the *petit coucher*.[12]

SCENE VIII.—MAROTTE, MASCARILLE.

MAR. Sir, my mistresses will come immediately.

MASC. Let them not hurry themselves; I am very comfortable here, and can wait.

MAR. Here they come.

SCENE IX.—MAGDELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. (*After having bowed to them.*) Ladies, no doubt you will be surprised at the boldness of my visit, but your reputation has drawn this disagreeable affair upon you; merit has for

me such potent charms that I run everywhere after it.

MAG. If you pursue merit you should not come to us.

CAT. If you find merit amongst us, you must have brought it hither yourself.

MASC. Ah! I protest against these words. When fame mentioned your deserts it spoke the truth, and you are going to make *pic, repic* and *capot*[13] all the gallants from Paris.

MAG. Your complaisance goes a little too far in the liberality of its praises, and my cousin and I must take care not to give too much credit to your sweet adulation.

CAT. My dear, we should call for chairs.

MAG. Almanzor!

ALM. Madam.

MAG. Convey to us hither, instantly, the conveniences of conversation.

MASC. But am I safe here? (*Exit Almanzor.*)

CAT. What is it you fear?

MASC. Some larceny of my heart; some massacre of liberty. I behold here a pair of eyes that seem to be very naughty boys, that insult liberty, and use a heart most barbarously. Why the deuce do they put themselves on their guard, in order to kill any one who comes near them? Upon my word! I mistrust them; I shall either scamper away, or expect very good security that they do me no mischief.

MAG. My dear, what a charming facetiousness he has!

CAT. I see, indeed, he is an Amilcar.[14]

MAG. Fear nothing, our eyes have no wicked designs, and your heart may rest in peace, fully assured of their innocence.

CAT. But, pray, sir, be not inexorable to the easy chair, which, for this last quarter of an hour, has held out its arms toward you; yield to its desire of embracing you.

MASC. (*After having combed himself*[15] *and adjusted the rolls of his stockings.*[16]) Well, ladies, and what do you think of Paris?

MAG. Alas! what can we think of it? It would be the very antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the grand cabinet of marvels, the centre of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

MASC. As for me, I maintain that out of Paris there is no salvation for the polite world.

CAT. Most assuredly.

MASC. Paris is somewhat muddy; but then we have sedan chairs.

MAG. To be sure; a sedan chair is a wonderful protection against the insults of mud and bad weather.

MASC. I am sure you receive many visits. What great wit belongs to your company?

MAG. Alas! we are not yet known, but we are in the way of being so; for a lady of our acquaintance has promised us to bring all the gentlemen who have written for the Miscellanies of Select Poetry.[17]

CAT. And certain others, who, we have been told, are likewise the sovereign arbiters of all that is handsome.

MASC. I can manage this for you better than anyone; they all visit me; and I may say that I never rise without having half a dozen wits at my levee.

MAG. Good Heavens! you will place us under the greatest obligation if you will do us the kindness; for, in short, we must make the acquaintance of all those gentlemen if we wish to belong to the fashion. They are the persons who can make or unmake a reputation at Paris; you know that there are some whose visits alone are sufficient to start the report that you are a *Connaisseuse*, though there should be no other reason for it. As for me, what I value particularly is that, by means of

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

SCENE X.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. CH. COURTRY, ETCHER.

THE SALON OF THE HOUSE OF GORGIBUS; MADELON, CATHOS AND THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE.

CATHOS: "BUT, PRAY, SIR, BE NOT INEXORABLE TO THE EASY-CHAIR, WHICH, FOR THIS LAST QUARTER OF AN HOUR, HAS HELD OUT ITS ARMS TOWARDS YOU; YIELD TO ITS DESIRE OF EMBRACING YOU."

THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR ARE SEEN ALMANZOR, RETIRING AFTER HAVING BROUGHT THE CHAIRS, AND IN THE DISTANCE THE SEDAN AND PORTERS.

After [illegible] *the rest of* [illegible]

[illegible] and what do you think of Paris?

Masc. Alas! what can we think of it? It would be the very antipodes of reason not to confess that Paris is the grand cabinet of rarities, the centre of good taste, wit, and gallantry.

Masc. As one sees. I mean that out of [illegible] polite world.

[illegible] ewhat [illegible] then

[illegible]

Cat. And certain others, who, we have been told, are likewise the sovereign [illegible]

Masc. I can arrange this for you before [illegible] say that [illegible] wits

Mad. Good Heavens! [illegible] us under the [illegible] the kindness [illegible] we must make the acquaintance of all these gentlemen. It [illegible] to belong to the fashion. [illegible] per- [illegible] reputation at [illegible] what [illegible] report [illegible] though there [illegible] what reason for it. As for me, [illegible] particularly is that, by means of

these ingenious visits, we learn a hundred things which we ought necessarily to know, and which are the quintessence of wit. Through them we hear the scandal of the day, or whatever niceties are going on in prose or verse. We know, at the right time, that Mr. So-and-so has written the finest piece in the world on such a subject; that Mrs. So-and-so has adapted words to such a tune; that a certain gentleman has written a madrigal upon a favor shown to him; another, stanzas upon a fair one who betrayed him; Mr. Such-a-one wrote a couplet of six lines yesterday evening to Miss Such-a-one, to which she returned him an answer this morning at eight o'clock; such an author is engaged on such a subject; this writer is busy with the third volume of his novel; that one is putting his works to press. Those things procure you consideration in every society, and if people are ignorant of them, I would not give one pinch of snuff for all the wit they may have.

CAT. Indeed, I think it the height of ridicule for anyone who possesses the slightest claim to be called clever not to know even the smallest couplet that is made every day; as for me, I should be very much ashamed if anyone should ask me my opinion about something new, and I had not seen it.

MASC. It is really a shame not to know from the very first all that is going on; but do not give yourself any further trouble, I will establish an academy of wits at your house, and I give you my word that not a single line of poetry shall be written in Paris but what you shall be able to say by heart before anybody else. As for me, such as you see me, I amuse myself in that way when I am in the humor, and you may find handed about in the fashionable assemblies[18] of Paris two hundred songs, as many sonnets, four hundred epigrams, and more than a thousand madrigals, all made by me, without counting riddles and portraits.[19]

MAG. I must acknowledge that I dote upon portraits; I think there is nothing more gallant.

MASC. Portraits are difficult, and call for great wit; you shall see some of mine that will not displease you.

CAT. As for me, I am awfully fond of riddles.

MASC. They exercise the intelligence; I have already written four of them this morning, which I will give you to guess.

MAG. Madrigals are pretty enough when they are neatly turned.

MASC. That is my special talent; I am at present engaged in turning the whole Roman history into madrigals.[20]

MAG. Goodness gracious! that will certainly be superlatively fine; I should like to have one copy at least, if you think of publishing it.

MASC. I promise you each a copy, bound in the handsomest manner. It does not become a man of my rank to scribble, but I do it only to serve the publishers, who are always bothering me.

MAG. I fancy it must be a delightful thing to see one's self in print.

MASC. Undoubtedly; but, by-the-bye, I must repeat to you some extempore verses I made yesterday at the house of a certain duchess, an acquaintance of mine. I am deuced clever at extempore verses.

CAT. Extempore verses are certainly the very touchstone of genius.

MASC. Listen, then.

MAG. We are all ears.

MASC. *Oh! oh! quite without heed was I,*
As harmless you I chanced to spy,
Slyly your eyes
My heart surprise,
Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief, I cry!

CAT. Good Heavens! this is carried to the utmost pitch of gallantry.

MASC. Everything I do shows it is done by a gentleman; there is nothing of the pedant about my effusions.

MAG. They are more than two thousand miles removed from that.

MASC. Did you observe the beginning, *oh! oh?* there is something original in that *oh! oh!* like a man who all of a sudden thinks about something, *oh! oh!* Taken by surprise, as it were, *oh! oh!*

MAG. Yes, I think that *oh! oh!* admirable.

MASC. It seems a mere nothing.

CAT. Good Heavens! How can you say so? It is one of those things that are perfectly invaluable.

MAG. No doubt on it; I would rather have written that *oh! oh!* than an epic poem.

MASC. Egad, you have good taste.

MAG. Tolerably; none of the worst, I believe.

MASC. But do you not also admire *quite without heed was I? quite without heed was I;* that is, I did not pay attention to anything; a natural way of speaking, *quite without heed was I, of no harm thinking;* that is, as I was going along, innocently, without malice, like a poor sheep, *you I chanced to spy;* that is to say, I amused myself with looking at you, with observing you, with contemplating you. *Slyly your eyes* . . . What do you think of that word *slyly*—is it not well chosen?

CAT. Extremely so.

MASC. *Slyly*, stealthily; just like a cat watching a mouse—*slyly*.

MAG. Nothing can be better.

MASC. *My heart surprise;* that is, carries it away from me, robs me of it. *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!* Would you not think a man were shouting and running after a thief to catch him? *Stop thief! stop thief! stop thief!*[21]

MAG. I must admit the turn is witty and sprightly.

MASC. I will sing you the tune I made to it.

CAT. Have you learned music?

MASC. I? Not at all.

CAT. How can you make a tune, then?

MASC. People of rank know everything without ever having learned anything.

MAG. His lordship is quite in the right, my dear.

MASC. Listen, if you like the tune: *Hem, hem, la, la.* The inclemency of the season has greatly injured the delicacy of my voice; but no matter, it is in a free and easy way. (*He sings.*) *Oh! oh! quite without heed was I,* etc.

CAT. What a passion there breathes in this music. It is enough to make one die away with delight!

MAG. There is something plaintive in it.

MASC. Do you not think that the air perfectly well expresses the sentiment, *stop thief! stop thief?* And then as if someone cried out very loud, *stop, stop, stop, stop, stop, stop thief!* Then all at once, like a person out of breath, *Stop thief!*

MAG. This is to understand the perfection of things, the grand perfection, the perfection of perfections. I declare it is altogether a wonderful performance. I am quite enchanted with the air and the words.

CAT. I never yet met with anything so excellent.

MASC. All that I do comes naturally to me; it is without study.

MAG. Nature has treated you like a very fond mother; you are her darling child.

MASC. How do you pass away the time, ladies?

CAT. With nothing at all.

MAG. Until now we have lived in a terrible dearth of amusements.

MASC. I am at your service to attend you to the play, one of those days, if you will permit me. Indeed, a new comedy is to be acted which I should be very glad we might see together.

MAG. There is no refusing you anything.

MASC. But I beg of you to applaud it well when we shall be there, for I have promised to give a helping hand to the piece. The author called upon me this very morning to beg me so to do. It is the custom of authors to come and read their new plays to people of rank, that they may induce us to approve of them and give them a reputation. I leave you to imagine if, when we say anything, the pit dares contradict us. As for me, I am very punctual in these things, and when I have made a promise to a poet, I always cry out "Bravo!" before the candles are lighted.

MAG. Do not say another word; Paris is an admirable place. A hundred things happen every day which people in the country, however clever they may be, have no idea of.

CAT. Since you have told us, we shall consider it our duty to cry up lustily every word that is said.

MASC. I do not know whether I am deceived, but you look as if you had written some play yourself.

MAG. Eh! there may be something in what you say.

MASC. Ah! upon my word, we must see it. Between ourselves, I have written one which I intend to have brought out.

CAT. Ay! to what company do you mean to give it?

MASC. That is a very nice question, indeed. To the actors of the hôtel Bourgogne; they alone can bring things into good repute, the rest are ignorant creatures who recite their parts just as people speak in every day life; they do not understand to mouth the verses, or to pause at a beautiful passage; how can it be known where the fine lines are if an actor does not stop at them, and thereby tell you to applaud heartily?[22]

CAT. Indeed! that is one way of making an audience feel the beauties of any work; things are only prized when they are well set off.

MASC. What do you think of my top-knot, sword-knot and rosettes?[23] Do you find them harmonize with my coat?

CAT. Perfectly.

MASC. Do you think the ribbon well chosen?

MAG. Furiously well. It is real Perdrigeon.[24]

MASC. What do you say of my rolls?[25]

MAG. They look very fashionable.

MASC. I may at least boast that they are a quarter of a yard wider than any that have been made.

MAG. I must own that I never saw the elegance of dress carried farther.

MASC. Please to fasten the reflection of your smelling faculty upon these gloves.

MAG. They smell awfully fine.

CAT. I have never inhaled a more delicious perfume.

MASC. And this? (*He gives them his powdered wig to smell.*)

MAG. It has the true quality odor: it titillates the nerves of the upper region most deliciously.

MASC. You say nothing of my feathers. How do you like them?

CAT. They are frightfully beautiful.

MASC. Do you know that every single one of them cost me a Louis-d'or? But it is my

hobby to have generally everything of the very best.

MAG. I assure you that you and I sympathize. I am furiously particular in everything I wear; I cannot endure even stockings unless they are bought at a fashionable shop.[26]

MASC. (*Crying out suddenly.*) O! O! O! gently. Damme, ladies, you use me very ill; I have reason[27] to complain of your behavior; it is not fair.

CAT. What is the matter with you?

MASC. What? two at once against my heart! to attack me thus right and left! Ha! This is contrary to the law of nations, the combat is too unequal, and I must cry out, "Murder!"

CAT. Well, he does say things in a peculiar way.

MAG. He is a consummate wit.

CAT. You are more afraid than hurt, and your heart cries out before it is even wounded.

MASC. The devil it does! it is wounded all over from head to foot.

SCENE X.—CATHOS, MAGDELON, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE.

MAR. Madam, somebody asks to see you.

MAG. Who?

MAR. The Viscount de Jodelet.

MASC. The Viscount de Jodelet?

MAR. Yes, sir.

CAT. Do you know him?

MASC. He is my most intimate friend.

MAG. Show him in immediately.

MASC. We have not seen each other for some time; I am delighted to meet him.

CAT. Here he comes.

SCENE XI.—CATHOS, MAGDELON, JODELET, MASCARILLE, MAROTTE, ALMANZOR.

MASC. Ah, Viscount!

JOD. Ah, Marquis! (*Embracing each other.*)

MASC. How glad I am to meet you!

JOD. How happy I am to see you here.

MASC. Embrace me once more, I pray you.[28]

MAG. (*To Cathos.*) My dearest, we begin to be known; people of fashion find the way to our house.

MASC. Ladies, allow me to introduce this gentleman to you. Upon my word, he deserves the honor of your acquaintance.

JOD. It is but just we should come and pay you what we owe; your charms demand their lordly rights from all sorts of people.

MAG. You carry your civilities to the utmost confines of flattery.

CAT. This day ought to be marked in our diary as a red-letter day.

MAG. (*To Almanzor.*) Come, boy, must you always be told things over and over again? Do you not observe there must be an additional chair?

MASC. You must not be astonished to see the Viscount thus; he has but just recovered from an illness, which, as you perceive, has made him so pale.[29]

JOD. The consequence of continual attendance at court and the fatigues of war.

MASC. Do you know, ladies, that in the Viscount you behold one of the heroes of the age. He is a very valiant man.[30]

JOD. Marquis, you are not inferior to me; we also know what you can do.

MASC. It is true, we have seen one another at work when there was need for it.

JOD. And in places where it was hot.

MASC. (*Looking at Cathos and Magdelon.*) Ay, but not so hot as here. Ha, ha, ha!

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

SCENE X.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

GRAND SALON OF THE HOUSE OF GORGIBUS; MADELON, CATHOS AND THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE.

CATHOS: "EXTEMPORE VERSES ARE CERTAINLY THE VERY TOUCHSTONE OF GENIUS."

MASCARILLE: "LISTEN THEN."

MADELON: "WE ARE ALL EARS."

MASCARILLE: *"OH! OH! QUITE WITHOUT HEED WAS I,*
AS HARMLESS YOU I CHANCED TO SPY,
SLYLY YOUR EYES
MY HEART SURPRISE,
STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF! I CRY!"

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MASCARILLE: "OUR OWN OPINION MUST NEED HAS A

AS MIRAMELLE YOU CHARGED TO SPY,

SLYLY FOR EYES

MY DEAR SERVAL.

STOP THERE! STOP THERE! STOP THERE! CRY"

JOD. We became acquainted in the army; the first time we saw each other he commanded a regiment of horse aboard the galleys of Malta.

MASC. True, but for all that you were in the service before me; I remember that I was but a young officer when you commanded two thousand horse.

JOD. War is a fine thing; but, upon my word, the court does not properly reward men of merit like us.

MASC. That is the reason I intend to hang up my sword.

CAT. As for me, I have a tremendous liking for gentlemen of the army.[31]

MAG. I love them, too; but I like bravery seasoned with wit.

MASC. Do you remember, Viscount, our taking that half moon from the enemy at the siege of Arras?[32]

JOD. What do you mean by a half moon? It was a complete full moon.

MASC. I believe you are right.

JOD. Upon my word, I ought to remember it very well. I was wounded in the leg by a hand-grenade, of which I still carry the marks. Pray, feel it, you can perceive what sort of a wound it was.

CAT. (*Putting her hand to the place.*) The scar is really large.

MASC. Give me your hand for a moment, and feel this; there, just at the back of my head. Do you feel it?

MAG. Ay, I feel something.

MASC. A musket shot which I received the last campaign I served in.

JOD. (*Unbuttoning his breast.*) Here is a wound which went quite through me at the attack of Gravelines.[33]

MASC. (*Putting his hand upon the button of his breeches.*) I am going to show you a tremendous wound.

MAG. There is no occasion for it, we believe it without seeing it.

MASC. They are honor's marks, that show what a man is made of.

CAT. We have not the least doubt of the valor of you both.

MASC. Viscount, is your coach in waiting?

JOD. Why?

MASC. We shall give these ladies an airing, and offer them a collation.

MAG. We cannot go out to-day.

MASC. Let us send for musicians, then, and have a dance.

JOD. Upon my word, that is a happy thought.

MAG. With all our hearts, but we must have some additional company.

MASC. So ho! Champagne, Picard, Bourguignon, Cascaret, Basque, La Verdure, Lorrain, Provençal, La Violette![34] I wish the deuce took all these footmen! I do not think there is a gentleman in France worse served than I am! These rascals are always out of the way.

MAG. Almanzor, tell the servants of my lord marquis to go and fetch the musicians, and ask some of the gentlemen and ladies hereabouts to come and people the solitude of our ball. (*Exit Almanzor.*)

MASC. Viscount, what do you say of those eyes?

JOD. Why, Marquis, what do you think of them yourself?

MASC. I? I say that our liberty will have much difficulty to get away from here scot free. At least, mine has suffered most violent attacks; my heart hangs by a single thread.

MAG. How natural is all he says! he gives to things a most agreeable turn.

CAT. He must really spend a tremendous deal of wit.

MASC. To show you that I am in earnest,

I shall make some extempore verses upon my passion. (*Seems to think.*)

CAT. O! I beseech you by all that I hold sacred, let us hear something made upon us.

JOD. I should be glad to do so, too, but the quantity of blood that has been taken from me lately has greatly exhausted my poetic vein.

MASC. Deuce take it! I always make the first verse well, but I find the others more difficult. Upon my word, this is too short a time; but I will make you some extempore verses at my leisure, which you shall think the finest in the world.

JOD. He is devilish witty.

MAG. He—his wit is so gallant and well expressed.

MASC. Viscount, tell me, when did you see the countess last?

JOD. I have not paid her a visit these three weeks.

MASC. Do you know that the duke came to see me this morning; he would fain have taken me into the country to hunt a stag with him?

MAG. Here come our friends.

SCENE XII.—LUCILE, CATHOS, MAGDELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET, MAROTTE.

MAG. Lawk! my dears, we beg your pardon. These gentlemen had a fancy to put life into our heels; we sent for you to fill up the void of our assembly.

LUC. We are certainly much obliged to you for doing so.

MASC. This is a kind of extempore ball, ladies, but one of these days we shall give you one in form. Have the musicians come?

ALM. Yes, sir, they are here.

CAT. Come, then, my dears, take your places.

MASC. (*Dancing by himself and singing.*) La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

MAG. What a very elegant shape he has.

CAT. He looks as if he were a first-rate dancer.

MASC. (*Taking out Magdelon to dance.*) My freedom will dance a Couranto[35] as well as my feet. Play in time, musicians, in time. O what ignorant wretches! There is no dancing with them. The devil take you all, can you not play in time? La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Steady, you country scrapers!

JOD. (*Dancing also.*) Hold, do not play so fast. I have but just recovered from an illness.

SCENE XIII.—DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MASCARILLE.

LA GR. (*With a stick in his hand.*) Ah! ah! scoundrels, what are you doing here? We have been looking for you these three hours. (*He beats Mascarille.*)

MASC. Oh! oh! oh! you did not tell me that blows should be dealt about.

JOD. (*Who is also beaten.*) Oh! oh! oh!

LA GR. It becomes you well, you rascal, to pretend to be a man of rank.

DU CR. This will teach you to know yourself.

SCENE XIV.—CATHOS, MAGDELON, MASCARILLE, JODELET.

MAG. What is the meaning of this?

JOD. It is a wager.

CAT. What, allow yourselves to be beaten thus?

MASC. Good Heavens! I did not wish to

appear to take any notice of it, because I am naturally very violent, and should have flown into a passion.

MAG. To suffer an insult like this in our presence!

MASC. It is nothing. Let us not leave off. We have known one another for a long time, and among friends one ought not to be so quickly offended for such a trifle.

SCENE XV.—DU CROISY, LA GRANGE, MAGDELON, CATHOS, MASCARILLE, JODELET AND MUSICIANS.

LA GR. Upon my word, rascals, you shall not laugh at us, I promise you. Come in, you there. (*Three or four men enter.*)

MAG. What means this impudence to come and disturb us in our own house?

DU CR. What, ladies, shall we allow our footmen to be received better than ourselves? Shall they come to make love to you at our expense, and even give a ball in your honor?

MAG. Your footmen?

LA GR. Yes, our footmen; and you must give me leave to say that it is not acting either handsome or honest to spoil them for us, as you do.

MAG. O Heaven! what insolence!

LA GR. But they shall not have the advantage of our clothes to dazzle your eyes. Upon my word, if you are resolved to like them, it shall be for their handsome looks only. Quick, let them be stripped immediately.

JOD. Farewell, a long farewell, to all our fine clothes.[36]

MASC. The marquisate and viscountship are at an end.

DU CR. Ah! ah! you knaves, you have the impudence to become our rivals. I assure you, you must go somewhere else to borrow finery to make yourselves agreeable to your mistresses.

LA GR. It is too much to supplant us, and that with our own clothes.

MASC. O fortune, how fickle you are!

DU CR. Quick, pull off everything from them.

LA GR. Make haste and take away all these clothes. Now, ladies, in their present condition you may continue your amours with them as long as you please; we leave you perfectly free; this gentleman and I declare solemnly that we shall not be in the least degree jealous.

SCENE XVI.—MAGDELON, CATHOS, JODELET, MASCARILLE AND MUSICIANS.

CAT. What a confusion!

MAG. I am nearly bursting with vexation.

1 MUS. (*To Mascarille.*) What is the meaning of this? Who is to pay us?

MASC. Ask my lord the viscount.

1 MUS. (*To Jodelet.*) Who is to give us our money?

JOD. Ask my lord the marquis.

SCENE XVII.—GORGIBUS, MAGDELON, MASCARILLE.

GORG. Ah! you hussies, you have put us in a nice pickle, by what I can see; I have heard about your fine goings-on from those two gentlemen who just left.

MAG. Ah, father! they have played us a cruel trick.

GORG. Yes, it is a cruel trick, but you may thank your own impertinence for it, you jades. They have revenged themselves for the way you treated them; and yet, unhappy man that I am, I must put up with the affront.

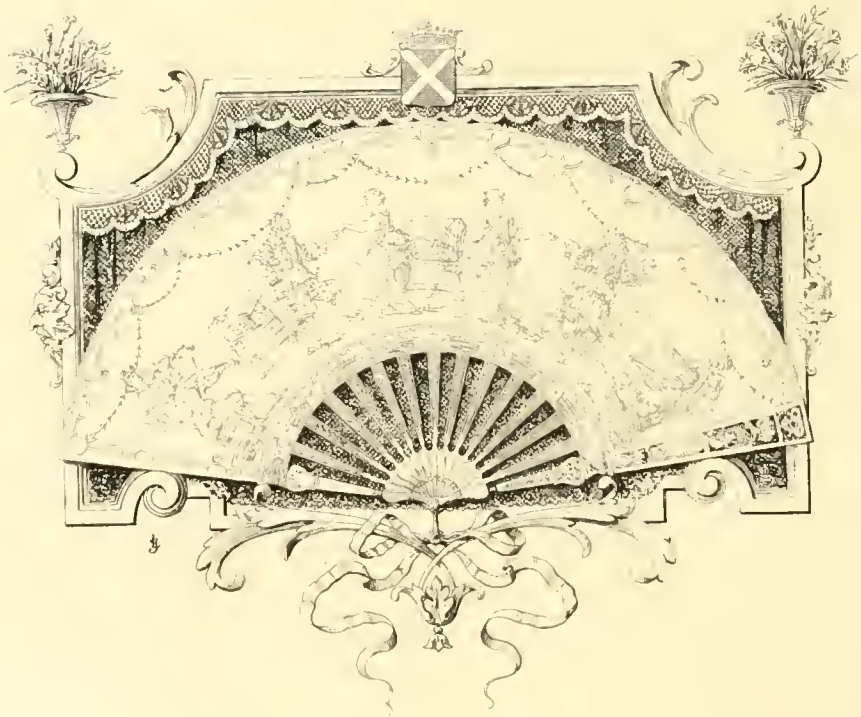
MAG. Ah! I swear we will be revenged, or I shall die in the attempt. And you, rascals, dare you remain here after your insolence?

MASC. Do you treat a marquis in this manner? This is the way of the world; the least misfortune causes us to be slighted by those who before caressed us. Come along, brother, let us go and seek our fortune somewhere else; I perceive they love nothing here but outward show and have no regard for worth unadorned. (*They both leave.*)

SCENE XVIII.—GORGIBUS, MAGDELON, CATHOS AND MUSICIANS.

1 MUS. Sir, as they have not paid us, we expect you to do so, for it was in this house we played.

GORG. (*Beating them.*) Yes, yes, I shall satisfy you; this is the coin I will pay you in. As for you, you sluts, I do not know why I should not serve you in the same way; we shall become the common talk and laughing-stock of everybody; this is what you have brought upon yourselves by your fooleries. Out of my sight and hide yourselves, you jades; go and hide yourselves forever. (*Alone.*) And you, that are the cause of their folly, you stupid trash, mischievous amusements for idle minds, you novels, verses, songs, sonnets, and sonatas, the devil take you all.



NOTES

[1] Gorgibus was the name of certain characters in old comedies. The actor, L'Epy, who played this part, had a very loud voice; hence Molière gave him probably this name.

[2] Mascarille was played by Molière, and has a personality quite distinct from the servant of the same name in the *Blunderer* and the *Love tiff*. The dress in which he acted this part has not been mentioned in the inventory taken after his death, but in a pamphlet, published in 1660, he is described as wearing an enormous wig, a very small hat, a ruff like a morning gown, rolls in which children could play hide-and-seek, tassels like cornucopiæ, ribbons that covered his shoes, with heels half a foot in height.

[3] The original has a play on words. Magdelon says, in addressing her father, *vous devriez un peu vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses*, upon which he answers, *je n'ai que faire ni d'air ni de chanson*. *Air* means tune as well as look, appearance.

[4] Cyrus and Mandane are the two principal characters of Mademoiselle de Scudéry's novel *Artamene, ou le Grand Cyrus;* Aronce and Clélie of the novel *Clélie*, by the same author.

[5] Generally it was thought preferable, during Molière's lifetime, to use the word *temple* for "church," instead of *église*.

[6] The map of the country of Tenderness (*la carte de Tendre*) is found in the first part of *Clélie* (see note 4, *supra*); Love-letter (*Billet-doux*); Polite epistle (*Billet galant*); Trifling attentions (*Petit Soins*); Sprightly verses (*Jolis vers*), are the names of villages to be found in the map, which is a curiosity in its way.

[7] The ruff (*rabat*) was at first only the shirt-collar pulled out and worn outside the coat. Later ruffs were worn, which were not fastened to the shirt, sometimes adorned with lace, and tied in front with two strings with tassels. The *rabat* was very fashionable during the youthful years of Louis XIV.

[8] The *précieuses* often changed their names into more poetical and romantic appellations. The Marquise de Rambouillet, whose real name was Catherine, was known under the anagram of Arthenice.

[9] This scene is the mere outline of the well-known quarrel between Chrysale, Philaminte, and Belinda in the *Femmes Savantes;* but a husband trembling before his wife, and only daring to show his temper to his sister, is a much more tempting subject for a dramatic writer than a man addressing in a firm tone his daughter and niece.

[10] All these and similar sentences were really employed by the *précieuses*.

[11] *Artamene, ou le Grand Cyrus* (1649–1653) a novel in ten volumes by Mlle. de Scudéry.

[12] Louis XIV and several other kings of France received their courtiers when rising or going to bed. This was called *lever* and *coucher*. The *lever* as well as the *coucher* was divided into *petit* and *grand*. All persons received at court had a right to come to the *grand lever* and *coucher*, but only certain noblemen of high rank and the princes of the royal blood could remain at the *petit lever* and *coucher*, which was the time between the king putting on either a day or night shirt, and the time he went to bed or was fully dressed. The highest person of rank always claimed the right of handing to the king his shirt.

[13] Dryden, in his *Sir Martin Mar-all* (Act i, Scene 1), makes Sir Martin say: "If I go to picquet ..... he will picque and repicque, and capot me twenty times together." I believe that these terms in Molière's and Dryden's times had a different meaning from what they have now.

[14] Amilcar is one of the heroes of the novel *Clélie*, who wishes to be thought sprightly.

[15] It was at that time the custom for men of rank to comb their hair or periwigs in public.

[16] The rolls (*canons*) were large round pieces of linen, often adorned with lace or ribbons, and which were fastened below the breeches, just under the knee.

[17] Molière probably alludes to a Miscellany of Select Poetry, published in 1653, by de Sercy, under the title of *Poësies choisies de MM. Corneille Benserade, de Scudéry, Boisrobert, Sarrazin, Desmarets, Baraud, Saint Laurent, Colletet, Lamesnardière, Montreuil, Vignier, Chevreau, Malleville, Tristan, Testu, Maucroy, de Prade, Girard et de L'Age*. A great number of such miscellanies appeared in France, and in England also, about that time.

[18] In the original French the word is *ruelle*, which means literally "a small street," "a lane," hence any narrow passage, hence the narrow opening between the wall and the bed. The *précieuses* at that time received

their visitors lying dressed in a bed, which was placed in an alcove and upon a raised platform. Their fashionable friends (*alcovistes*) took their places between the bed and the wall, and thus the name *ruelle* came to be given to all fashionable assemblies. In Dr. John Ash's *New and Complete Dictionary of the English Language*, published in London 1755, I still find *ruelle* defined: "a little street, a circle, an assembly at a private house."

[19] This kind of literature, in which one attempted to write a portrait of one's self or of others, was then very much in fashion. La Bruyère and de Saint Simon in France, as well as Dryden and Pope in England, have shown what a literary portrait may become in the hands of men of talent.

[20] Seventeen years after this play was performed, Benserade published *les Métamorphoses d'Ovide mises en rondeaux*.

[21] The scene of Mascarille reading his extempore verses is something like Trissotin in *Les Femmes Savantes* reading his sonnet for the Princess Uranie. But Mascarille comments on the beauties of his verses with the insolent vanity of a man who does not pretend to have even one atom of modesty; Trissotin, a professional wit, listens in silence, but with secret pride, to the ridiculous exclamations of the admirers of his genius.

[22] The company of actors at the hôtel de Bourgogne were rivals to the troop of Molière; it appears, however, from contemporary authors, that the accusations brought by our author against them were well founded.

[23] In the original, *petite oie;* this was first, the name given to the giblets of a goose, *oie;* next it came to mean all the accessories of dress, ribbons, laces, feathers, and other small ornaments. In one of the old translations of Molière *petite oie* is rendered by "muff," and *Perdrigeon* (see note 24, *infra*), I suppose, with a faint idea of *perdrix*, a partridge, by "bird of paradise feathers!"

[24] Perdrigeon was the name of a fashionable linen-draper in Paris at that time.

[25] See note 16, *supra*. According to Ash's Dictionary, 1775, *canons* are "cannions, a kind of boot hose, an ancient dress for the legs."

[26] Without going into details about the phraseology of the *précieuses*, of which the ridiculousness has appeared sufficiently in this scene, it will be observed that they used adverbs, as "furiously, terribly, awfully, extraordinarily, horribly, greatly," and many more, in such a way that they often appear absurd, as, "I love you horribly," or, "he was greatly small." Such a way of speaking is not unknown even at the present time in England; we sometimes hear, "I like it awfully," "it is awfully jolly."

[27] I employ here the words "to have reason," because that verb, in the sense of "to have a right, to be right," seems to have been a courtly expression in Dryden's time. Old Moody answers to Sir Martin Mar-all (Act iii, Scene 3), "You have reason, sir. There he is again, too; the town phrase; a great compliment I wis! *you have reason*, sir; that is, you are no beast, sir."

[28] It was then the fashion for young courtiers to embrace each other repeatedly with exaggerated gestures, uttering all the while loud exclamations. The Viscount de Jodelet is the caricature of a courtier of a former reign; he is very old, very pale, dressed in sombre colors, speaks slowly and through the nose. Geoffrin, the actor who played this part, was at least seventy years old.

[29] Molière here alludes to the complexion of the actor Geoffrin. See *The Love-tiff*, note 1, page 99.

[30] In the original *un brave à trois poils*, literally, "a brave man with three hairs." This is an allusion to the moustache and pointed beard on the chin, then called *royale*. We have seen the fashion revived in our days by the late emperor of the French, Napoleon III and his courtiers; of course, the *royale* was then called *impériale*.

[31] Cathos, who only repeats what her cousin says, and has observed that Mascarille admires Magdelon, is resolved to worship more particularly the Viscount de Jodelet.

[32] Turenne compelled the Prince de Condé and the Spanish army to raise the siege of Arras in 1654.

[33] In 1658 the Marshal de la Fertê took this town from the Spaniards.

[34] These names, with the exception of Cascaret, La Verdure and La Violette are those of natives of different provinces, and were often given to footmen, according to the place where they were born. *Cascaret* is of Spanish origin, and not seldom used as a name for servants; *La Verdure* means verdure; *La Violette*, violet.

[35] A Couranto was a very grave Spanish dance, or rather march, but in which the feet did not rise from the ground.

[36] The original has *braverie;* brave and bravery, had formerly also the meaning of showy, gaudy, rich, in English. Fuller in *The Holy State*, Book ii, Chap. 18, says: "If he (the good yeoman) chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great man with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery."

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES

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THE PRETENTIOUS YOUNG LADIES		Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1660		" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ		" "	11
CARYATIDES OF MADELON AND CATHOS		" "	17
MADELON, CATHOS, THE MARQUIS DE MASCARILLE, ALMANZOR AND CHAIRMEN	Scene X	" "	22
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SGANARELLE

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

A LAMBREQUIN, UPON WHICH IS THE TITLE OF THE PLAY. ABOVE IS THE HEAD OF A HORNED SATYR; IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER PART OF THE LAMBREQUIN IS THE MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF FELIO HUNG BY RIBBONS AND RESTING ON A CONSOLE SUPPORTED BY HORNS OF PLENTY, FROM WHICH COME VINES WITH BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

A LAMBREQUIN, UPON WHICH IS THE TITLE OF THE PLAY. ABOVE IS THE HEAD OF A HORNED SATYR; IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER PART OF THE LAMBREQUIN IS THE MEDALLION PORTRAIT OF LELIO HUNG BY RIBBONS AND RESTING ON A CONSOLE SUPPORTED BY HORNS OF PLENTY, FROM WHICH COME VINES WITH BUNCHES OF GRAPES.

SGANARELLE
OR
THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

TITLE OF 1660

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

SGANARELLE

IN THE CENTRE OF UPPER PART OF BORDER IS A SMALL VIEW OF THE PETIT-BOURBON, TAKEN FROM THE SIDE OF THE SEINE. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SIDES, SATYRS, WHOSE HORNED HEADS BEAR THE ORNAMENTATION, IN THE MIDDLE OF WHICH, TO THE RIGHT, IN AN UPRIGHT PANEL, IS SGANARELLE'S WIFE SMELLING THE BOX OF THE MEDALLION OF LELIO.

"OH! HOW SWEET IT SMELLS!" SCENE VI.

AND TO THE LEFT, IN A SIMILAR PANEL, IS SGANARELLE OBSERVING HIS WIFE IN CONTEMPLATION OF THE PORTRAIT OF LELIO.

"THE DEUCE! SHE KISSES IT! I AM VICTIMIZED!" SCENE VI.

AT THE TOP OF EACH PANEL ARE TWO FORNS SUPPORTING LIGHTED CANDLES, AROUND THE FLAME OF WHICH MOTHS FLUTTER. IN THE CENTRE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE SURMOUNTED BY A BANNEROL PIERCED BY AN ARROW; ON THE BANNEROL IS THE NAME OF MOLIERE, WHICH IS NOT FOUND ON THE TITLE OF THE FIRST EDITION—PUBLISHED WITHOUT IT BY V. DE MOLY-LEMINE AND BY RIBOU.

TITLE OF 1660

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN THE CENTRE OF UPPER PART OF BORDER IS A SMALL VIEW OF THE PETIT-BOURBON, TAKEN FROM THE SIDE OF THE SEINE. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SIDES, SATYRS, WHOSE HORNED HEADS BEAR THE ORNAMENTATION, IN THE MIDDLE OF WHICH, TO THE RIGHT, IN AN UPRIGHT PANEL, IS SGANARELLE'S WIFE SMELLING THE BOX OF THE MEDALLION OF LELIO.

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1660
SGANARELLE
OU
LE COCU IMAGINAIRE
COMEDIE
AVEC LES ARGUMENTS DE CHAQUE SCENE
A PARIS
CHEZ JEAN RIBOU
SUR LE QUAI DES AUGUSTINS
A L'IMAGE DE SAINT LOUIS
M.DC.LX
AVEC PRIVILEGE DU ROY

Par Grâce et Privilège du Roy, donné à Paris le 26 Juillet 1660, signé : " Par le Roy en son conseil, LABORY, *il est permis au Sieur* DE NEUF-VILLENAINE, *de faire imprimer, par tel Imprimeur et Libraire qu'il voudra, une Comédie intitulée* Sganarelle ou le Cocu imaginaire, *avec les Argumens sur Chaque Scène, pendant l'espace de cinq ans, et deffenses sont faites à tous autres de l'imprimer ny vendre d'autre édition que celle de l'Exposant, à peine de quinze cens livres d'amende, de tous despens, dommages et intérests, comme il est porté plus amplement par les dites Lettres.*

Et ledit Sieur DE NEUF-VILLENAINE a cédé son droict de Privilège à JEAN RIBOU, marchand á Paris, pour en jouyr suivant l'accord fait entr'eux.

Enregistré sur le Livre de la Communauté, suivant l'Arrest de la Cour :

Signé : JOST, Syndic.

Achevé d'imprimer le 12 Aoust 1660.

Les exemplaires ont esté fournis.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

Six months after the brilliant success of the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière brought out at the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon a new comedy, called *Sganarelle; ou, le Cocu Imaginaire*, which I have translated by *Sganarelle; or, the Self-deceived Husband.* It has been said that Molière owed the first idea of this piece to an Italian farce, *Il Ritratto ovvero Arlichino cornuto per opinione*, but, as it has never been printed, it is difficult to decide at the present time whether or not this be true. The primary idea of the play is common to many *commedia dell' arte*, whilst Molière has also been inspired by such old authors as Noël Du Fail, Rabelais, those of the *Quinze joyes de Mariage*, of the *Cent nouvelles Nouvelles*, and perhaps others.

The plot of *Sganarelle* is ingenious and plausible; every trifle becomes circumstantial evidence, and is received as conclusive proof both by the husband and wife. The dialogue is sprightly throughout, and the anxious desire of Sganarelle to kill his supposed injurer, whilst his cowardice prevents him from executing his valorous design, is extremely ludicrous. The chief aim of our author appears to have been to show how dangerous it is to judge with too much haste, especially in those circumstances where passion may either augment or diminish the view we take of certain objects. This truth, animated by a great deal of humor and wit, drew crowds of spectators for forty nights, though the play was brought out in summer and the marriage of the young king kept the court from Paris.

The style is totally different from that employed in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, and is a real and very good specimen of the *style gaulois* adapted to the age in which Molière lived. He has often been blamed for not having followed up his success of the *Précieuses Ridicules* by a comedy in the same style, but Molière did not want to make fresh enemies. It appears to have been a regular and set purpose with him always to produce something farcical after a creation which provoked either secret or open hostility, or even violent opposition.

Sganarelle appears in this piece for the first time, if we except the farce, or rather sketch, of the *Médecin volant*, where in reality nothing is developed, but everything is in mere outline. But in Sganarelle Molière has created a character that is his own just as much as Falstaff belongs to Shakespeare, Sancho Panza to Cervantes, or Panurge to Rabelais. Whether Sganarelle is a servant, a husband, the father of Lucinde, the brother of Ariste, a guardian, a faggot-maker, a doctor, he always represents the ugly side of human nature, an antiquated, grumpy, sullen, egotistical, jealous, grovelling, frightened character, ever and anon raising a laugh on account of his boasting, mean, morose, odd qualities. Molière was, at the time he wrote *Sganarelle*, more than thirty years old, and could therefore no longer successfully represent Mascarille as the rollicking servant of the *Blunderer*.

This farce was published by a certain Mr. Neufvillenaine, who was so smitten by it that, after having seen it represented several times, he knew it by heart, wrote it out, and published it, accompanied by a running commentary, which is not worth much, and preceded by a letter to a friend in which he extols its beauties. Molière, in 1663, got his name inserted, instead of that of Neufvillenaine, in the *privilège du roi.*

Mr. Henry Baker, the translator of this play, in the "Select Comedies of M. de Molière, London, 1732," oddly dedicates it to Miss Wolstenholme[1] in the following words:—

MADAM,

Be so good as to accept this little Present as an Instance of my high Esteem. Whoever has any Knowledge of the French Language, or any Taste for COMEDY, must needs distinguish the Excellency of *Molière's* Plays: one of which is here translated. What the *English* may be, I leave others to determine; but the ORIGINAL, which you receive along with it, is, I am certain, worthy your Perusal.

Tho' what You read, at present, is called a DEDICATION, it is, perhaps, the most unlike one of any thing You ever saw: for, You'll find not one Word, in Praise, either of Your blooming Youth, Your agreeable Person, Your genteel Behavior, Your easy Temper, or Your good Sense . . . and, the Reason is, that I cannot for my Life bring myself to such a Degree of Impertinence, as to sit down with a solemn Countenance, and Take upon me to inform the World, that the Sun is bright, and that the Spring is lovely.

My Knowledge of You from Your Infancy, and the many Civilities I am obliged for to Your Family, will, I hope, be an Excuse for this Presumption in,

MADAM, *Your most obedient humble servant,*

Enfield, H. B.
Jan. 1st 1731-2.

This play seems to have induced several English playwrights to imitate it. First, we have Sir William D'Avenant's *The Playhouse to be Let,* of which the date of the first performance is uncertain. According to the *Biographia Brittanica,* it was "a very singular entertainment, composed of five acts, each being a distinct performance. The first act is introductory, shows the distress of the players in the time of vacation, that obliges them to let their house, which several offer to take for different purposes, amongst the rest a Frenchman who had brought over a troop of his countrymen to act a farce. This is performed in the second act, which is a translation of Molière's *Sganarelle; or, the Cuckold Conceit,* all in broken French, to make the people laugh. The third act is a sort of comic opera, under the title of *The History of Sir Francis Drake.* The fourth act is a serious opera, representing the cruelties of the Spaniards in Peru. The fifth act is a burlesque in heroics on the amours of Cæsar and Cleopatra, has a great deal of wit and humor, and was often acted afterward by itself."

With the exception of the first act, all the others, which are separate and distinct, but short dramatic pieces, were written in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and two of them at least were performed at the Cockpit, when Sir William D'Avenant had obtained permission to present his entertainments of music and perspective in scenes.

The second imitation of *Sganarelle* is "*Tom Essence; or, the Modish Wife,* a Comedy as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, 1677. London, printed by T. M. for W. Cademan, at the *Pope's Head,* in the Lower Walk of the *New Exchange* in the *Strand,* 1677." This play is written by a Mr. Thomas Rawlins, printer and engraver to the Mint, under Charles the First and Second, and is founded on two French comedies—viz., Molière's *Sganarelle* and Thomas Corneille's *Don César d'Avalos.* The prologue is too bad to be quoted, and I

doubt if it can ever have been spoken on any stage. The play is written partly in blank verse, partly in prose; though very coarse, it is, on the whole, clever and witty. Old Moneylove, a credulous fool, who has a young wife (Act ii, Scene 1), reminds one at times of the senator Antonio in Otway's *Venice Preserved*, and is, of course, deceived by the gallant Stanley; the sayings and doings of Mrs. Moneylove, who is "what she ought not to be," and the way she tricks her husband, are very racy, perhaps too much so for the taste of the present times. I do not think any dramatist would now bring upon the stage a young lady like Theodocia, daughter of old Moneylove, reading the list about Squire Careless. Tom Essence is a seller of perfumes, a "jealous coxcomb of his wife;" and Courtly is "a sober gentleman, servant to Theodocia;" these are imitations of Sganarelle and Lelio. Loveall, "a wilde debaucht blade," and Mrs. Luce, "a widdow disguis'd, and passes for Theodocia's maid," are taken from Corneille.

In the epilogue, the whole of which cannot be given, Mrs. Essence speaks the following lines:—

> "But now methinks a Cloak Cabal I see,
> Whose Prick-ears glow, whilst they their Jealousie
> In *Essence* find; but Citty-Sirs, I fear,
> Most of you have more cause to be severe.
> We yield you are the truest character"

Nearly all the scenes imitated in this play from Molière's *Sganarelle* contain nothing which merits to be reproduced.

"*The Perplexed Couple; or, Mistake upon Mistake*, as it is acted at the New Theatre in Lincolns-Inn-Fields, by the Company of Comedians acting under Letters Patent granted by King Charles the Second. London, Printed for *W. Mears* at the *Lamb*, and *J. Brown* at the *Black Swan* without *Temple-Bar*, 1715," is the third imitation of Moliere's *Sganarelle*. This comedy, printed for two gentlemen with zoölogical signs, was written by a Mr. Charles Molloy, who for a long time was the editor of a well-known paper, *Common Sense*, in defense of Tory principles. This play had little success, and deserved to have had none, for it has no merit whatever. Our author states in the prologue:—

> "The injur'd Muses, who with savage Rage,
> Of late have often been expell'd a Tyrant Stage,
> Here fly for Refuge; where, secure from Harms,
> By you protected, shall display their Charms . . .
> No jest profane the guilty scene deforms,
> That impious way of being dull he scorns;
> No Party Cant shall here inflame the mind,
> And poison what for Pleasure was designed."

Mr. Molloy admits in the preface that "the Incident of the Picture in the Third act, something in the Fourth, and one Hint in the last Act, are taken from the *Cocu Imaginaire*; the rest I'm forced to subscribe to myself, for I can lay it to no Body else." I shall only remark on this, that nearly the whole play is a mere paraphrasing of Molière's *Cocu Imaginaire* and several other of his plays. The scene between Leonora, the heroine, and Sterling, the

old usurer and lover (Act 1), is imitated from Magdelon's description on the art of making love in the *Pretentious Young Ladies*, and so are many others. The servant Crispin is a medley of Mascarille from *The Blunderer*, of Gros-René from *The Love-tiff*, and of the servant of the same name in the *Cocu Imaginaire;* the interfering uncle of Lady Thinwit is taken from *George Dandin*, whilst Sir Anthony Thinwit becomes Sganarelle. The only thing new I have been able to discover in *The Perplexed Couple* is the lover Octavio disguising himself as a pedler to gain admittance to the object of his love; and old Sterling, the usurer, marrying the maid instead of the mistress. Molière's farce has been lengthened by those means into a five-act comedy, and though "no jest profane" may be found in it, it is more full than usual of coarse and lewd sayings, which can hardly be called innuendoes. The play is a mistake altogether; perhaps that is the reason its second name is called *Mistake upon Mistake*.

The Picture; or, the Cuckold in Conceit, a comedy in one act, by Js. Miller, is founded on Molière, and is the fourth imitation of *Sganarelle*. London, 1745. This play is, on the whole, a free translation of Molière's, interspersed with some songs set to music by Dr. Arne. Sganarelle is called Mr. Timothy Dotterel, grocer and common councilman; Gorgibus, Mr. Per-cent; Lelio, Mr. Heartly; Gros-René, John Broad, whilst Celia's maid is called Phillis. The Prologue, spoken by Mr. Havard, ends thus:—

> " . . . To-night we serve
> A Cuckold, that the Laugh does well deserve;
> A Cuckold in Conceit, by Fancy made
> As mad, as by the common Course of Trade:
> And more to please ye, and his Worth enhance,
> He's carbonado'd a la mode de France:
> Cook'd by Molière, great Master of his Trade,
> From whose Receipt this Harrico was made.
> But if that poignant Taste we fail to take,
> That something, that a mere Receipt can't make;
> Forgive the failure—we're but Copies all,
> And want the Spirit of th' Original."

The fifth and best imitation is Arthur Murphy's *All in the Wrong*, a comedy in five acts, first performed during the summer season of 1761 at the Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane. Though the chief idea and several of the scenes are taken from *Sganarelle*, yet the characters are well drawn, and the play, as a whole, is very entertaining. The Prologue, written and spoken by Samuel Foote, is as follows:—

> "To-night, be it known to Box, Gall'ry, and Pit,
> Will be open'd the best Summer-Warehouse for Wit;[2]
> The New Manufacture, Foote and Co., Undertakers;
> Play, Pantomime, Opera, Farce,—by the Makers!
> We scorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
> To Shakespeare and Southern, to Otway and Rowe.
> Though our judgment may err, yet our justice is shewn,
> For we promise to mangle no works but our own.
> And moreover on this you may firmly rely,
> If we can't make you laugh, that we won't make you cry.

For Rosicius, who knew we were mirth loving souls,
Has lock'd up his lightning, his dagger, and bowls.
Resolv'd that in buskins no hero shall stalk,
He has shut us quite out of the Tragedy walk.
No blood, no blank verse! and in short we're undone,
Unless you're contented with Frolic and Fun.
If tired of her round in the Ranelagh mill,
There should be but one female inclined to sit still;
If blind to the beauties, or sick of the squall,
A party should shun to catch cold at Vauxhall;
If at Sadler's sweet Wells the made wine should be thick,
The cheese-cakes turn sour, or Mrs Wilkinson sick;
If the fume of the pipes should oppress you in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
I hope you will call at our warehouse in Drury;
We've a curious assortment of goods, I assure you;
Domestic and foreign, and all kinds of wares;
English cloths, Irish linnen, and French petenlairs!
If for want of good custom, or losses in trade,
The poetical partners should bankrupts be made;
If from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And Whereas issue out in the Muses Gazette;
We'll on you our assigns for Certificates call;
Though insolvent, we're honest, and give up our all."

Otway, in his very indecent play, *The Soldier's Fortune*, performed at Dorset Garden, 1681, has borrowed freely from Molière, namely: one scene from *Sganarelle*, four scenes from *The School for Husbands*, and a hint from the *School for Wives*.

The joke from *The Pretentious Young Ladies*, Scene xi, page 119, about "the half moon and the full moon," is repeated in the conversation between Fourbin and Bloody-Bones in *The Soldier's Fortune*.

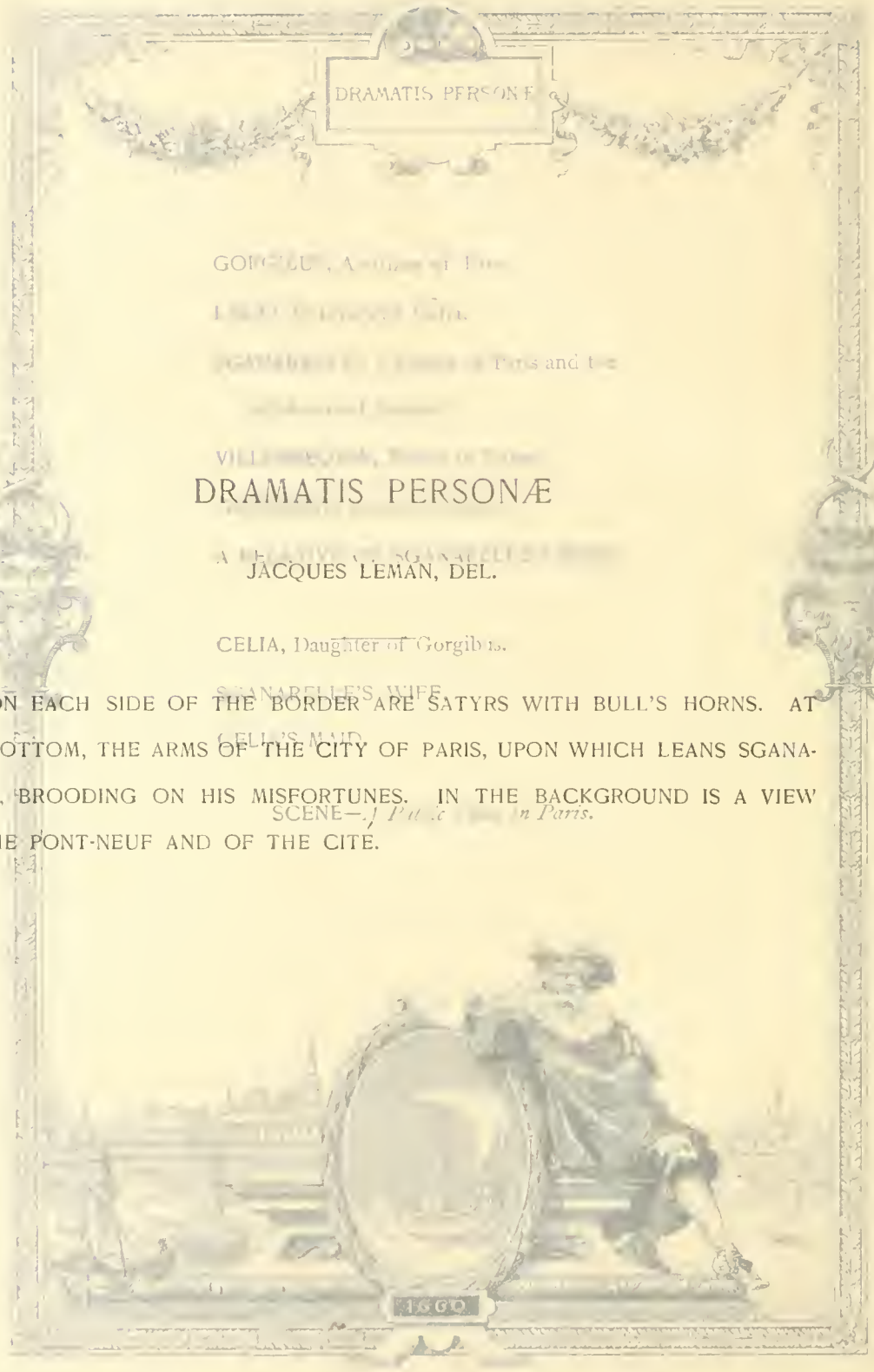
Sir John Vanbrugh also translated Molière's *Sganarelle*, which was performed at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, 1706, but has not been printed.

There was also a ballad opera played at Drury Lane, April 11, 1733, called the *Imaginary Cuckold*, which is an imitation of *Sganarelle*.

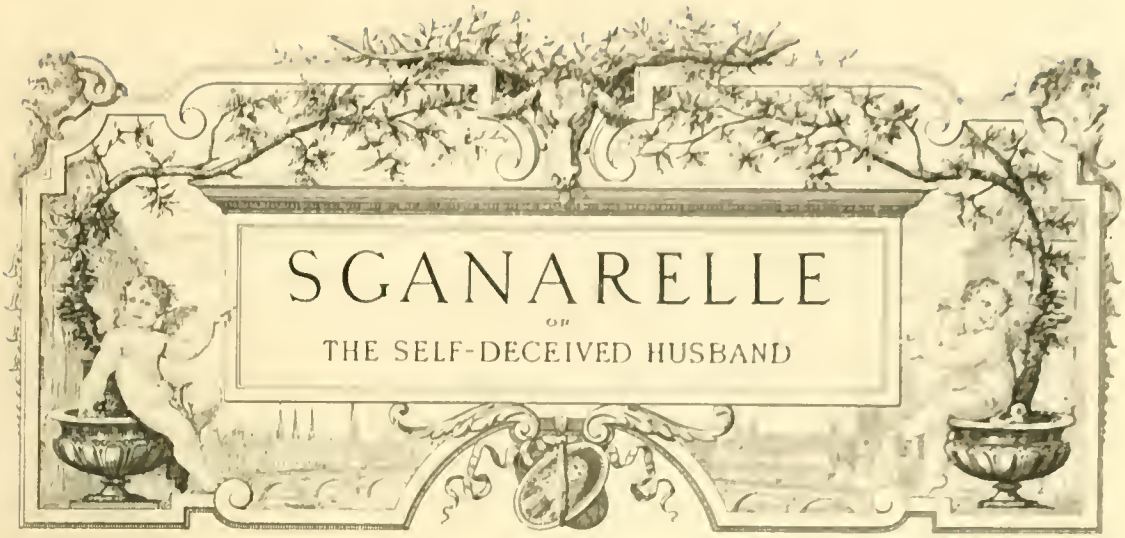
NOTES.

[1] I suppose the lady was a descendant of Sir John Wolstenholme, mentioned in one of the notes of *Pepys' Diary*, September 5, 1662, as created a baronet, 1664, an intimate friend of Lord Clarendon's and collector outward for the Port of London—ob. 1679.

[2] Mr. Garrick, at this time, had let his playhouse for the summer months.



ON EACH SIDE OF THE BORDER ARE SATYRS WITH BULL'S HORNS. AT THE BOTTOM, THE ARMS OF THE CITY OF PARIS, UPON WHICH LEANS SGANARELLE, BROODING ON HIS MISFORTUNES. IN THE BACKGROUND IS A VIEW OF THE PONT-NEUF AND OF THE CITE.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—GORGIBUS, CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

CEL. (*Coming out in tears, her father following her.*) Ah! never expect my heart to consent to that.

GORG. What do you mutter, you little impertinent girl? Do you suppose you can thwart my resolution? Have I not absolute power over you? And shall your youthful brain control my fatherly discretion by foolish arguments? Which of us two has most right to command the other? Which of us two, you or I, is, in your opinion, best able to judge what is advantageous for you? Zounds! do not provoke me too much, or you may feel, and in a very short time, too, what strength this arm of mine still possesses. Your shortest way, you obstinate minx, would be to accept without any more ado the husband intended for you; but you say, "I do not know what kind of temper he has, and I ought to think about it beforehand, if you will allow me." I know that he is heir to a large fortune; ought I therefore to trouble my head about anything else? Can this man, who has twenty thousand golden charms in his pocket to be beloved by you, want any accomplishments? Come, come, let him be what he will, I promise you that with such a sum he is a very worthy gentleman.

CEL. Alas!

GORG. Alas, indeed! What is the meaning of that? A fine alas you have uttered just now! Look ye! If once you put me in a passion you will have plenty of opportunities for shouting alas! This comes of that eagerness of yours to read novels day and night; your head is so full of all kinds of nonsense

about love that you talk of God much less than of Clélie. Throw into the fire all these mischievous books which are every day corrupting the minds of so many young people; instead of such trumpery, read, as you ought to do, the *Quatrains* of Pibrac[2] and the learned memorandum-books of Councillor Matthieu,[3] a valuable work and full of fine sayings for you to learn by heart; the *Guide for Sinners*[4] is also a good book. Such writings teach people in a short time how to spend their lives well, and if you had never read anything but such moral books you would have known better how to submit to my commands.

CEL. Do you suppose, dear father, I can ever forget that unchangeable affection I owe to Lelio? I should be wrong to dispose of my hand against your will, but you yourself engaged me to him.

GORG. Even if you were engaged ever so much, another man has made his appearance whose fortune annuls your engagement. Lelio is a pretty fellow, but learn that there is nothing that does not give way to money; that gold will make even the most ugly charming, and that without it everything else is but wretchedness. I believe you are not very fond of Valère, but though you do not like him as a lover you will like him as a husband. The very name of husband endears a man more than is generally supposed, and love is often a consequence of marriage. But what a fool I am to stand arguing when I possess the absolute right to command. A truce, then, I tell you, to your impertinence; let me have no more of your foolish complaints. This evening Valère intends to visit you, and if you do not receive him well, and look kindly upon him, I shall . . . but I will say no more on this subject.

SCENE II.—CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

MAID. What, madam! you refuse positively what so many other people would accept with all their heart! You answer with tears a proposal for marriage, and delay for a long time to say a "yes" so agreeable to hear! Alas! why does someone not wish to marry me? I should not need much entreaty: and so far from thinking it any trouble to say "yes" once, believe me, I would very quickly say it a dozen times. Your brother's tutor was quite right when, as we were talking about worldly affairs, he said, "A woman is like the ivy, which grows luxuriantly whilst it clings closely to the tree, but never thrives if it be separated from it." Nothing can be truer, my dear mistress, and I, miserable sinner, have found it out. Heaven rest the soul of my poor Martin! when he was alive my complexion was like a cherub's; I was plump and comely, my eyes sparkled brightly, and I felt happy; now I am doleful. In those pleasant times, which flew away like lightning, I went to bed in the very depth of winter without kindling a fire in the room; even airing the sheets appeared then to me ridiculous; but now I shiver even in the dogdays. In short, madam, believe me, there is nothing like having a husband at night by one's side, were it only for the pleasure of hearing him say, "God bless you," whenever one may happen to sneeze.

CEL. Can you advise me to act so wickedly as to forsake Lelio and take up with this ill-shaped fellow?

MAID. Upon my word, your Lelio is a mere fool to stay away the very time he is wanted; his long absence makes me very much suspect some change in his affection.

CEL. (*Showing her the portrait of Lelio.*) Oh! do not distress me by such dire forebodings! Observe carefully the features of

his face; they swear to me an eternal affection; after all, I would not willingly believe them to tell a falsehood, but that he is such as he is here limned by art, and that his affection for me remains unchanged.

MAID. To be sure, these features denote a deserving lover whom you are right to regard tenderly.

CEL. And yet I must . . . Ah! support me. (*She lets fall the portrait of Lelio.*)

MAID. Madam, what is the cause of . . . Heavens! she swoons. Oh! make haste! help! help!

SCENE III.—CELIA, SGANARELLE, CELIA'S MAID.

SGAN. What is the matter? I am here.

MAID. My lady is dying.

SGAN. What! is that all? You made such a noise I thought the world was at an end. Let us see, however. Madam, are you dead? Um! she does not say one word.

MAID. I shall fetch somebody to carry her in; be kind enough to hold her so long.

SCENE IV.—CELIA, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

SGAN. (*Passing his hand over Celia's bosom.*) She is cold all over, and I do not know what to say to it. Let me draw a little nearer and try whether she breathes or not. Upon my word, I cannot tell; but I perceive still some signs of life.

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Looking from the window.*) Ah! what do I see? My husband, holding in his arms . . . But I shall go down; he is false to me most certainly; I should be glad to catch him.

SGAN. She must be assisted very quickly; she would certainly be in the wrong to die. A journey to another world is very foolish so long as a body is able to stay in this. (*He carries her in.*)

SCENE V.—SGANARELLE'S WIFE, *alone.*

He has suddenly left this spot; his flight has disappointed my curiosity; but I doubt no longer that he is unfaithful to me; the little I have seen sufficiently proves it. I am no longer astonished that he returns my modest love with strange coldness; the ungrateful wretch reserves his caresses for others, and starves me in order to feed their pleasures. This is the common way of husbands; they become indifferent to what is lawful; at the beginning they do wonders and seem to be very much in love with us, but the wretches soon grow weary of our fondness and carry elsewhere what is due to us alone. Oh! how it vexes me that the law will not permit us to change our husband as we do our linen! That would be very convenient; and, troth, I know some women whom it would please as much as myself. (*Taking up the picture which Celia had let fall.*) But what a pretty thing has fortune sent me here: the enamel of it is most beautiful, the workmanship delightful; let me open it.

SCENE VI.—SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

SGAN. (*Thinking himself alone.*) They thought her dead, but it was nothing at all. She is already recovering and nearly well again. But I see my wife.

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Thinking herself alone.*) O Heaven! It is a miniature, a fine picture of a handsome man.

SGAN. (*Aside, and looking over his wife's shoulder.*) What is this she looks at so closely? This picture bodes my honor little good. A very ugly feeling of jealousy begins to creep over me.

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Not seeing her husband.*) I never saw anything more beautiful in my life! The workmanship is even of greater value than the gold! Oh, how sweet it smells!

SGAN. (*Aside.*) The deuce! She kisses it! I am victimized!

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Continues her monologue.*) I think it must be a charming thing to have such a fine-looking man for a sweetheart; if he should urge his suit very much the temptation would be great. Alas! why have I not a handsome man like this for my husband instead of my booby, my clodhopper . . . ?

SGAN. (*Snatching the portrait from her.*) What, hussy! have I caught you in the very act—slandering your honorable and darling husband? According to you, most worthy spouse, and everything well considered, the husband is not as good as the wife. In Beelzebub's name (and may he fly away with you), what better match could you wish for? Is there any fault to be found with me? It seems that this shape, this air, which everybody admires; this face, so fit to inspire love, for which a thousand fair ones sigh both night and day—in a word, my own delightful self, by no manner of means pleases you. Moreover, to satisfy your ravenous appetite, you add to the husband the relish of a gallant.

SGAN.'S WIFE. I see plainly the drift of your jocular remarks, though you do not clearly express yourself. You expect by these means . . .

SGAN. Try to impose upon others, not upon me, I pray you. The fact is evident; I have in my hands a convincing proof of the injury I complain of.

SGAN.'S WIFE. I am already too angry, and do not wish you to make me more so by any fresh insult. Hark ye, do not imagine that you shall keep this pretty thing; consider . . .

SGAN. I am seriously considering whether I shall break your neck. I wish I had but the original of this portrait in my power as much as I have the copy.

SGAN.'S WIFE. Why?

SGAN. For nothing at all, dear, sweet object of my love! I am very wrong to speak out; my forehead ought to thank you for many favors received. (*Looking at the portrait of Lelio.*) There he is, your darling, the pretty bed-fellow, the wicked incentive of your secret flame, the merry blade with whom . . .

SGAN.'S WIFE. With whom . . . Go on.

SGAN. With whom, I say . . . I am almost bursting with vexation.[5]

SGAN.'S WIFE. What does the drunken sot mean by all this?

SGAN. You know but too well, Mrs. Impudence. No one will call me any longer Sganarelle, but everyone will give me the title of Signor Cornutus; my honor is gone, but to reward you, who took it from me, I shall at the very least break you an arm or a couple of ribs.

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

SCENE VI.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. GERY BICHARD, ETCHER.

SGANARELLE'S WIFE (*Thinking herself alone, examines the miniature of Lea, which she has just found on the ground*): "OH! HEAVEN! IT IS A MINIATURE, A FINE PICTURE OF A HANDSOME MAN."

SGANARELLE (*Aside; and looking over his wife's shoulder*): "WHAT IS THIS SHE LOOKS AT SO CLOSELY? THIS PICTURE BODES MY HONOR LITTLE GOOD. A VERY UGLY FEELING OF JEALOUSY BEGINS TO CREEP OVER ME."

SCENE VI.—SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

SGAN. (*Speaking himself alone.*) They [illegible] dead but it was nothing at all. [illegible] recovering and nearly well [illegible] but I see my wife.

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Thinking herself alone.*) O Heaven! It is a miniature, a fine picture of a handsome man.

SGAN. (*Aside, and looking over his wife's shoulder.*) What is this she looks at? This picture bodes my honor [illegible] very ugly feeling of jealousy [illegible] over me.

SGAN.'S WIFE. [illegible] I never saw anything [illegible] life! The workmanship [illegible] than the gold! Oh, how sweet it [illegible]

SGAN. (*Aside.*) The deuce! She kisses it! I am victimized!

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*Continues her monologue.*) I think it must be a charming thing to have [illegible] he would urge his suit very much the temptation would be great. Alas! why have I not [illegible] of my lady, my husband? [illegible]

SGAN. (*Taking the picture from her.*) What, [illegible] —[illegible]ering your honorable and darling husband? According to your [illegible] and everything well [illegible] husband is not as good as the one. [illegible] up's name and may be fly away with [illegible] what better match could you wish for? [illegible] there any fault to be found with [illegible] that this shape, this air [illegible] this face, so fit to [illegible] which [illegible] thousand fair ones sigh [illegible] in a word, my own delightful self, by no manner of means pleases you. Moreover, to satisfy your ravenous appetite, you add to the husband the relish of a gallant.

SGAN.'S WIFE. I see plainly the drift of your jocular remarks, though you do not clearly express yourself. You expect by these means . . .

SGAN. Try to impose upon others, not upon me. I [illegible] that's evident; I have [illegible] proof of the injury [illegible]

SGAN.'S WIFE. I am really too angry, [illegible] me more so by [illegible] imagine [illegible] thing: con- [illegible] original of this picture [illegible] as I have the copy.

SGAN.'S WIFE. Why?

SGAN. For nothing at all, dear, sweet object of my love! I am very wrong to speak [illegible] many favors received. (*Looking at the portrait of Lea.*) There he is, your darling, the [illegible] of [illegible] with [illegible]

SGAN. With whom, I say . . . [illegible] sot [illegible] all this?

[illegible] You know [illegible], Mrs. Impu- [illegible] No [illegible] any longer Sganarelle [illegible] give me the title of [illegible] my honor is gone, but to [illegible] took it from me, I shall at [illegible] break you an arm or a couple [illegible] ribs.

JACQUES LEMAN

SGAN.'S WIFE. How dare you talk to me thus?

SGAN. How dare you play me these devilish pranks?

SGAN.'S WIFE. What devilish pranks? Say what you mean.

SGAN. Oh! It is not worth complaining of. A stag's top-knot on my head is indeed a very pretty ornament for everybody to come and look at.

SGAN.'S WIFE. After you have insulted your wife so grossly as to excite her thirst for vengeance, you stupidly imagine you can prevent the effects of it by pretending to be angry? Such insolence was never before known on the like occasion. The offender is the person who begins the quarrel.

SGAN. Oh! what a shameless creature! To see the confident behavior of this woman would not anyone suppose her to be very virtuous?

SGAN.'S WIFE. Away! go about your business; wheedle your mistresses; tell them you love them, caress them even, but give me back my picture, and do not make a jest of me. (*She snatches the picture from him and runs away.*)

SGAN. So you think to escape me! but I shall get hold of it again in spite of you.

SCENE VII.—LELIO, GROS-RENÉ.

GR.-RE. Here we are at last; but, sir, if I might be so bold, I should like you to tell me one thing.

LEL. Well, speak.

GR.-RE. Are you possessed by some devil or other, that you do not sink under such fatigues as these? For eight whole days we have been riding long stages, and have not been sparing of whip and spur to urge on confounded screws, whose cursed trot shook us so very much that, for my part, I feel as if every limb was out of joint, without mentioning a worse mishap which troubles me very much in a place I will not mention. And yet, no sooner are you at your journey's end, than you go out well and hearty, without taking rest or eating the least morsel.

LEL. My haste may well be excused, for I am greatly alarmed about the report of Celia's marriage. You know I adore her, and, before everything, I wish to hear if there is any truth in this ominous rumor.

GR.-RE. Ay, sir, but a good meal would be of great use to you to discover the truth or falsehood of this report; doubtless you would become thereby much stronger to withstand the strokes of fate. I judge by my own self, for, when I am fasting, the smallest disappointment gets hold of me and pulls me down; but when I have eaten sufficiently my soul can resist anything, and the greatest misfortunes cannot depress it. Believe me, stuff yourself well, and do not be too cautious. To fortify you under whatever misfortune may do, and in order to prevent sorrow from entering your heart, let it float in plenty of wine.[6]

LEL. I cannot eat.

GR.-RE. (*Aside.*) I can eat very well indeed. If it is not true may I be struck dead! (*Aloud.*) For all that, your dinner shall be ready presently.

LEL. Hold your tongue, I command you.

GR.-RE. How barbarous is that order!

LEL. I am not hungry, but uneasy.

GR.-RE. And I am hungry and uneasy as

well, to see that a foolish love-affair engrosses all your thoughts.[7]

LEL. Let me but get some information about my heart's delight, and without troubling me more go and take your meal if you like.

GR.-RE. I never say nay when a master commands.

SCENE VIII.—LELIO, *alone.*

No, no, my mind is tormented by too many terrors; the father has promised me Celia's hand, and she has given me such proofs of her love that I need not despair.

SCENE IX.—SGANARELLE, LELIO.

SGAN. (*Not seeing Lelio, and holding the portrait in his hand.*) I have got it. I can now at my leisure look at the countenance of the rascal who causes my dishonor. I do not know him at all.

LEL. (*Aside.*) Heavens! what do I see? If that be my picture, what then must I believe?

SGAN. (*Not seeing Lelio.*) Ah! poor Sganarelle! your reputation is doomed, and to what a sad fate! Must . . . (*Perceiving that Lelio observes him he goes to the other side of the stage.*)

LEL. (*Aside.*) This pledge of my love cannot have left the fair hands to which I gave it without startling my faith in her.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) People will make fun of me henceforth by holding up their two fingers; songs will be made about me, and every time they will fling in my teeth that scandalous affront which a wicked wife has printed upon my forehead.

LEL. (*Aside.*) Do I deceive myself?

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Oh, jade![8] were you impudent enough to cuckold me in the flower of my age? The wife, too, of a husband who may be reckoned handsome! and must be a monkey, a cursed addle-pated fellow . . .

LEL. (*Aside, looking still at the portrait in Sganarelle's hand.*) I am not mistaken; it is my very picture.

SGAN. (*Turning his back toward him.*) This man seems very inquisitive.

LEL. (*Aside.*) I am very much surprised.

SGAN. What would he be at?

LEL. (*Aside.*) I will speak to him. (*Aloud.*) May I . . . (*Sganarelle goes farther off.*) I say, let me have one word with you.

SGAN. (*Aside, and moving still farther.*) What does he wish to tell me now?

LEL. Will you inform me by what accident that picture came into your hands?

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Why does he wish to know? But I am thinking . . . (*Looking at Lelio and at the portrait in his hand.*) Oh! Upon my word, I know the cause of his anxiety; I no longer wonder at his surprise. This is my man, or, rather, my wife's man.

LEL. Pray, relieve my distracted mind, and tell me how you came by . . .

SGAN. Thank Heaven! I know what disturbs you. This portrait, which causes you some uneasiness, is your very likeness, and was found in the hands of a certain acquaintance of yours; the soft endearments which have passed between that lady and you are no secret to me. I cannot tell whether I have the honor to be known by your gallant

SGANARELLE;

OR, THE SELF-DECEIVED HUSBAND

SCENE VI.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER.

SGANARELLE'S WIFE (*Thinking herself alone, examines the miniature of Lisis, which she has just found on the ground*): "OH! HEAVEN! IT IS A MINIATURE, A FINE PICTURE OF A HANDSOME MAN."

SGANARELLE (*Aside; and looking over his wife's shoulder*): "WHAT IS THIS SHE LOOKS AT SO CLOSELY? THIS PICTURE BODES MY HONOR LITTLE GOOD. A VERY UGLY FEELING OF JEALOUSY BEGINS TO CREEP OVER ME."

holding up their two fingers, songs will be made about me, and every one they will fling in my teeth that scandalous story which a wicked wife has printed upon my forehead.

LEL. (*Aside.*) Do I deceive myself?

SCAN. (*Aside.*) Oh, jade! were you impudent enough to cuckold me in the flower of my age? The wife, too, of a husband who may be reckoned handsome! and must be a good-natured simple-pated fellow . . .

LEL. (*Looking well at the portrait in his hand, and mistaken.*) It is my own picture.

SCAN. (*Turning to Lelia and kim.*) Madam, I am very humble servant.

LEL. (*Aside.*) I am very much surprised.

SCAN. What . . .

LEL. (*Aside.*) I will speak to him. (*Aloud.*) May I . . . (*Approaching to you father . . .*) I say, let me have one word with you.

SCANARELLE'S WIFE. (*Thinking herself alone, examines the miniature of Lelia, which she has just found on the ground.*) "OH! HEAVEN! IT IS A MINIATURE, A FINE PICTURE OF A HANDSOME MAN."

SCANARELLE. (*Aside.*) Why does he wish to know?

LEL. (*Aside.*) What does he wish to tell me now?

SCAN. (*Aside.*) What does he wish to tell me now? (*Looking at Lelia and shrinking . . .*)

LEL. Will you inform me by what accident . . .

SCAN. (*Aside.*) Why does he wish to know? (*Aloud.*) I am . . .

LEL. I no longer wonder at his surprise. This is my picture, or rather my own . . .

SCAN. (*Looking at Lelia and looking over his wife's shoulder.*) "WHAT IS THIS A VERY UGLY FEELING OF JEALOUSY BEGINS TO CREEP OVER ME."

SHE LOOKS AT SO CLOSELY? THIS PICTURE BODES MY HONOR LITTLE GOOD.

LEL. (*Aside.*) How! I thought I saw . . . If this be my picture, where then is mine? . . .

SCAN. (*Aside, looking Lelia.*) Ah, I know that . . . (*Aloud.*) . . .

LEL. (*Aside.*) This person is another . . . (*Aloud.*) . . .

SCAN. (*Aside.*) People are . . .

LEL. (*Aside.*) . . .

SCAN. (*Not seeing Lelia and holding the portrait in his hand.*) I have got it . . . I am . . . (*Looking over his wife's shoulder.*) . . . the look of the countenance of . . .

LEL. (*Aside.*) . . . I see

lordship in this piece of gallantry; but henceforth be kind enough to break off an intrigue which a husband may not approve of, and consider that the holy bonds of wedlock . . .

LEL. What do you say? She from whom you received this pledge . . .

SGAN. Is my wife and I am her husband.

LEL. Her husband?

SGAN. Yes, her husband, I tell you. Though married I am far from merry;[9] you, sir, know the reason of it; this very moment I am going to inform her relatives about this affair.

SCENE X.—LELIO, *alone*.

Alas! what have I heard! The report, then, was true that her husband was the ugliest of all his sex. Even if your faithless lips had never sworn me more than a thousand times eternal love, the disgust you should have felt at such a base and shameful choice might have sufficiently secured me against the loss of your affection . . . But this great insult, and the fatigues of a pretty long journey, produce all at once such a violent effect upon me that I feel faint, and can hardly bear up under it.

SCENE XI.—LELIO, SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

SGAN.'S WIFE. In spite of me, my wretch . . . (*Seeing Lelio.*) Good lack! what ails you? I perceive, sir, you are ready to faint away.

LEL. It is an illness that has attacked me quite suddenly.

SGAN.'S WIFE. I am afraid you shall faint; step in here and stay until you are better.

LEL. For a moment or two I will accept of your kindness.

SCENE XII.—SGANARELLE, A RELATIVE OF SGANARELLE'S WIFE.

REL. I commend a husband's anxiety in such a case, but you take fright a little too hastily. All that you have told me against her, kinsman, does not prove her guilty. It is a delicate subject, and no one should ever be accused of such a crime unless it can be fully proved.

SGAN. That is to say, unless you see it.

REL. Too much haste leads us to commit mistakes. Who can tell how this picture came into her hands, and, after all, whether she knows the man? Seek a little more information, and if it proves as you suspect I shall be one of the first to punish her offence.

SCENE XIII.—SGANARELLE, *alone*.

Nothing could be said fairer: it is really the best way, to proceed cautiously. Perhaps I have dreamed of horns without any cause, and the perspiration has covered my brow rather prematurely. My dishonor is not at all proved by that portrait which frightened me so much. Let me endeavor, then, by care . . .

SCENE XIV.—SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, *standing at the door of her house with* LELIO.

SGAN. (*Aside, seeing them.*) Ha! what do I see? Zounds! there can be no more question about the portrait, for upon my word here stands the very man in *propria persona.*

SGAN.'S WIFE. You hurry away too fast, sir; if you leave us so quickly you may, perhaps, have a return of your illness.

LEL. No, no; I thank you heartily for the kind assistance you have rendered me.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) The deceitful woman is to the last polite to him. (*Sganarelle's Wife goes into the house again.*)

SCENE XV.—SGANARELLE, LELIO.

SGAN. He has seen me; let us hear what he can say to me.

LEL. (*Aside.*) Oh! my soul is moved! this sight inspires me with . . . But I ought to blame this unjust resentment, and only ascribe my sufferings to my merciless fate; yet I cannot help envying the success that has crowned his passion. (*Approaching Sganarelle.*) Oh, too happy mortal, in having so beautiful a wife!

SCENE XVI.—SGANARELLE, CELIA, *at her window, seeing Lelio go away.*

SGAN. (*Alone.*) This confession is pretty plain. His extraordinary speech surprises me as much as if horns had grown upon my head. (*Looking at the side where Lelio went off.*) Go your way; you have not acted at all like an honorable man.

CEL. (*Aside, entering.*) Who can that be? Just now I saw Lelio. Why does he conceal his return from me?

SGAN. (*Without seeing Celia.*) "Oh, too happy mortal in having so beautiful a wife!" Say, rather, unhappy mortal in having such a disgraceful spouse, through whose guilty passion, it is now but too clear, I have been cuckolded without any feeling of compassion. Yet I allow him to go away after such a discovery, and stand with my arms folded like a regular silly-billy! I ought at least to have knocked his hat off, thrown stones at him or mud on his cloak; to satisfy my wrath I should rouse the whole neighborhood, and cry, "Stop, thief of my honor!"

CEL. (*To Sganarelle.*) Pray, sir, how came you to know this gentleman who went away just now and spoke to you?

SGAN. Alas! madam, it is not I who am acquainted with him; it is my wife.

CEL. What emotion thus disturbs your mind?

SGAN. Do not blame me; I have sufficient cause for my sorrow; permit me to breathe plenty of sighs.

CEL. What can be the reason of this uncommon grief?

SGAN. If I am sad it is not for a trifle; I challenge other people not to grieve if they found themselves in my condition. You see in me the model of unhappy husbands. Poor Sganarelle's honor is taken from him; but the loss of my honor would be small—they deprive me of my reputation also.

CEL. How do they do that?

SGAN. That fop has taken the liberty to cuckold me—saving your presence, madam—and this very day my own eyes have been witness to a private interview between him and my wife.

CEL. What! He who just now . . .

SGAN. Ay, ay, it is he who brings disgrace upon me; he is in love with my wife, and my wife is in love with him.

CEL. Ah! I find I was right when I thought his returning secretly only concealed some base design; I trembled the minute I saw him from a sad foreboding of what would happen.

SGAN. You espouse my cause with too much kindness; but everybody is not so charitably disposed, for many who have already heard of my sufferings, so far from taking my part, only laugh at me.

CEL. Can anything be more base than this vile deed? or can a punishment be discovered such as he deserves? Does he think he is worthy to live, after polluting himself with such treachery? O Heaven! is it possible?

SGAN. It is but too true.

CEL. O traitor, villain, deceitful, faithless wretch!

SGAN. What a kind-hearted creature!

CEL. No, no, hell has not tortures enough to punish you sufficiently for your guilt!

SGAN. How well she talks!

CEL. Thus to abuse both innocence and goodness!

SGAN. (*Sighing aloud.*) Ah!

CEL. A heart which never did the slightest action deserving of being treated with such insult and contempt.

SGAN. That's true.

CEL. Who far from . . . But it is too much; nor can this heart endure the thought of it without feeling on the rack.

SGAN. My dear lady, do not distress yourself so much; it pierces my very soul to see you grieve so at my misfortune.

CEL. But do not deceive yourself so far as to fancy that I shall sit down and do nothing but lament; no, my heart knows how to act in order to be avenged; nothing can divert me from it; I go to prepare everything.

SCENE XVII.—SGANARELLE, *alone.*

May Heaven keep her forever out of harm's way! How kind of her to wish to avenge me! Her anger at my dishonor plainly teaches me how to act. Nobody should bear such affronts as these tamely, unless indeed he be a fool. Let us therefore hasten to hunt out this rascal who has insulted me, and let me prove my courage by avenging my dishonor.[10] I will teach you, you rogue, to laugh at my expense, and to cuckold people without showing them any respect. (*After going three or four steps he comes back again.*) But gently, if you please, this man looks as if he were very hot-headed and passionate; he may, perhaps, heaping one insult upon another, ornament my back as well as he has done my brow.[11] I detest, from the bottom of my heart, these fiery tempers, and vastly prefer peaceable people. I do not care to beat for fear of being beaten; a gentle disposition was always my predominant virtue. But my honor tells me that it is absolutely necessary I should avenge such an outrage as this. Let honor say whatever it likes, the deuce take him who listens. Suppose, now, I should play the hero, and receive for my pains an ugly thrust with a piece of cold steel quite through my stomach; when the news of my death spreads through the whole town, tell me then, my honor, shall you be the better of it?[12] The grave is too melancholy an abode and too unwholesome for people who are afraid of the colic; as for me, I find, all things considered,

that it is, after all, better to be a cuckold than to be dead. What harm is there in it? Does it make a man's legs crooked? does it spoil his shape? The plague take him who first invented being grieved about such a delusion, linking the honor of the wisest man to anything a fickle woman may do. Since every person is rightly held responsible for his own crimes, how can our honor, in this case, be considered criminal? We are blamed for the actions of other people. If our wives have an intrigue with any man, without our knowledge, all the mischief must fall upon our backs; they commit the crime, and we are reckoned guilty. It is a villainous abuse, and indeed Government should remedy such injustice. Have we not enough of other accidents that happen to us whether we like them or not? Do not quarrels, lawsuits, hunger, thirst, and sickness sufficiently disturb the even tenor of our lives? and yet we must stupidly get it into our heads to grieve about something which has no foundation. Let us laugh at it, despise such idle fears, and be above sighs and tears. If my wife has done amiss, let her cry as much as she likes; but why should I weep when I have done no wrong? After all, I am not the only one of my fraternity, and that should console me a little. Many people of rank see their wives cajoled, and do not say a word about it. Why should I, then, try to pick a quarrel for an affront which is but a mere trifle? They will call me a fool for not avenging myself, but I should be a much greater fool to rush on my own destruction. (*Putting his hand upon his stomach.*) I feel, however, my bile is stirred up here; it almost persuades me to do some manly action. Ay, anger gets the better of me; it is rather too much of a good thing to be a coward, too! I am resolved to be revenged upon the thief of my honor. Full of the passion which excites my ardor, and in order to make a beginning, I shall go and tell everywhere that he lies with my wife.

SCENE XVIII.—Gorgibus, Celia, Celia's Maid.

Cel. Yes, I will yield willingly to so just a law, father; you can freely dispose of my heart and my hand; I will sign the marriage contract whenever you please, for I am now determined to perform my duty. I can command my own inclinations, and shall do whatever you order me.

Gorg. How she pleases me by talking in this manner! Upon my word! I am so delighted that I would immediately cut a caper or two were people not looking on who would laugh at it. Come hither, I say, and let me embrace you; there is no harm in that; a father may kiss his daughter whenever he likes without giving any occasion for scandal. Well, the satisfaction of seeing you so obedient has made me twenty years younger.

SCENE XIX.—Celia, Celia's Maid.

Maid. This change surprises me.

Cel. When you come to know why I act thus you will esteem me for it.

Maid. Perhaps so.

Cel. Know, then, that Lelio has wounded my heart by his treacherous behavior, and has been in this neighborhood without . . .

Maid. Here he comes.

SCENE XX.—LELIO, CELIA, CELIA'S MAID.

LEL. Before I take my leave of you forever, I will at least here tell you that . . .

CEL. What! are you insolent enough to speak to me again?

LEL. I own my insolence is great, and yet your choice is such I should not be greatly to blame if I upbraided you. Live, live contented, and laugh when you think of me, as well as your worthy husband, of whom you have reason to be proud.

CEL. Yes, traitor, I will live so, and I trust most earnestly that the thought of my happiness may disturb you.

LEL. Why this outbreak of passion?

CEL. You pretend to be surprised, and ask what crimes you have committed?

SCENE XXI.—CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, *armed cap-à-pie*, CELIA'S MAID.

SGAN. I wage war, a war of extermination, against this robber of my honor, who without mercy has sullied my fair name.

CEL. (*To Lelio, pointing to Sganarelle.*) Look on this man, and then you will require no further answer.

LEL. Ah! I see.

CEL. A mere glance at him is sufficient to abash you.

LEL. It ought rather to make you blush.

SGAN. My wrath is now disposed to vent itself upon someone; my courage is at its height: if I meet him there will be bloodshed. Yes, I have sworn to kill him; nothing can keep me from doing so. Wherever I see him I will dispatch him. (*Drawing his sword half-way and approaching Lelio.*) Right through the middle of his heart I shall thrust . . .

LEL. (*Turning round.*) Against whom do you bear such a grudge?

SGAN. Against no one.

LEL. Why are you thus in armor?

SGAN. It is a dress I put on to keep the rain off. (*Aside.*) Ah! what a satisfaction it would be for me to kill him! Let us pluck up courage to do it.

LEL. (*Turning round again.*) Hey?

SGAN. I did not speak. (*Aside, boxing his own ears and thumping himself to raise his courage.*) Ah! I am enraged at my own cowardice? Chicken-hearted poltroon!

CEL. What you have seen ought to satisfy you, but it appears to offend you.

LEL. Yes; through him I know you are guilty of the greatest faithlessness that ever wronged a faithful lover's heart, and for which no excuse can be found.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Why have I not a little more courage?

CEL. Ah, traitor! speak not to me in so unmanly and insolent a manner.

SGAN. (*Aside.*) You see, Sganarelle, she takes up your quarrel: courage, my lad, be a trifle vigorous. Now, be bold; try to make one noble effort and kill him whilst his back is turned.

LEL. (*Who has moved accidentally a few steps back, meets Sganarelle, who was drawing near to kill him. The latter is frightened, and retreats.*) Since my words kindle your wrath, madam, I ought to show my satisfaction with what your heart approves, and here commend the lovely choice you have made.

CEL. Yes, yes, my choice is such as cannot be blamed.

LEL. You do well to defend it.

SGAN. No doubt, she does well to defend my rights. But what you have done, sir, is not according to the laws; I have reason to

complain. Were I less discreet much blood would be shed.

LEL. Of what do you complain? And why this . . .

SGAN. Do not say a word more. You know too well where the shoe pinches me. But conscience and a care for your own soul should remind you that my wife is my wife, and that to make her yours under my very nose is not acting like a good Christian.

LEL. Such a suspicion is mean and ridiculous! Harbor no scruples on that point: I know she belongs to you; I am very far from being in love with . . .

CEL. Oh, traitor! how well you dissemble!

LEL. What! do you imagine I foster a thought which need disturb his mind? Would you slander me by accusing me of such a cowardly action?

CEL. Speak, speak to himself; he can enlighten you.

SGAN. (*To Celia.*) No, no, you can argue much better than I can, and have treated the matter in the right way.

SCENE XXII.—CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.

SGAN.'S WIFE. (*To Celia.*) I am not inclined, madam, to show that I am over-jealous; but I am no fool, and can see what is going on. There are certain amours which appear very strange; you should be better employed than in seducing a heart which ought to be mine alone.

CEL. This declaration of her love is plain enough.[13]

SGAN. (*To his wife.*) Who sent for you, baggage? You come and scold her because she takes my part, whilst you are afraid of losing your gallant.

CEL. Do not suppose anybody has a mind to him. (*Turning toward Lelio.*) You see whether I have told a falsehood, and I am very glad of it.

LEL. What can be the meaning of this?

MAID. Upon my word, I do not know when this entanglement will be unravelled. I have tried for a pretty long time to comprehend it, but the more I hear the less I understand. Really I think I must interfere at last. (*Placing herself between Lelio and Celia.*) Answer me, one after another, and (*to Lelio*) allow me to ask what do you accuse this lady of?

LEL. That she broke her word and forsook me for another. As soon as I heard she was going to be married I hastened hither, carried away by an irrepressible love and not believing I could be forgotten; but discovered, when I arrived here, that she was married.

MAID. Married! To whom?

LEL. (*Pointing to Sganarelle.*) To him.

MAID. How! to him?

LEL. Yes, to him.

MAID. Who told you so?

LEL. Himself, this very day.

MAID. (*To Sganarelle.*) Is this true?

SGAN. I? I told him I was married to my own wife.

LEL. Just now, whilst you looked at my picture, you seemed greatly moved.

SGAN. True, here it is.

LEL. (*To Sganarelle.*) You also told me that she from whose hands you had received this pledge of her love was joined to you in the bonds of wedlock.

SGAN. No doubt (*pointing to his wife*), for

I snatched it from her, and should not have discovered her wickedness had I not done so.

SGAN.'S WIFE. What do you mean by your groundless complaint? I found this portrait at my feet by accident. After you had stormed without telling me the cause of your rage I saw this gentleman (*pointing to Lelio*) nearly fainting, asked him to come in, but did not even then discover that he was the original of the picture.

CEL. I was the cause of the portrait being lost; I let it fall when swooning, and when you (*to Sganarelle*) kindly carried me into the house.

MAID. You see that without my help you had still been at a loss, and that you had some need of hellebore.[14]

SGAN. (*Aside.*) Shall we believe all this? I have been very much frightened for my brow.

SGAN.'S WIFE. I have not quite recovered from my fear; however agreeable credulity may be, I am loth to be deceived.

SGAN. (*To his wife.*) Well, let us mutually suppose ourselves to be people of honor. I risk more on my side than you do on yours; accept, therefore, without much ado, what I propose.

SGAN.'S WIFE. Be it so; but woe be to you if I discover anything.

CEL. (*To Lelio, after whispering together.*) Ye heavens! if it be so, what have I done? I ought to fear the consequences of my own anger! Thinking you false, and wishing to be avenged, I, in an unhappy moment, complied with my father's wishes, and but a minute since engaged myself to marry a man whose hand until then I always had refused. I have made a promise to my father, and what grieves me most is . . . But I see him coming.

LEL. He shall keep his word with me.

SCENE XXIII.—GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.

LEL. Sir, you see I have returned to this town inflamed with the same ardor, and now I suppose you will keep your promise which made me hope to marry Celia, and thus reward my intense love.

GORG. Sir, whom I see returned to this town inflamed with the same ardor, and who now supposes I will keep my promise which made you hope to marry Celia, and thus reward your intense love, I am your lordship's very humble servant.

LEL. What, sir, is it thus you frustrate my expectations?

GORG. Ay, sir, it is thus I do my duty, and my daughter obeys me, too.

CEL. My duty compels me, father, to make good your promise to him.

GORG. Is this obeying my commands as a daughter ought to do? Just now you were very kindly disposed towards Valère, but you change quickly . . . I see his father approaching, who certainly comes to arrange about the marriage.

SCENE XXIV.—VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, CELIA, LELIO, SGANARELLE, SGANARELLE'S WIFE, CELIA'S MAID.

GORG. What brings you hither, M. Villebrequin?

VILL. An important secret, which I only discovered this morning, and which completely prevents me from keeping the engagement I made with you. My son, whom your daughter was going to espouse, has deceived everybody, and been secretly married these

four months past to Lise. Her friends, her fortune, and her family connections make it impossible for me to break off this alliance; and hence I come to you . . .

GORG. Pray, say no more. If Valère has married someone else without your permission, I cannot disguise from you that I myself long ago promised my daughter Celia to Lelio, endowed with every virtue, and that his return to-day prevents me from choosing any other husband for her.

VILL. Such a choice pleases me very much.

LEL. This honest intention will crown my days with eternal bliss.

GORG. Let us go and fix the day for the wedding.

SGAN. (*Alone.*) Was there ever a man who had more cause to think himself victimized? You perceive that in such matters the strongest probability may create in the mind a wrong belief. Therefore, remember never to believe anything even if you should see everything.

NOTES

[1] Molière acted this part himself. In the inventory of his dresses taken after his death, and given by M. Eudore Soulié in his *Recherches sur Molière*, 1863, we find: "a . . . dress for the *Cocu Imaginaire*, consisting of knee-breeches, doublet, cloak, collar, and shoes, all in crimson red satin."

[2] Gui du Faur de Pibrac (1528–1584) was a distinguished diplomatist, magistrate, and orator who wrote several works, of which the *Cinquante quatrains contenant préceptes et enseignements utiles pour la vie de l'homme, composés à l'imitation de Phocylides, Epicharmus, et autres poètes grecs*, and which number he afterward increased to one hundred and twenty-six, are the best known. These quatrains, or couplets of four verses, have been translated into nearly all European and several Eastern languages. A most elegant reprint has been published of them, in 1874, by M. A. Lemerre, of Paris.

[3] Pierre Matthieu (1563–1621), a French historian and poet, wrote, among other works, his *Tablettes de la vie et de la mort, quatrains de la Vanité du Monde*, a collection of two hundred and seventy-four moral quatrains, divided in three parts, each part of which was published separately in an oblong shape, like a memorandum-book; hence the name *Tablettes*.

[4] *La guide des pécheurs* (*The Guide for Sinners*) is a translation in French of an ascetic Spanish work, *la guia de pecadores*, written by a Dominican friar, Lewis, of Granada.

[5] The original has, "*j'en crève d'ennuis.*" The French word *ennui*, which now only means weariness of mind, signified formerly injury, and the vexation or hatred caused thereby; something like the English word "annoy," as in Shakespeare's *Richard III*, Act v, Scene 3:—

> "Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy;
> Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy."

[6] This is an imitation of Plautus's *Curculio; or, the Forgery*. The Parasite of Phædromus, who gave his name to the piece, says (ii, 3): "I am quite undone. I can hardly see; my mouth is bitter; my teeth are blunted; my jaws are clammy through fasting; with my entrails thus lank with abstinence from food, am I come . . . Let's cram down something first; the gammon, the udder, and the kernels; these are the foundations for the stomach, with head and roast beef, a good-sized cup and a capacious pot, that council enough may be forthcoming."

[7] Shakespeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (Act ii, Scene 1), has the following:—

> SPEED. . . . Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.
> VAL. I have dined.
> SPEED. Ay, but hearken, sir; though the chameleon, love, can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[8] The original is *truande*, which, as well as the masculine *truand*, meant, in old French, a vagabond, a rascal; it is still retained in the English phrase "to play the truant."

[9] The original has *mari-très-marri*; literally, "husband very sad;" *marri* being the old French for sad; the ancient plays and tales are full of allusions to the connection between these two words, *mari* and *marri*.

[10] A similar adventure is told of the renowned fabulist, La Fontaine. One day someone informed him that Poignan, a retired captain of dragoons and one of his friends, was by far too intimate with Madame La Fontaine, and that to avenge his dishonor he ought to fight a duel with him. La Fontaine calls upon Poignan at four o'clock in the morning, tells him to dress, takes him out of town, and then coolly says "that he has been advised to fight a duel with him in order to avenge his wounded honor." Soon La Fontaine's sword flies out of his hand, the friends go to breakfast, and the whole affair is at an end.

[11] In the original there is a play on words which cannot be rendered in English. *Il pourrait bien . . . charger de bois mon dos comme, il a fait mon front. Bois* means "stick" and "stags' antlers."

[12] Compare in Shakespeare's *Part First of King Henry IV*, Act v, Scene 1, Falstaff's speech about honor.

[13] Some commentators think it is Lelio who utters these words, but they are clearly Celia's.

[14] Among the ancients the *helleborus officinalis* or *orientalis* was held to cure insanity; hence the allusion.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS

SGANARELLE

		After	
SGANARELLE		Jacques Leman	5
TITLE OF 1660		" "	7
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ		" "	16
VIEW OF PARIS		" "	17
SGANARELLE AND WIFE	Scene VI	" "	20
SGANARELLE AND WIFE	Scene VI	Edm. Hedouin	22
SGANARELLE	Scene XXIV	Jacques Leman	30

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLE

THE FLYING DOCTOR

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

VIII

A HEAVY OVAL FRAME IN THE STYLE OF LOUIS XIII, THE GROUND WORK BEING FORMED OF SCALES. LE BARBOUILLÉ, WEARING A CAP, AND WITH HAIR FLYING, PASSES HIS HEAD AND BOTH HANDS, IN ONE OF WHICH HE HOLDS A CANDLE, THROUGH THE ORNAMENTATION AT THE UPPER PART OF THE FRAME. TWO LITTLE CUPIDS, SITTING ON THE FRAME, HOLD IN ONE HAND A LOCK OF LE BARBOUILLÉ'S HAIR AND IN THE OTHER A SMALL ROD TERMINATING IN A HORN.

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ

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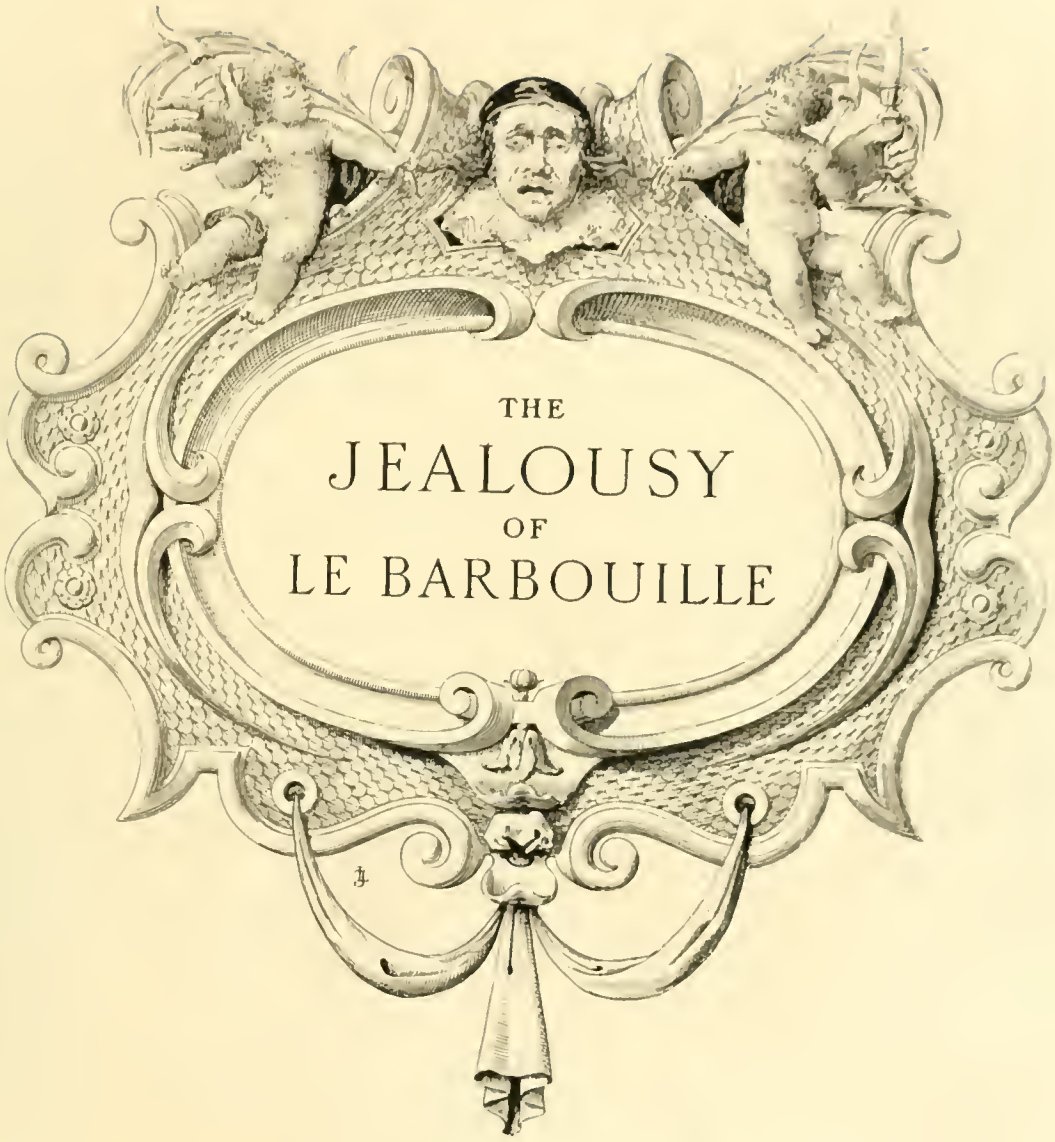

THE
JEALOUSY
OF
LE BARBOUILLE

TITLE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN A FRAME WITH AN ARCHITECTURAL MOTIF ARE ENCLOSED THE TITLES OF THE TWO FARCES.

THE JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ IS REPRESENTED BY THE TWO WINDOWS OPENING IN THE UPPER HALF OF EACH OF THE SIDES OF THE FRAME. FROM THE WINDOW ON THE RIGHT LE BARBOUILLÉ, CANDLE IN HAND, SAYS TO ANGÉLIQUE, WHO HAS JUST BEEN LOADING FOR CARIAU TO OPEN THE DOOR: *WHENCE COME YOU, MADAME SLUT?* FROM THAT ON THE LEFT, ANGÉLIQUE, WHO HAS FOUND A WAY TO GET IN, LEANS OUT TO ASK HER HUSBAND, IN REVENGE: "WHENCE COME YOU, MASTER SOT?"

THE REMAINDER OF THE FRAME IS DEVOTED TO THE *FAKE DOCTOR*. IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER PORTION OF THE FRAME, AT A WINDOW SURMOUNTED BY A RICH PEDIMENT, SGANARELLE, IN THE ROBE AND HAT OF A DOCTOR, HOLDS THE VESSEL WHICH THE SERVANT HAS JUST BROUGHT TO HIM AND SAYS: "THIS URINE SHOWS A GREAT DEAL OF HEAT." IN THE UPPER PORTION THE FRAME INCREASES IN SIZE, SHOWING THE GARDEN OF GORGIBUS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE PAVILION WHENCE COMES LUCILE, AND ON THE LEFT THE LOVER WHO HASTENS TO MEET HER. ON THE LOWER HALF OF EACH OF THE SIDES IS A WINDOW IN THE HOUSE OF GORGIBUS: SGANARELLE GOES IN THROUGH THAT ON THE RIGHT AND COMES OUT THROUGH THAT ON THE LEFT. IN THE CENTRE OF THE TITLE IS THE MIRROR OF TRUTH, FROM THE ARMS OF MOLIÈRE, SUPPORTED BY TWO NUDE CHILDREN ARMED WITH SYRINGES.

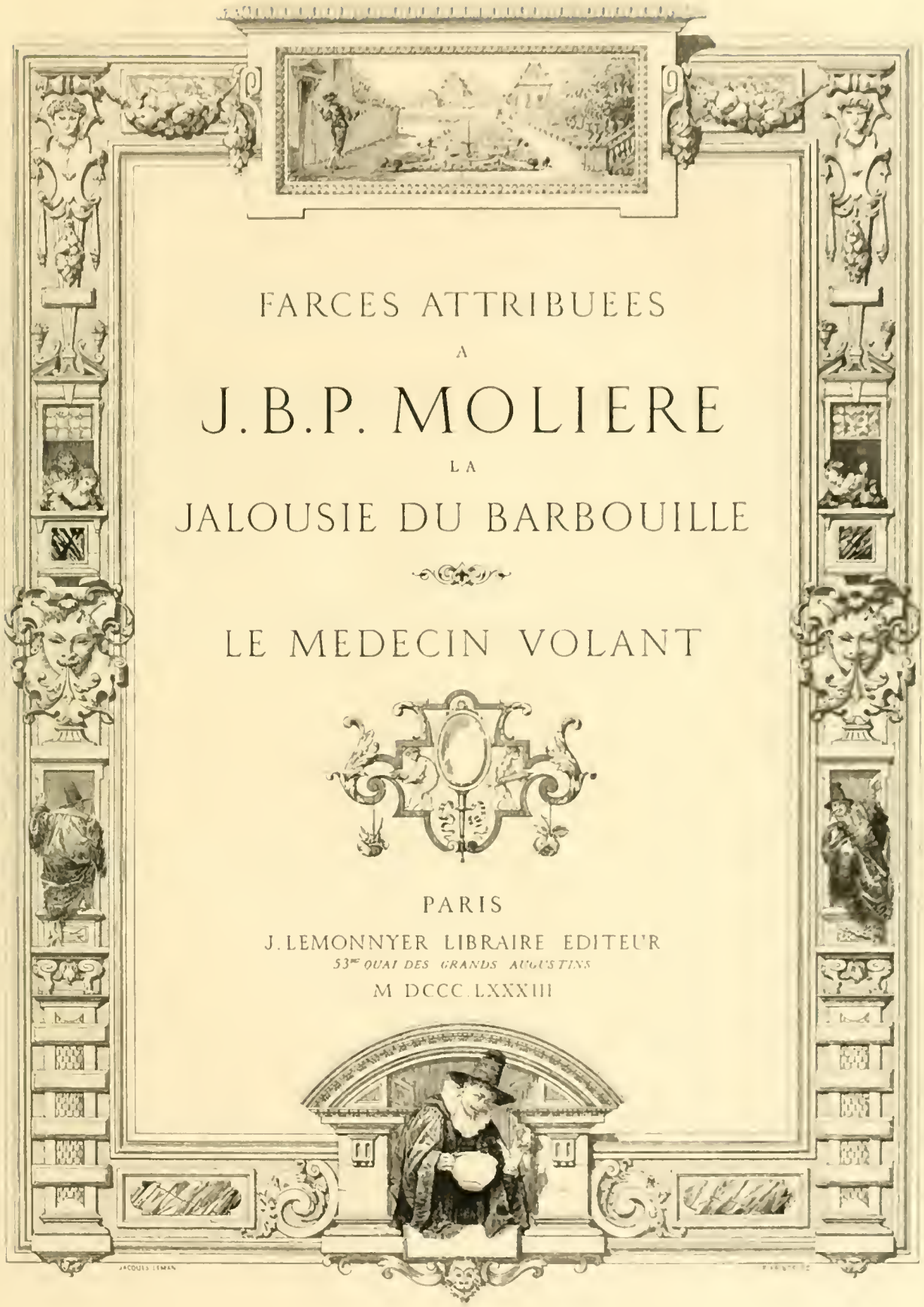
TITLE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

IN A FRAME WITH AN ARCHITECTURAL MOTIF ARE ENCLOSED THE TITLES OF THE TWO FARCES.

THE *JEALOUSY OF LE BARBOUILLÉ* IS REPRESENTED BY THE TWO *WINDOWS* OPENING IN THE UPPER HALF OF EACH OF THE SIDES OF THE *FRAME*. FROM THE *WINDOW* ON THE RIGHT LE BARBOUILLÉ, CANDLE IN HAND, SAYS TO ANGÉLIQUE, WHO HAS JUST BEEN CALLING FOR CATHAU TO OPEN THE DOOR: "*MEANWHILE COME YOU, MADAME SALTY?*" FROM THAT ON THE LEFT, ANGÉLIQUE, WHO HAS FOUND A WAY TO GET IN, LEANS OUT TO ASK HER HUSBAND, IN REVENGE: "*WHENCE COME YOU, MASTER SOT?*"

THE REMAINDER OF THE FRAME IS DEVOTED TO THE *FAKE DOCTOR*. IN THE CENTRE OF THE LOWER PORTION OF THE FRAME, AT A *WINDOW* SUR-MOUNTED BY A RICH PEDIMENT, SGANARELLE, IN THE ROBE AND HAT OF A DOC-TOR, HOLDS THE VESSEL WHICH THE SERVANT HAS JUST BROUGHT TO HIM AND SAYS: "THIS URINE SHOWS A GREAT DEAL OF HEAT." IN THE UPPER PORTION THE FRAME INCREASES IN SIZE, SHOWING THE GARDEN OF GORGIBUS. IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE PAVILION WHENCE COMES LUCILE, AND ON THE LEFT THE LOVER WHO HASTENS TO MEET HER. ON THE LOWER HALF OF EACH OF THE SIDES IS A WINDOW IN THE HOUSE OF GORGIBUS: SGANARELLE GOES IN THROUGH THAT ON THE RIGHT AND COMES OUT THROUGH THAT ON THE LEFT. IN THE CENTRE OF THE TITLE IS THE *MIRROR OF TRUTH*, FROM THE *ARMS* OF MOLIÈRE, SUPPORTED BY TWO NUDE CHILDREN ARMED WITH SYRINGES.


FARCES ATTRIBUEES
A
J.B.P. MOLIERE
LA
JALOUSIE DU BARBOUILLE
LE MEDECIN VOLANT
PARIS
J. LEMONNYER LIBRAIRE EDITEUR
53me QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS
M DCCC LXXXIII

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The Jealousy of le Barbouillé is probably an imitation of one of the Italian *commedia del 'arte*, and was composed when Molière was traveling in the provinces, when he sketched or wrote a certain number of comediettas, or rather farces, to amuse his country audiences.[1] It is impossible to say when they were first performed, though a few were acted even after Molière's return to Paris.

The manuscript of *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé*, and of the following farce, *The Flying Doctor*, was, in 1731, in the hands of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who lived then at Brussels. They were first published in 1819, and have since that time been generally added to the other dramatic works of Molière. The subject of *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé* appears to be taken from one of Boccaccio's tales,[2] which was afterward developed in *George Dandin*.

NOTES

[1] The titles of some of these farces are to be found in the Prefatory Memoir of Molière, Vol. I., page 20.

[2] See Introductory Notice to *George Dandin*, Vol. IX., page 9.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LE BARBOUILLÉ,[1] Angélique's husband.

THE DOCTOR.

VALÈRE, Angélique's lover.

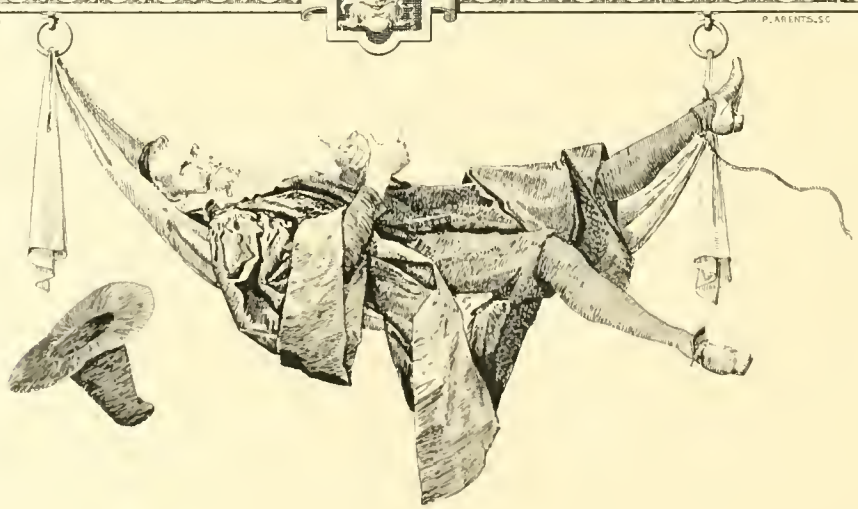
GORGIBUS, Angélique's father.

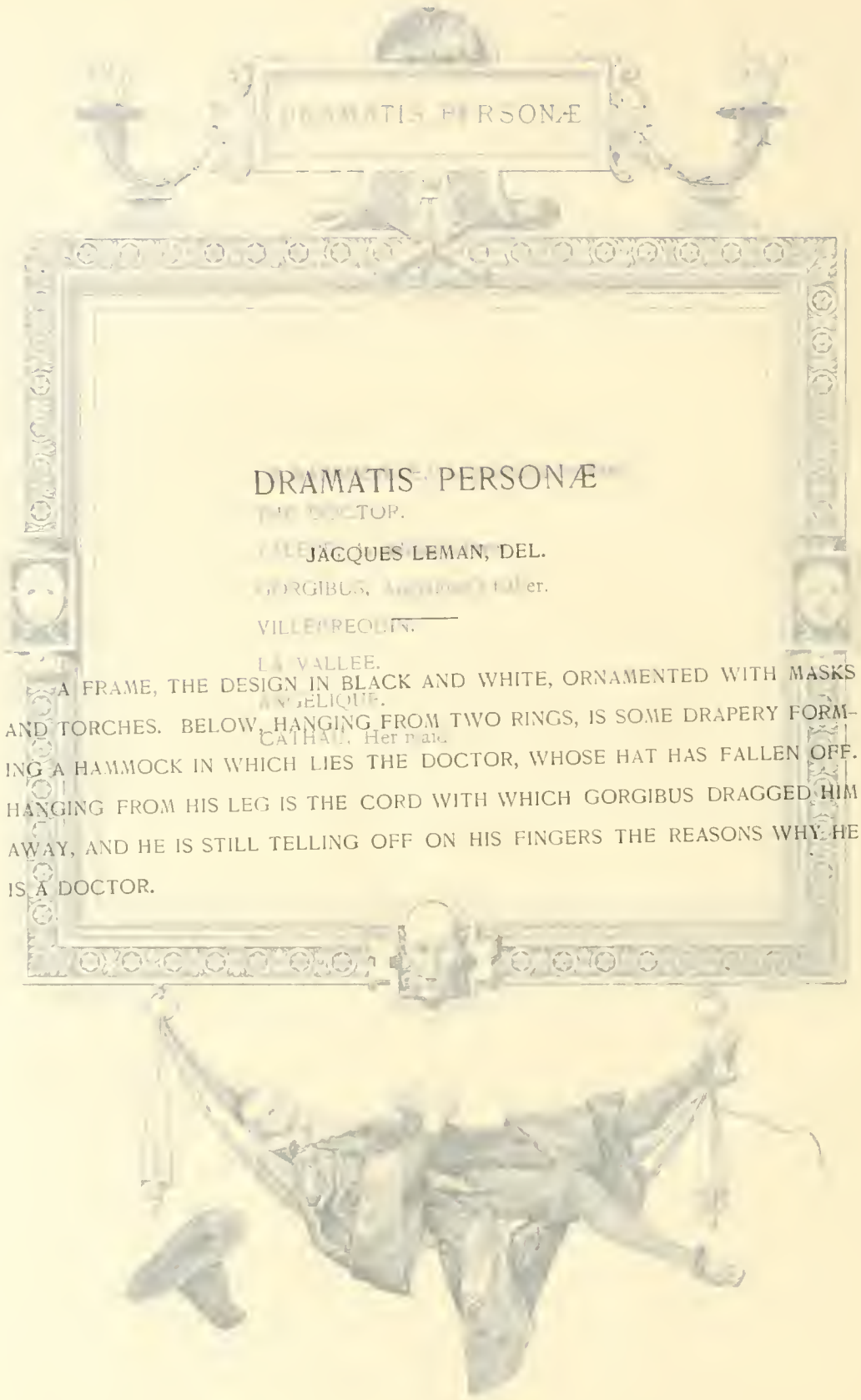
VILLEBREQUIN.

LA VALLÉE.

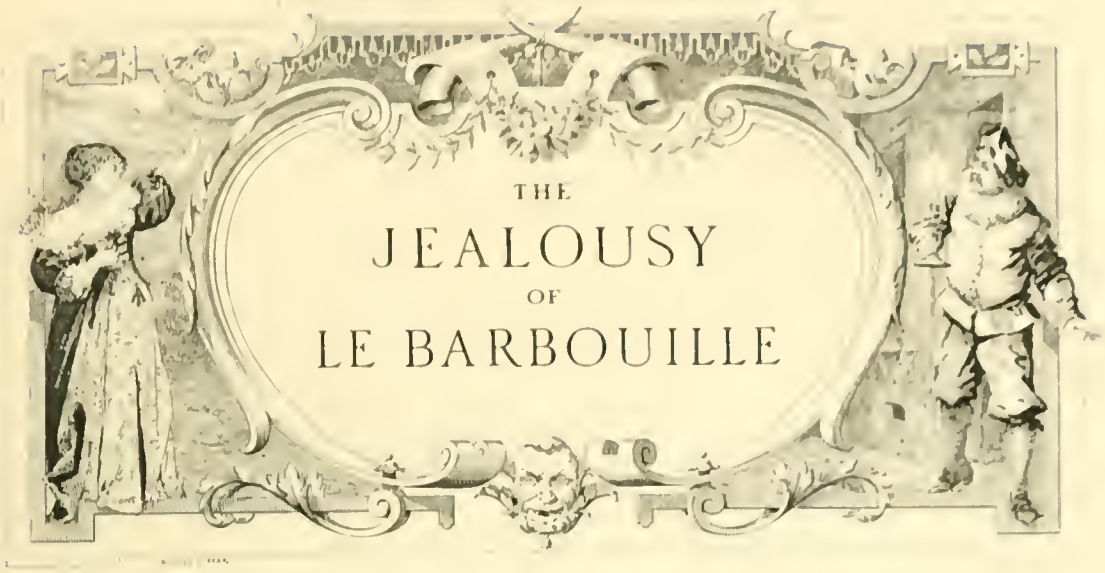
ANGÉLIQUE.

CATHAU, Her maid.





A FRAME, THE DESIGN IN BLACK AND WHITE, ORNAMENTED WITH MASKS AND TORCHES. BELOW, HANGING FROM TWO RINGS, IS SOME DRAPERY FORMING A HAMMOCK IN WHICH LIES THE DOCTOR, WHOSE HAT HAS FALLEN OFF. HANGING FROM HIS LEG IS THE CORD WITH WHICH GORGIBUS DRAGGED HIM AWAY, AND HE IS STILL TELLING OFF ON HIS FINGERS THE REASONS WHY HE IS A DOCTOR.



SCENE I.—Le Barbouille (*Alone*).

It must be admitted that I am the most unfortunate of all men! I have a wife who drives me mad: instead of relieving me and doing things as I like, she makes me wish myself at the devil twenty times a day; instead of staying at home, she likes to go walking about, loves good cheer, and keeps company with I do not know what kind of people. Ah! poor Barbouillé, how wretched you are! She must, however, be punished. Suppose I killed her . . . that idea is worth nothing, for you should be hanged. If you had her put in prison . . . the slut would find a way out of it with her master-key. What the deuce am I to do then? But here is the doctor coming. I must ask him for a bit of advice as to what I am to do.

SCENE II.—The Doctor, Le Barbouille.

Bar. I was coming after you to make a request of you upon a matter of importance to me.

Doc. You must be very badly brought up, very clumsily, and have been reprimanded very insufficiently, friend, to accost me without lifting your hat, without observing *rationem loci, temporis et personæ*. What! to begin with an ill-arranged discourse, instead of saying: *Salve, vel Salvus sis, Doctor, doctorum eruditissime*. Eh! for whom do you take me, friend?

Bar. Upon my word, I hope you will excuse me, my mind was embarrassed,[2] and I was not paying any attention to what I was doing; but I know full well that you are a gallant gentleman.

Doc. Know you at all whence comes the word "gallant gentleman?"

Bar. Let it come from Villejuif or Aubervilliers, I care little.

Doc. Know that the word gallant gentleman comes from "elegant;" taking the *g* and the *a* of the last syllable, that makes *ga*, then taking *ll*, adding an *a* and the last two letters, that makes *gallant*, and then adding *gentleman*, that makes *gallant gentleman*. But, once more, for whom do you take me?

Bar. I take you for a doctor. But let us talk a little of the affair which I wish to propose to you. You must know then . . .

Doc. Know beforehand that I am not only once a doctor, but that I am a doctor once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times. 1st. Because the unit being the basis, the foundation, and the first of all numbers, I am consequently the first of all doctors, the learned of the learned. 2d. Because two faculties are necessary for the perfect knowledge of all things, the senses and the understanding; and, as I am all sense and understanding, I am twice doctor.

Bar. Agreed. It is . . .

Doc. 3d. Because the number of three is that of perfection, according to Aristotle; and, as I am perfect, and all my productions likewise, I am three times doctor.

Bar. Well, Mr. Doctor . . .

Doc. 4th. Because philosophy has four parts: logic, morality, physics, and metaphysics; and, as I possess them all four, and am perfectly versed in them, I am four times doctor.

Bar. What the deuce! I do not doubt it. Do listen to me then.

Doc. 5th. Because there are five universals: the genus, the species, the difference, the essence, and the accident, without the knowledge of which it becomes impossible to reason well; and, as I employ them with advantage, and know their usefulness, I am five times doctor.

Bar. I must have a deal of patience.

Doc. 6th. Because the number of six is the number of labor; and, as I labor incessantly for my glory, I am six times doctor.

Bar. Ho! speak as much as you like.

Doc. 7th. Because the number of seven is the number of felicity; and, as I possess a perfect knowledge of everything that can confer happiness, and as I am so indeed by my talents, I feel obliged to say of myself: *O ter quaterque beatum!* 8th. Because the number of eight is the number of justice by reason of the equality found in it, and because the justice and prudence with which I measure and weigh all my actions make me eight times doctor. 9th. Because there are nine Muses, and because I am equally beloved by them. 10th. Because, as we cannot pass the number of ten without making a repetition of the other numbers, and because it is the universal number; so, so, when they have found me they have found the universal doctor; I contain in my own self all the other doctors. Thus, you perceive by plausible, true, demonstrative, and convincing arguments, that I am once, twice, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten times doctor.

Bar. What the deuce is this? I expected to find a very learned man, who would give me good advice, and I find a chimney-sweep, who, instead of talking to me, amuses himself by playing Morra[3] with me. One, two, three, four; ha, ha, ha! But that is not at all the thing; I pray you to listen to me, and to think that I am not the man to make you waste your time, and that, if you satisfy me in

what I wish of you, I will give you anything you like; money if you wish it.

DOC. Money, say you?

BAR. Yes, money, and anything else you might like to ask.

DOC. (*Hitching up his gown behind him.*) Then you take me to be a man who would do anything for money, a man bound to self-interest, a mercenary soul? Know, friend, that, if you were to give me a purse full of pistoles, if this purse were in a costly box, this box in a precious case, this case in a wondrous casket, this casket in a curious cabinet, this cabinet in a magnificent room, this room in an agreeable apartment, this apartment in a splendid castle, this castle in a matchless citadel, this citadel in a famous town, this town in a fruitful island, this island in an opulent province, this province in a flourishing kingdom, this kingdom stretching over the whole world; and that you would give me this world in which should be this flourishing kingdom, in which should be this opulent province, in which should be this fruitful island, in which should be this famous town, in which should be this matchless citadel, in which should be this splendid castle, in which should be this agreeable apartment, in which should be this curious cabinet, in which should be this wondrous casket, in which should be this precious case, in which should be this costly box, and in which should be enclosed this purse full of pistoles, I should care as little about your money and about yourself as about that. (*He departs.*)

BAR. Upon my word! I have made a mistake; I thought it well to speak to him of money, because he was dressed as a physician; but as he does not want it, nothing is easier than to satisfy him: I will run after him. (*He goes off.*)

SCENE III.—ANGELIQUE, VALERE, CATHAU.

ANG. I assure you, sir, that you will oblige me greatly by keeping me company now and then; my husband is so ill shaped, so debauched, such a drunkard, that it is torture to me to be with him, and I leave you to guess what pleasure one can derive from a clodhopper like him.

VAL. Madam,[4] you do me too much honor in bearing with me. I promise you to contribute everything in my power for your entertainment; and, since you confess that my society is not disagreeable to you, I shall show you by my attentions how much pleased I am at the news which you tell me.

CA. Ah! change your conversation; here comes kill-joy.[5]

SCENE IV.—LE BARBOUILLE, VALERE, ANGELIQUE, CATHAU.

VAL. I am in despair, madam, at having to bring you such grievous tidings; but you might have learned them from some one else; and, as your brother is very ill . . .

ANG. Sir, do not tell me any more; I am your servant, and feel obliged to you for the trouble you have taken.

BAR. Upon my word, here is the certificate of my cuckoldom, without going to the notary for it. Ha! ha! mistress slut. I find you with a man, after all my orders to the contrary, and you wish to send me from Gemini to Capricorn![6]

ANG. Well! need you grumble about that? This gentleman has come to tell me that my brother is very ill: what is there to complain?

CA. Ah! here it is; I was wondering that we should be quiet so long.

BAR. Upon my word, you are spoiling one another, you sluts; you Cathau, you are corrupting my wife; since you have been in her service, she is not worth half of what she was before.

CA. Indeed, yes, a pretty story that!

ANG. Leave the sot alone; do you not see that he is so drunk that he does not know what he is saying.

SCENE V.—GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGELIQUE, CATHAU, LE BARBOUILLE.

GOR. Here is my cursed son-in-law quarreling with my daughter again!

VIL. Find out what it is.

GOR. What! always squabbling! Will you never have any peace among you?

BAR. This wretch calls me sot. (*To Angélique.*) Hold, I have got a good mind to slap your face[7] in the presence of your relatives.

GOR. Cursed be the purse, if you have done what he reproaches you with.[8]

ANG. But it is he who always begins to . . .

CA. Cursed be the hour in which you chose this curmudgeon!

VIL. Come, hold your tongue; peace!

SCENE VI.—GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGELIQUE, CATHAU, LE BARBOUILLE, THE DOCTOR.

DOC. What is this? What disorder! what quarreling! what wrangling! what noise! what confusion! what falling out! what a flare-up! What is the matter, gentlemen, what is the matter? what is the matter? Come, come, let us see if there is no way of making you agree; let me be your peacemaker; let me bring union among you.

GOR. It is my daughter and my son-in-law who have some quarrel between them.

DOC. And what is it? Just tell me the cause of their difference.

GOR. Sir . . .

DOC. But in few words.

GOR. Yes: but put on your bonnet.

DOC. Do you know whence comes the word "bonnet?"

GOR. No, indeed.

DOC. It comes from *bonum est*, good is, that is good, because it keeps you from catarrhs and colds.

GOR. Upon my word, I did not know that.

DOC. But just tell me quickly about this quarrel.

GOR. This is what happened . . .

DOC. I do not think that you are the man to detain me long, especially as I request you not to do so. I have some pressing business which calls me into town; but, to restore peace in your family, I do not mind stopping for a moment.

GOR. I shall have done in a moment.

DOC. Be quick then.

GOR. Done immediately.

DOC. You must admit, Mr. Gorgibus, that it is a fine gift to be able to say things in a few words, and that great talkers, instead of being listened to, often make themselves so obnoxious that one does not hear them; *virtutem primam esse puta compescere linguam.*[9] Yes, the finest quality in a gentleman is to speak little.

GOR. You must know then . . .

DOC. Socrates recommended three things very carefully to his disciples: prudence in

actions, sobriety in eating, and to say things in few words. Begin then, Mr. Gorgibus.

GOR. That is what I wish to do.

DOC. In few words, without ceremony, without amusing yourself with many speeches, spare me an apophthegm;[10] quick, quick, Mr. Gorgibus, hurry on, avoid prolixity.

GOR. Let me speak then.

DOC. Mr. Gorgibus, shake hands, you speak too much; some one else will have to tell me the cause of this quarrel.

VIL. You must know then, Mr. Doctor . . .

DOC. You are an ignoramus, an illiterate, a man devoid of all method and order,[11] in good French, an ass. What! you commence your narrative without a word of exordium! Some one else will have to narrate the quarrel. Madam, tell me the particulars of this confusion.

ANG. Well! you see, my big scamp, my wine-jug of a husband?

DOC. Gently, if you please: speak with respect of your husband, when before the beard of a doctor like myself.

ANG. Ah! indeed, yes, doctor! I care a deal about you and your doctrine, and I am a doctor when I like.

DOC. You are a doctor when you like; but I think that you would make a funny doctor. You look to me much as if you would follow your own fancies: of the parts of speech, you like but the conjunction; of the genders, the masculine; of the declensions, the genitive; of syntax, *mobile cum fixo*; and, in short, of quantity, you love but the dactyl, *quia constat ex una longa et duabus brevibus.*[12] Come now, just tell me the cause, the subject of your combustion.

BAR. Mr. Doctor . . .

DOC. Ah! that is well begun; Mr. Doctor, this word has something sweet to the ear, something full of emphasis; Mr. Doctor!

BAR. According to my will . . .

DOC. That is good . . . according to my will! The will presupposes the wish, the wish presupposes the means arriving at its ends, and the end presupposes an object; that is good . . . according to my will.

BAR. I am bursting with rage.

DOC. Take out that word, I am bursting with rage; it is a low and vulgar term.

BAR. Eh! Mr. Doctor, do listen to me, I pray you.

DOC. *Audi, quaeso,*[13] Cicero would have said.

BAR. Ah! upon my word, if it breaks,[14] smashes, or is destroyed, I hardly care; but you shall hear me, or I will smash your doctoral snout; and what the devil is this?

(Le Barbouillé, Angélique, Gorgibus, Cathau, Villebrequin, each wishing to tell the cause of the quarrel, and the Doctor saying that peace is a fine thing, speak all at once. In the midst of all this noise Le Barbouillé fastens a rope to the Doctor's foot, and makes him fall on his back; Le Barbouillé drags him away by the rope, which he had fastened to his foot, while the Doctor endeavors to speak and to count upon his fingers all his reasons, as if he had not fallen down at all. Le Barbouillé and the Doctor disappear.)

GOR. Come, daughter, go inside, and try to live in peace with your husband.

VIL. Farewell, good-night, and your servant. *(Villebrequin, Gorgibus, and Angélique go away.)*

SCENE VII.—VALERE, LA VALLEE.

VAL. I am obliged to you for the pains you have taken, sir, and I promise you to be at the appointed place in an hour.

La Val. It cannot be postponed; and if you but delay a quarter of an hour, the ball will be finished: you shall not have the satisfaction of seeing her whom you love if you do not come directly.

Val. Let us go together this very moment. (*They go away.*)

SCENE VIII.—Angelique (*Alone*).

While my husband is out of the way, I shall go and take a turn at a ball, which one of my neighbors is giving. I shall be back before him, for he is somewhere in the tavern; he will not notice that I am out; the rascal leaves me alone at home, as if I were his dog. (*She goes.*)

SCENE IX.—Le Barbouille (*Alone*).

I knew well enough that I would get the better of this doctor and all his confounded doctrine. To the devil with the ignorant fellow! I have nicely knocked all his science to the ground. I must, however, go and see if the wife has prepared my supper. (*He goes.*)

SCENE X.—Angelique (*Alone*).

How unlucky I am! I came too late, the party is over: I arrived just as every one was going; but never mind, it will be for another time. I shall go home, however, as if nothing had happened. Why! the door is locked; Cathau, Cathau!

SCENE XI.—Le Barbouille (*at the window*), Angelique.

Bar. Cathau, Cathau! Well, what has she done, Cathau? and whence come you, Madam slut, at this hour, and in such weather?

Ang. Whence come I? just open the door, and I shall tell you afterward.

Bar. Ah! indeed, you can go and sleep where you came from, or, if you like it better, in the street; I will not open the door to such a gad-about as you. What the deuce! to be all alone at such an hour! I do not know whether it is my fancy, but my forehead seems half as rough again as it usually is.

Ang. Well! and what if I am alone, what do you mean by it? You quarrel with me when I have company: what would you have me do?

Bar. You ought to have been within, to look after the supper, to take care of the house, of the children; but, without so many useless words, good-bye, good-night, go to the devil, and leave me in peace.

Ang. You will not open to me?

Bar. No, I shall not open.

Ang. Eh! my dear little husband, open, I beg of you, my dear sweetheart.

Bar. Ah! you crocodile! ah! you dangerous serpent! you are caressing me to betray me.

Ang. Open, open then.

Bar. Good-bye! *Vade retro, Satanas!*

Ang. What! you will not open?

Bar. No!

Ang. And you have no pity on the wife who loves you so much?

Bar. No, I am inflexible; you have offended me, I am as vindictive as the devil, that is, putting it more strongly, I am inexorable.

Ang. Are you aware that, if you drive me to despair, and make me angry, I shall do something which you will regret?

BAR. And what will you do, you nice she-dog?

ANG. There; if you do not open to me, I shall kill myself before the door; my parents who will no doubt come here before going to bed, to know if we have made it up together, will find me dead, and you shall be hanged.

BAR. Ah, ah, ah, ah, the great ninny! and who of the two will lose most by that? Go, go, you are not so foolish as to do such a trick as that.

ANG. You will not believe it then? There, there, here is my knife quite ready; if you do not open to me, I shall plunge it into my heart this very moment.

BAR. Take care, the point is very sharp.

ANG. You will not open to me?

BAR. I have told you a score of times already that I will not open; kill yourself, die, go to the devil; what do I care.

ANG. (*Pretending to stab herself.*) Good-bye then . . . Ah! I am dead.

BAR. Can she have been fool enough to do such a trick? I must go down with the candle to see.[15]

ANG. I must catch you. If I can get cunningly into the house while you are looking for me, it will be my turn next.

BAR. Well! just as if I ought not to have known that she was not such a fool. She is dead; and, however, she runs like Pacolet's horse.[16] Upon my word, she has really given me a fright. She has done well to get out of the way; for, if I had found her alive, after having given me such a fright, I should have dealt her five or six kicks to teach her to play the fool. I shall go to bed now. Oh! oh! I think that the wind has closed the door. Eh! Cathau, Cathau, open the door.

ANG. Cathau, Cathau! Well? what has she done to you, Cathau? and whence come you, Master sot? Ah! indeed, my parents, who will be here in a minute, shall know the truth. Wine-barrel, infamous wretch, you do not stir from the tavern, and you leave a poor woman with her little ones to dance attendance upon you all day long, without caring whether they want for anything or not.

BAR. Open quickly, you she-devil, or I shall break your head.

SCENE XII.—GORGIBUS, VILLEBREQUIN, ANGELIQUE, LE BARBOUILLE.

GOR. What is this! always disputes, quarrels, and dissensions.

VIL. Eh, what! will you never be agreed?

ANG. But just look, here he is drunk, and comes back at this hour, to make a horrible noise; he threatens me.

GOR. But this is also not a time to come home. Ought you not, as a good father of a family, to retire early and live in concord with your wife?

BAR. May the devil take me if I have stirred away from the house: just ask these gentlemen, who are yonder in the pot; it is she who has just come back. Ah! how innocence is oppressed.

VIL. Come, come, make it up; ask her pardon.

BAR. I! pardon! I would sooner have the devil run away with her. I am so angry that I do not know what I am doing.

GOR. Come, daughter, kiss your husband, and be good friends.[17]

SCENE XIII.—THE DOCTOR (*at the window, in his night-cap and vest*), LE BARBOUILLE, VILLEBREQUIN, GORGIBUS, ANGELIQUE.

DOC. What! forever noise, disorder, dissension, quarrels, debates, differences, combustions, and never ceasing altercations? What is the matter? what is it then? There is no peace to be had.

VIL. It is nothing, Sir Doctor; everyone is agreed.

DOC. Talking of agreed, would you like me to read you a chapter of Aristotle, in which he proves that all the parts of the universe exist only because they agree among themselves?[18]

VIL. Is it very long?

DOC. No, not very long: it contains about sixty or eighty pages.

VIL. Good-bye, good-night, we are much obliged to you.

GOR. No, we do not want it.

DOC. You do not wish for it?

GOR. No.

DOC. Good-bye then, since it is even so; good-night: *latine, bona nox.*

VIL. Let us go and sup together.

NOTES

[1] Le Barbouillé means the besmeared, because probably in former times the actor who played this part rubbed his face with flour.

[2] The original has, *J'avais l'esprit en écharpe*, I had my mind in a scarf, therefore "awry," "embarrassed."

[3] Morra is an Italian game, which consists in holding up quickly some fingers of the hand raised and some shut, and for the opposite player to guess the precise number of the fingers thus held up. As the Doctor in counting probably held up his fingers, Le Barbouillé evidently alludes to the Morra.

[4] The original has *Mademoiselle*. See Prefatory Memoir, Vol. I., page xxviii., note 14.

[5] The original has *porte-guignon*, bearer of ill luck.

[6] See Rabelais's *Pantagruel*, Book iii., ch. xxv. "How Panurge consulteth with Herr Trippa."

[7] The original has *je suis bien tenté de te bailler une quinte major*, I am much tempted to give you a high sequence of five. The expression *quinte major*, now called *quinte majeure*, belongs to the game of piquet.

[8] The original has *Je dédonne au diable l'escarcelle si vous l'avez fait*. This phrase is very obscure; I have followed the explanation given by the late Mr. E. Despois.

[9] "Believe that the first of virtues is to restrain one's tongue." This is one of Erasmus's distichs.

[10] In *The Forced Marriage* Pancrace says to Sganarelle, *Tranche moi ce discours d'un apophthegme à la laconienne*, Contract your discourse into a Laconian apophthegm. See Vol. V., Scene 6, page 22.

[11] In *The Forced Marriage* Pancrace calls Sganarelle *un homme ignare de tout bonne discipline*, a man ignorant of all method and order. See Vol. V., Scene 6, page 19.

[12] This Latin cannot be translated. The rule *mobile cum fixo* is taken from Despautère's Syntax.

[13] A Latin translation of Le Barbouillé's words.

[14] The original has *si se rompt*, a pun on the name *Cicéron*.

[15] Molière has employed a great part of this scene in the eighth scene of the third act of *George Dandin*. See Vol. IX., page 49.

[16] In the legend of *Valentine and Orson*, Pacolet is a dwarf in the service of Lady Clerimond, who has an enchanted flying horse of wood, which was very swift, and carried the rider anywhere. Rabelais mentions the horse in the twenty-fourth chapter of the second book of *Pantagruel*.

[17] These three last scenes have been utilized by Molière in the eighth and following scenes of the third act of *George Dandin* (see Vol. IX.); just as the scenes in which the Doctor appears seem to be the outline of the sixth scene of the second act of *The Love-Tiff* (see Vol. I.), and of the sixth scene of *The Forced Marriage* (see Vol. V.).

[18] This may perhaps be the fifth chapter of the apocryphal treatise, *About the World*. It is not very long; but the doctor was probably going to comment upon it.

THE FLYING DOCTOR

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

THE FLYING DOCTOR

A SQUARE FRAME SURMOUNTED BY THE VESSEL WHICH APPEARS IN SCENE IV. ON EITHER SIDE A SYRINGE IN PALE, CAPPED BY A BUTTERFLY. UNDERNEATH, A LITTLE WINGED CUPID, DRESSED AS A DOCTOR, PASSES THROUGH THE ORNAMENTATION OF THE FRAME AS THROUGH A WINDOW.

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THE
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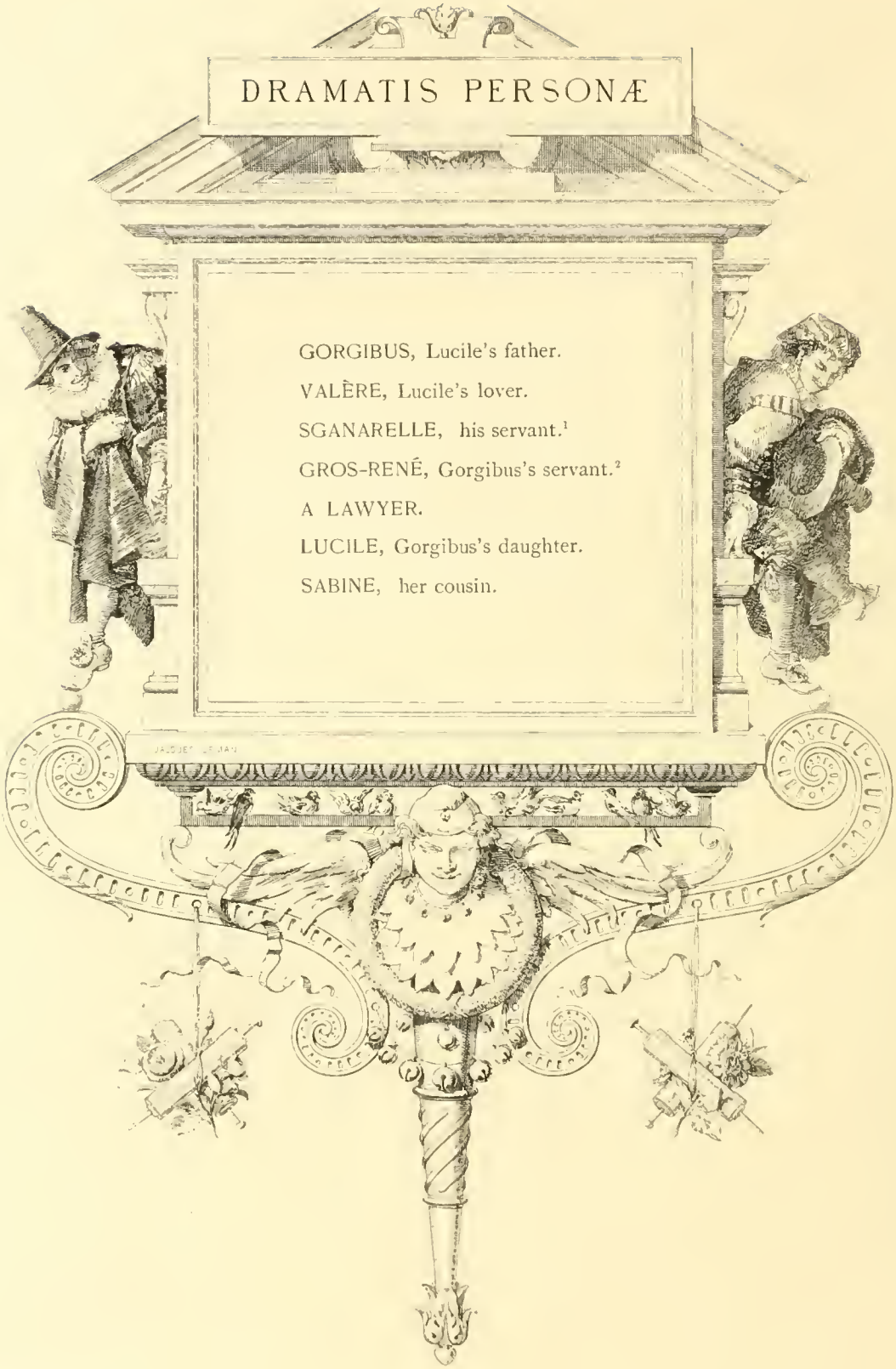
DOCTOR

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

The subject of *The Flying Doctor* is probably imitated from an Italian farce, *Il Medico Volante*, which was never printed, but often acted, and in which the celebrated Harlequin, Dominico, who arrived at Paris in 1660, produced some sensation. Boursault (see Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. IV.), wrote also a *Flying Doctor*, which was acted in the month of November, 1661, at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and which is taken either from the Italian farce from which Molière borrowed his play, or from Molière himself.

The Flying Doctor was acted several times in Paris, from the years 1659 until 1664, and twice at Court.

Molière made use of several of the scenes of this farce for his *Love is the Best Doctor* (see Vol. V.), and *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (see Vol. VI.).



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

GORGIBUS, Lucile's father.

VALÈRE, Lucile's lover.

SGANARELLE, his servant.[1]

GROS-RENÉ, Gorgibus's servant.[2]

A LAWYER.

LUCILE, Gorgibus's daughter.

SABINE, her cousin.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

A SQUARE TABLET SURMOUNTED BY A PEDIMENT. BENEATH IS A BAUBLE, ENDING IN A WINGED FOOL'S HEAD HAVING AROUND ITS NECK A WREATH OF IMMORTELLES AND A STRING OF BELLS. ON EITHER SIDE OF THE TABLET IS SEEN THE PROFILE OF A WINDOW, ON THE LEFT SGANARELLE, DRESSED AS A DOCTOR, ON THE RIGHT THE TRUE SGANARELLE, HOLDING IN HIS HAND THE DOCTOR'S ROBE AND HAT. UNDERNEATH THE TABLET IS A ROW OF CHATTERING BIRDS, AND, HANGING FROM THE FRAME-WORK, ON EITHER SIDE OF THE FOOL'S BAUBLE, TWO TROPHIES OF CROSSED SYRINGES.

SCENE I.—VALERE, SABINE.

VAL. Well! Sabine, what advice do you give me?

SAB. Really, there is a good deal of news. My uncle wishes resolutely that my cousin should wed Villebrequin, and matters are so far advanced that I believe they would have been married this very day, if you were not loved; but, as my cousin has confided to me the secret of her love for you, and as we find ourselves reduced to extremities through the avarice of my niggardly uncle, we have bethought ourselves of a capital trick to delay the marriage. At the moment I am speaking to you, my cousin is pretending to be ill; and the good old man, who is sufficiently credulous, has sent me to fetch a doctor. If you could send one of your intimate friends, to act in concert with us, he would advise the patient to take the country air. The old man could not fail to lodge my cousin in the pavilion which is at the end of the garden, and, by this means, you could converse with her without the old man's knowledge, marry her, and let him swear his fill with Villebrequin.

VAL. But the difficulty is to find so quickly a doctor such as I wish, and who would be willing to risk so much in my service. I tell you candidly, I do not know one.

SAB. I have bethought myself of something. Suppose you dress your servant up as a doctor: there is nothing easier than to hoodwink the old man.

VAL. He is a clumsy lout who would spoil everything; but for want of some one else, we must make use of him. Farewell. I am going to fetch him. Where am I to find that scoundrel just now? but here he comes quite opportunely.

SCENE II.—VALERE, SGANARELLE.

VAL. Ah! my poor Sganarelle, how glad I am to see you! I need you for a matter of importance; but, as I do not know what you are capable of doing . . .

SGAN. What I am capable of doing, sir? Just try me in any matter of consequence, or for something important; for instance, just send me to see what o'clock it is by some time-piece, to find out the price of butter in the market, to bait a horse, then you will find out what I am capable of doing.

VAL. That is not it; you must counterfeit a doctor.

SGAN. I, a doctor, sir! I am ready to do whatever pleases you; but, to act the doctor, by your leave I shall do nothing of the kind; and, good heavens, how should I set about it? Indeed, sir, you are making fun of me.

VAL. If you will undertake this, I shall give you ten pistoles.

SGAN. Ah! when it comes to ten pistoles, I will not say that I am not a doctor; for, look here, sir, I am not sufficiently clever to tell you the truth. But where am I to go when I am a doctor?

VAL. To Mr. Gorgibus, to see his daughter who is ill; but you are a clumsy lout who, instead of doing things rightly, might . . .

SGAN. Eh! Good heavens, sir, do not worry yourself so much; I shall answer for it that I will kill a person as easily as any doctor in town. There is a common proverb: after death the doctor; but you shall find that, if I have a hand in it, they shall say: after the doctor, ware death! But nevertheless, when I think of it, it is very difficult to act the doctor, and suppose I do no good? . . .

VAL. Nothing is more easy in this case; Gorgibus is a simple, coarse fellow, who will allow himself to be nonplussed by your discourse, provided you speak of Hippocrates and Galen, and be somewhat brazen-faced.

SGAN. Which means that I am to talk philosophy and mathematics to him. Leave it to me, if he be the easy fellow you say, I answer for it all; only come and get me a doctor's gown, tell me what I am to do, and give me my diploma, which are the ten pistoles promised. (*Exeunt Valère and Sganarelle.*)

SCENE III.—GORGIBUS, GROS-RENE.

GOR. Quick, go and fetch a doctor; for my daughter is very ill, and make haste.

GROS. What the deuce! why do you wish to give your daughter to an old man? Do not you think that it is the wish to have a young man that worries her? Do you perceive the connection there is, etc. (*Gibberish.*)[3]

GOR. Go quickly; I see well enough that this illness will postpone the nuptials.

GROS. And that is the very thing that annoys me. I meant to line my belly well,[4] and behold me done out of it. I am going to fetch a doctor for myself, as well as for your daughter. I am desperate. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.—SABINE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

SAB. I find you at the right moment, uncle, to tell you some good news. I bring you the

ablest doctor in the world, a man who comes from foreign lands, who is master of the most important secrets, and who will, no doubt, cure my cousin. By some good fortune he has been pointed out to me, and I have brought him hither. He is so learned that I wish with all my heart that I were ill, so that he might cure me.

GOR. Where then is he?

SAB. He is following me; look, here he is.

GOR. The doctor's most humble servant. I have sent for you to look at my daughter who is very ill; I place all my hope in you.

SGAN. Hippocrates says, and Galen, by undoubtful arguments, demonstrates that a person is not in good health when he is ill. You are right to place your hope in me; for I am the greatest, the ablest, the most learned physician in the vegetable, sensitive and mineral faculty.

GOR. I am delighted at it.

SGAN. Do not imagine that I am an ordinary physician, a commonplace doctor. All the other physicians are, in my opinion, nothing but abortions of doctors. I have peculiar talents, I have secrets. *Salamalec, salamalec.* Rodriguez, have you a heart? *Signor, si; Signor, no. Per omnia sæcula sæculorum.*[5] But just let us look.

SAB. Eh! it is not he who is ill, it is his daughter.

SGAN. It matters not; the blood of the father and the daughter are but one thing; and, by the change of the father's, I can ascertain the disease of the daughter. Mr. Gorgibus, is it possible to see the urine of the patient?

GOR. Certainly; Sabine, go quickly and get the urine of my daughter. (*Exit Sabine.*) Doctor, I am very much afraid that she is dying.

SGAN. Ah! let her be careful not to do so! she must not amuse herself by allowing herself to die without a prescription of the doctor.[6] (*Sabine re enters.*) This urine shows a great deal of heat, a great inflammation of the bowels; it is, however, not so very bad.

GOR. Eh! what, sir, you are swallowing it?

SGAN. Do not be surprised at that: doctors, as a rule, are satisfied with looking at it; but I who am a doctor out of the common, I swallow it, for by tasting it I discern much better the cause and the effects of the disease. But, to tell you the truth, there was too little to judge by: let her make water again.

SAB. (*Goes and comes back again.*) I have had a deal of trouble to make her pass water.

SGAN. Is this all! it is not worth while! Make her make water copiously, copiously. If all patients make water in this way, I should like to be a physician all my life.

SAB. (*Goes and comes back again.*) This is all there is to be had: she cannot make any more.

SGAN. What! Mr. Gorgibus, your daughter passes but drops? She is but a poor performer, your daughter; I see well enough that I shall have to prescribe a water-making potion. Is there no way to see the patient?

SAB. She is up; if you wish, I will make her come hither.

SCENE V.—SABINE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE, LUCILE.

SGAN. Well! Miss, you are ill?

LUC. Yes, sir.

SGAN. So much the worse! It is a sign that you are not in good health. Do you feel any great pain in the head, or in the loins?

LUC. Yes, sir.

SGAN. That is very well. Yes, this great physician, in the chapter which he has written on the nature of animals, says . . . a hundred fine things; and, as the humours which have a connection have much of a relation; as, for instance, as melancholy is the enemy of joy, and as the bile which spreads through the body makes us become yellow, and as nothing is more opposed to health than disease, we may say, with this great man, that your daughter is very ill. I must give you a prescription.

GOR. Quick, a table, paper and ink.

SGAN. Is there any one here who knows how to write?

GOR. Do not you know how to do so?

SGAN. Ah! I did not recollect; I have so many things running in my head, that I forget half of them . . . I think it necessary that your daughter should have some fresh air; that she should go and amuse herself in the country.

GOR. We have a very fine garden, and some rooms that look out upon it; if you deem it fit, I shall make her lodge there.

SGAN. Let us go and look at the spot. (*Exeunt all.*)

SCENE VI.—THE LAWYER (*Alone*).

I have heard that the daughter of Mr. Gorgibus is ill; I must inquire about her health, and offer her my services as a friend of the whole family. Hullo, hullo! is Mr. Gorgibus at home?

SCENE VII.—GORGIBUS, THE LAWYER.

LAW. Having heard of your daughter's illness, I have come to tell you that I am concerned about it, and to offer you anything in my power.

GOR. I was within with the most learned of men.

LAW. Is there no means of conversing with him for a moment?

SCENE VIII.—GORGIBUS, THE LAWYER, SGANARELLE.

GOR. Sir, this is one of my friends, a very able gentleman, who wishes to talk to you, and to converse with you.

SGAN. I have not the leisure, Mr. Gorgibus: I must attend to my patients. I will not take the right-hand side with you, sir.

LAW. Sir, after what Mr. Gorgibus has told me of your merit and knowledge, I have the greatest desire in the world to have the honor of your acquaintance; and I have taken the liberty to greet you with this intention; I hope you will not take it amiss. We must admit that all those who excel in any science are worthy of great praise, and particularly those who profess medicine, as much for its own usefulness as because it contains several other sciences, which makes its perfect knowledge very difficult: and it is much to the point that Hippocrates says, in his first aphorism: *Vita brevis, ars vero longa, occasio autem præceps, experimentum periculosum, judicium difficile.*[7]

SGAN. (*To Gorgibus.*) *Ficile tantina pota baril cambustibus.*[8]

LAW. You are not one of those physicians who apply themselves only to those physics

called rational or dogmatic, and I believe that you practise it daily with much success, *experientia magistra rerum.*[9] The first men who professed medicine were so much esteemed for this beautiful science, that they were placed among the gods for the splendid cures which they performed daily. We ought not to despise a physician for not having restored the health of his patient, inasmuch as it does not altogether depend upon his remedies, nor upon his knowledge, *interdum doctâ plus valet arte malum.*[10] I fear I am intruding, sir: I bid you farewell, with the hope that at the next opportunity I shall have the honor of conversing with you more at leisure. Your moments are precious, etc. (*Exit Lawyer.*)

GOR. What think you of this gentleman?

SGAN. He has some trifling knowledge. If he had remained a little longer, I should have led him on to some sublime and elevated matter. I must, however, take my leave of you. (*Gorgibus gives him some money.*) Eh! what would you do?

GOR. I know what is due to you.

SGAN. Are you jesting, Mr. Gorgibus? I shall not accept it; I am not a mercenary man. (*Taking the money.*) Your very humble servant.[11] (*Exit Sganarelle. Gorgibus enters his house.*)

SCENE IX.—VALERE (*Alone*).

I do not know what Sganarelle may have been up to: I have had no news from him, and I am very anxious where to find him. (*Sganarelle comes back in his servant's dress.*) Good, here he is. Well! Sganarelle, what have you done since I saw you?

SCENE X.—VALERE, SGANARELLE.

SGAN. Wonder upon wonder; I have managed so well that Gorgibus takes me for a very able doctor. I have introduced myself into his house; I have advised him to give his daughter fresh air; she is now in an apartment at the end of the garden, so that she is far away from the old man, and you may go and see her very easily.

VAL. Ah, what joy you are giving me! Without losing any time, I shall go and see her immediately. (*Exit.*)

SGAN. One must confess that this Mr. Gorgibus is a regular nincompoop to allow himself to be deceived in this manner. (*Perceiving Gorgibus.*) Ah! good heavens, all is lost; this one blow knocks the whole of the medical faculty down; but I must hoodwink him.

SCENE XI.—SGANARELLE, GORGIBUS.

GOR. Good-day, sir.

SGAN. Your servant, sir; you behold a poor fellow in despair: perhaps you may know a physician who has lately arrived in this town, who performs some wonderful cures.

GOR. Yes, I do know him; he has just gone away from here.

SGAN. I am his brother, sir: we are twins; and, as we resemble each other very much, we are often taken for one another.

GOR. May the deuce take me[12] if I have not been deceived by it. And what is your name?

SGAN. Narcissus, sir, at your service. You must know that, being in his study, I spilt two vials of essence which were at the edge

of his table. At once he flew into such a violent rage with me, that he has turned me out of his house; he never wishes to see me any more, so that I am a poor wretch at present, without support, without any means, without an acquaintance.

GOR. Come, I will make your peace; I am one of his friends, and I promise to make it up for you with him; I shall speak to him about it the moment I see him.

SGAN. I shall be much obliged to you, Mr. Gorgibus. (*Exit Sganarelle, who re-enters immediately in his doctor's gown.*)

SCENE XII.—SGANARELLE, GORGIBUS.

SGAN. One must admit that if patients will not follow the orders of the doctor, and give themselves up to debauch . . .

GOR. Your very humble servant, doctor. I have come to ask you a favor.

SGAN. What is it, sir? Is it a question of rendering you a service?

GOR. I have just met your brother, sir, who is exceedingly sorry to . . .

SGAN. He is a rogue, Mr. Gorgibus.

GOR. I can answer for it that he so much regrets that he has made you angry . . .

SGAN. He is a sot, Mr. Gorgibus.

GOR. Eh! sir, do you wish to drive the poor fellow to despair?

SGAN. Let me hear no more about him; but look at the impertinence of the rogue to come and find you to make his peace for him; I beg of you to say no more about him.

GOR. In Heaven's name, doctor! do this for my sake. If I can oblige you in any other thing, I will do so with all my heart. I have pledged myself to this, and . . .

SGAN. You ask me with so much urgency that although I had sworn never to pardon him, come, shake hands, I pardon him. I assure you that I have done great violence to myself, and that I must feel very kindly towards you. Farewell, Mr. Gorgibus. (*Gorgibus enters his house. Exit Sganarelle.*)

SCENE XIII.—VALERE, SGANARELLE.

VAL. I must admit that I could never have believed that Sganarelle could have acquitted himself so well of his task. (*Sganarelle enters in his servant's dress.*) Ah! my dear fellow, under what obligations I am to you! what joy I have! and . . .

SGAN. Upon my word, you are speaking very easily about it. Gorgibus fell in with me; and, without some trick which I contrived, the whole of the train would have been discovered. (*Perceiving Gorgibus.*) But be off, here he is. (*Exit Valère.*)

SCENE XIV.—GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

GOR. I was looking everywhere for you to tell you that I have spoken to your brother; he has pledged me his word that he would forgive you; but, to make more sure of it, I wish him to embrace you in my presence; go into my house, and I shall go and fetch him.

SGAN. Ah! Mr. Gorgibus, I do not think you will find him just now; and besides, I shall not remain in your house: I fear his anger too much.

GOR. Ah! but you shall remain, for I will lock you in. I am going now to fetch your brother; fear nothing, I answer for it that he is no longer angry. (*Exit Gorgibus.*)

SGAN. (*From the window.*) In truth I am caught this time; there is no longer a means of escape. The cloud is very thick, and I am sorely afraid that, if it bursts, it will hail plentiful cudgel-blows on my back, or that, by some prescription much stronger than that of any doctor, they will apply at least a royal plaster to my shoulders.[13] My prospects look very bad: but why despair? Since I have done so much, let us play the rogue to the end. Yes, yes, I must still get out of it, and show that Sganarelle is the king of rogues. (*Sganarelle jumps through the window and exit.*)

SCENE XV.—GROS-RENE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

GROS. Ah! upon my word, this is funny! what the deuce are they leaping through the windows for! I must remain here, and see what all this will lead to.

GOR. I cannot find this doctor; I do not know where the deuce he has hid himself. (*Perceiving Sganarelle, who is coming back in a doctor's gown.*) But here he is. Sir, it is not sufficient to have pardoned your brother; I beseech you, for my satisfaction, to embrace him: he is in my house, and I have been looking for you everywhere to entreat you to make this reconciliation in my presence.

SGAN. You are jesting, Mr. Gorgibus, is it not sufficient that I pardon him? I never wish to see him again.

GOR. But, sir, for the love of me.

SGAN. I can refuse you nothing; tell him to come down. (*While Gorgibus enters the house by the door, Sganarelle gets in at the window.*)

GOR. (*At the window.*) Here is your brother waiting for you below; he has promised me to do all you wish.

SGAN. (*At the window.*) Mr. Gorgibus, I entreat you to make him come here; I beseech you let it be in private that I ask his pardon, for no doubt he will inflict a hundred reprimands, a hundred reproaches upon me before everyone. (*Gorgibus comes out of his house by the door. Sganarelle by the window.*)

GOR. Well, then, I will tell him so . . . Sir, he says he is ashamed, and begs you to come in, so that he may ask your pardon in private. Here is the key; you can go in; I pray you not to refuse me, and to give me this satisfaction.

SGAN. There is nothing I would not do for your satisfaction; you shall hear in what manner I will treat him. (*At the window.*) Ah! here you are, you rogue.—Brother, I ask your pardon, I assure you that it was not my fault.—Not your fault, you good-for-nothing, you rogue, I will teach you manners, to have the audacity to bother Mr. Gorgibus, to pester his brain with your stupid tricks!—Brother—Hold your tongue, I tell you—I will not disoblige . . . Hold your tongue, you rogue.

GROS. Who the deuce, think you, is in your house at present?

GOR. It is the doctor and Narcissus, his brother; they had a little quarrel, and they are making it up.

GROS. The deuce take it! they are but one.

SGAN. (*At the window.*) Sot that you are, I will teach you how to behave. How he lowers his eyes! he knows well enough that he has done wrong, the hang-dog! Ah! the hypocrite, how he pretends to be a saint!

GROS. Just ask him a moment, sir, to place his brother at the window.

GOR. I say, doctor, I pray you to make your brother come to the window.

SGAN. (*From the window.*) He is unworthy to be seen by decent people, and besides I cannot bear him near me.

GOR. Do not refuse me this favor, sir, after all those you have granted me.

SGAN. (*From the window.*) Really, Mr. Gorgibus, you have such a power over me that I can refuse you nothing. Show yourself, you rogue. (*After having disappeared for a moment, he comes back in his servant's clothes.*) Mr. Gorgibus, I am obliged to you. (*He disappears once more, and re-appears immediately, in his doctor's gown.*) Well! have you *once more* seen this image of a good-for-nothing?

GROS. Upon my word, they are but one; and, to prove it, just tell him that you would like to see them together.

GOR. But do me the favor to make him appear together with you, and to embrace him before me at the window.

SGAN. (*From the window.*) It is a thing which I would refuse to anyone but you; but, to show you that I will do anything for the love of you, I will resolve to do it, though with difficulty, and wish him beforehand to ask your pardon for all the trouble which he has given you. Yes, Mr. Gorgibus, I ask your pardon for having importuned you so much, and promise you, brother, in the presence of Mr. Gorgibus here, to behave so well for the future, that you shall have no more grounds of complaint, at the same time entreating you to think no more about what has passed. (*He embraces his cap and his collar, which he has placed on his elbow.*)

GOR. Well, are they not both there?

GROS. Ah! upon my word, he is a sorcerer.

SGAN. (*Coming out of the house, as the doctor.*) Here is the key of your house which I return to you, sir; I did not wish this rogue to come down with me, for he disgraces me; I should not like him to be seen in my company, in the town where I am held in some repute. You will tell him to come out when it shall please you. I wish you a good-day, and am your servant, etc. (*He pretends to go, and after having slipped off his gown, re-enters the house by the window.*)

GOR. I must go and set this poor fellow free; in truth, if he has forgiven him, it has not been without much ill-treatment. (*He enters the house, and comes out of it with Sganarelle in his servant's clothes.*)

SGAN. I thank you, sir, for the trouble you have taken, and the kindness you have shown; I shall be obliged to you all my life.

GROS. Where do you think the doctor is at present?

GOR. He is gone.

GROS. (*Who has picked up the gown of Sganarelle.*) I have got him under my arm. Here is the rogue who acted the doctor, and who deceived you. While he is deceiving you, and acting a play in your house, Valère and your daughter are together going to the very devil.

GOR. Oh! what an unfortunate wretch I am! but you will be hanged, rogue, scoundrel!

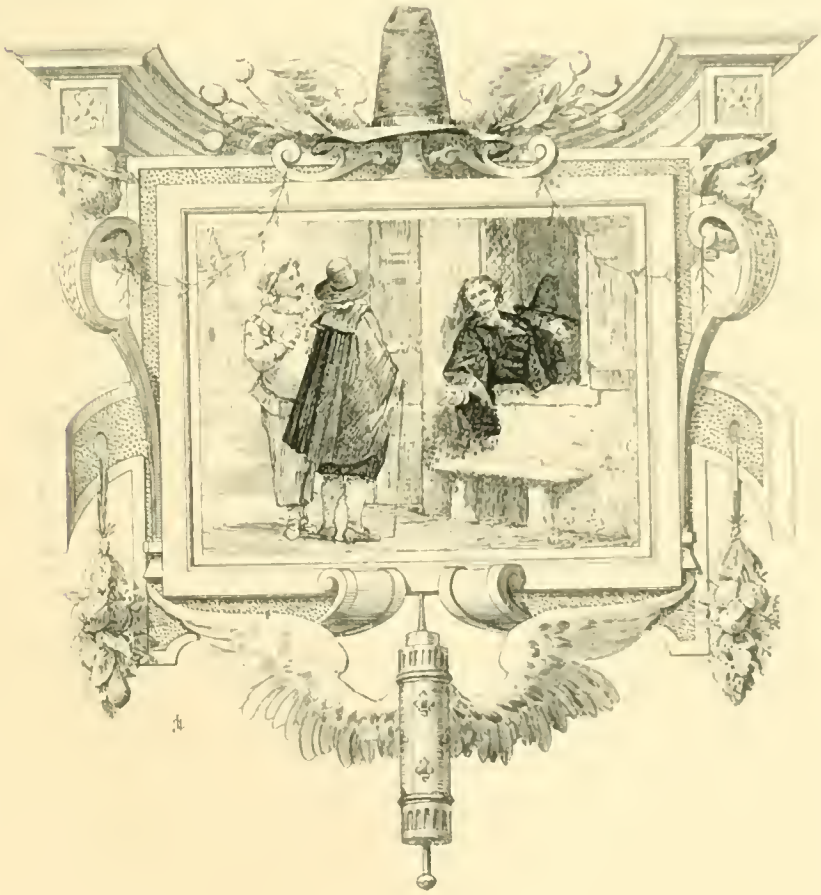
SGAN. Why do you want to hang me, sir? Just listen to one word, if you please; it is

true that it is by my contrivance that my master is with your daughter; but, in serving him, I have done you no harm: he is a very suitable match for her, by birth as well as by wealth. Believe me, do not make a noise which would lead to your confusion, and send this rogue to the devil together with Villebrequin. But here are our lovers.

SCENE XVI.—VALERE, LUCILE, GORGIBUS, SGANARELLE.

VAL. We throw ourselves at your feet.

GOR. I forgive you, and reckon myself fortunate to have been deceived by Sganarelle, seeing that it gives me such a good son in-law. Let us go and enjoy ourselves, and drink to the health of all the company.



NOTES

[1] Sganarelle is, in *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (see Vol. VI.), also the name of the servant disguised as a physician.

[2] See Introductory Notice to *The Impromptu of Versailles*, Vol. IV., page 11.

[3] Jacqueline, in *The Physician in Spite of Himself* (Act II., Scene 1), makes the same observation. The word "gibberish" means that the actor who played the part improvised after this.

[4] The original has *je croyais refaire mon ventre d'une bonne carrelure*. *Carrelure* are the new soles put on shoes or boots,—hence a new lining for the stomach. As for Gros René's corpulence, see *The Love Tiff*, Vol. I., page 54, note 1.

[5] The words which Sganarelle utters are partly Italian, Spanish, Latin, Arabic, and a quotation from Corneille's *Cid*. Whilst saying them, he feels Gorgibus's pulse.

[6] This is also found in the sixth scene of the second act of *The Physician in Spite of Himself*.

[7] Life is short, art is long, the occasion fleeting, the experiment full of dangers, the application difficult.

[8] Sganarelle has remembered only part of the last word, *facile*, of the lawyer; all the rest is nonsense.

[9] It is experience which teaches all things. This is one of Erasmus's adages, but slightly altered in sense and in the order of the words.

[10] This is from Ovid's *Epistles*. Sometimes the evil is stronger than art and science.

[11] This is also found in the eighth scene of the second act of *The Physician in Spite of Himself*.

[12] The original has *Je me dédonne au diable*. See *The Jealousy of le Barbouillé*, page 21, note 8.

[13] Sganarelle means by "a royal plaster" a brand.

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DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

OR, THE JEALOUS PRINCE

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL.

A LARGE CARTOUCHE WITH TITLE OF THE PLAY. BELOW, THE HEAD OF A BEARDED MOOR; ABOVE, THE ARMS OF NAVARRE, GULES, GOLDEN CHAINS, ARRANGED AS A SAINT ANDREW'S CROSS AND ORLE. TO THE LEFT, A CUPID HAPPY; AND TO THE RIGHT, A CUPID IN TEARS.

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DON GARCIA
OF NAVARRE
OR
THE JEALOUS PRINCE

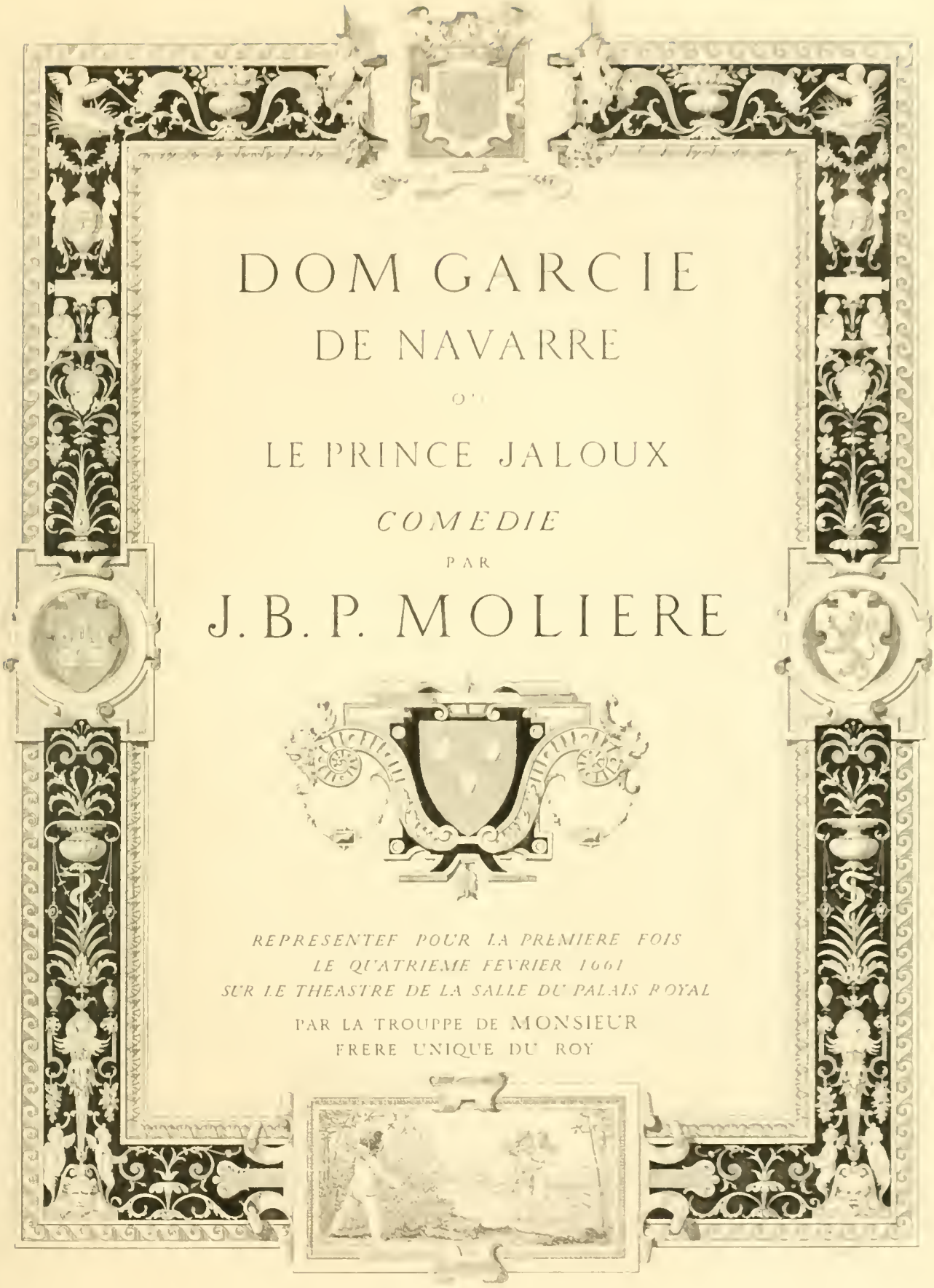
DOM GARCIE
DE NAVARRE

TITLE OF 1661
LE PRINCE JALOUX

A BORDER COMPOSED OF VASES, LITTLE SATYRS, SERPENTS AND FEMININE TERMES IN CORSAGE AND RUFF, LITTLE CUPIDS, ETC. IN THE CENTRE OF THE UPPER PART, THE ARMS OF THE KINGDOM OF NAVARRE; IN THE CENTRE OF THE LEFT UPRIGHT, THE ARMS OF THE KINGDOM OF CASTILE, GULES—A CASTLE WITH THREE TOWERS, GOLD, MACONNÉ SABLE; ON THE RIGHT THOSE OF THE KINGDOM OF LEON, ARGENT, A LION RAMPANT, GULES; IN CENTRE OF LOWER PART, A MYTHOLOGICAL SCENE, SHOWING A JEALOUS CUPID HIDDEN BEHIND A BUSH WATCHING TWO CUPIDS, STANDING, WHO EMBRACE EACH OTHER; IN THE CENTRE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE IN ORNAMENT TRAVERSED BY AN ARROW.

TITLE OF 1661

A BORDER COMPOSED OF VASES, LITTLE SATYRS, SERPENTS AND FEMININE TERMES IN CORSAGE AND RUFF, LITTLE CUPIDS, ETC. IN THE CENTRE OF THE UPPER PART, THE ARMS OF THE KINGDOM OF NAVARRE; IN THE CENTRE OF THE LEFT UPRIGHT, THE ARMS OF THE KINGDOM OF CASTILE, GULES—A CASTLE WITH THREE TOWERS, GOLD, MACONNÉ SABLE; ON THE RIGHT THOSE OF THE KINGDOM OF LEON, ARGENT, A LION RAMPANT, GULES; IN CENTRE OF LOWER PART, A MYTHOLOGICAL SCENE, SHOWING A JEALOUS CUPID HIDDEN BEHIND A BUSH WATCHING TWO CUPIDS, STANDING, WHO EMBRACE EACH OTHER: IN THE CENTRE, THE ARMS OF MOLIERE IN ORNAMENT TRAVERSED BY AN ARROW.


DOM GARCIE
DE NAVARRE
OU
LE PRINCE JALOUX
COMEDIE
PAR
J. B. P. MOLIERE
REPRESENTEF POUR LA PREMIERE FOIS
LE QUATRIEME FEVRIER 1661
SUR LE THEASTRE DE LA SALLE DU PALAIS ROYAL
PAR LA TROUPPE DE MONSIEUR
FRERE UNIQUE DU ROY

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

Nothing can be more unlike *The Pretentious Young Ladies* or *Sganarelle* than Moliere's *Don Garcia of Navarre.* The Théâtre du Palais-Royal had opened on the 20th January, 1661, with *The Love-Tiff* and *Sganarelle*, but as the young wife of Louis XIV., Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., King of Spain, had only lately arrived, and as a taste for the Spanish drama appeared to spring up anew in France, Molière thought perhaps that a heroic comedy in that style might meet with some success, the more so as a company of Spanish actors had been performing in Paris the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon, since the 24th of July, 1660. Therefore he brought out, on the 4th of February, 1661, his new play of *Don Garcia of Navarre.* It is said that there exists a Spanish play of the same name, of which the author is unknown; Molière seems to have partly followed an Italian comedy, written by Giacinto Andrea Cicognini, under the name of *Le Gelosie fortunata del principe Rodrigo;* the style, loftiness and delicacy of expression are peculiar to the French dramatist.

Don Garcia of Navarre met with no favorable reception, though the author played the part of the hero. He withdrew it after five representations, but still did not think its condemnation final, for he played it again before the King on the 29th of September, 1662, in October, 1663, at Chantilly, and twice at Versailles. He attempted it anew on the theatre of the Palace-Royal in the month of November, 1663; but as it was everywhere unfavorably received he resolved never to play it more, and even would not print it, for it was only published after his death in 1682. He inserted some parts of this comedy in the *Misanthrope*, the *Femmes Savantes*, *Amphitryon*, *Tartuffe* and *les Fâcheux*, where they produced great effect.

Though it has not gained a place on the French stage it nevertheless possesses some fine passages. Molière wished to create a counterpart of *Sganarelle*, the type of ridiculous jealousy, and to delineate passionate jealousy, its doubts, fears, perplexities and anxieties, and

in this he has succeeded admirably. However noble-minded Don Garcia may be there rages within his soul a mean passion which tortures and degrades him incessantly. When at last he is banished from the presence of the fair object of his love he resolves to brave death by devoting himself to the destruction of her foe; but he is forestalled by his presumed rival, Don Alphonso, who turns out to be the brother of his mistress, and she receives him once again and forever in her favor. The delineation of all these passions is too fine-spun, too argumentative, to please the general public; the style is sometimes stilted, yet passages of great beauty may be found in it. Moreover the jealousy expressed by Don Garcia is neither sufficiently terrible to frighten, nor ridiculous enough to amuse the audience; he always speaks and acts as a prince, and hence he sometimes becomes royally monotonous.

Some scenes of this play have been imitated in *The Masquerade,* a comedy, acted at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 1719, London, "printed for Bernard Linton, between the Temple Gate," which was itself partly borrowed from Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure.* The comedy was written by Mr. Charles Johnson, who "was originally bred to the law, and was a member of the Middle Temple; but being a great admirer of the Muses, and finding in himself a strong propensity to dramatic writing, he quitted the studious labor of the one for the more spirited amusements of the other; and by contracting an intimacy with Mr. Wilks found means through that gentleman's interest to get his plays on the stage without much difficulty . . . . he, by a polite and modest behavior formed so extensive an acquaintance and intimacy, as constantly ensured him great emoluments on his benefit night; by which means, being a man of economy, he was enabled to subsist very genteelly. He at length married a young widow with a tolerable fortune; on which he set up a tavern in Bow Street, Covent Garden; but quitted business at his wife's death, and lived privately on an easy competence he had saved. . . . He was born in 1679 . . . . but he did not die till March 11, 1748."[1]

The Masquerade is a clever comedy, rather free in language and thought, chiefly about the danger of gambling. Some of the sayings are very pointed. It has been stated that the author frequented the principal coffee-houses in town, and picked up many pungent remarks there; however this may be, the literary men who at the present time frequent clubs have, I am afraid, not the same chance. As a specimen of free and easy—rather too easy—wit, let me mention the remarks of Mr. Smart (Act I.) on the way he passed the night, and in what manner: "Nine persons are kept handsomely out of the sober income of one hundred pounds a year." I also observe the name of an old acquaintance in this play. Thackeray's hero in the Memoirs of Mr. Charles J. Yellowplush is "the Honorable Algernon Percy Deuceace, youngest and fifth son of the Earl of Crabs," and in *The Masquerade* (Act III. Sc. 1) Mr. Ombre says: "Did you not observe an old decay'd rake that stood next the box-keeper yonder . . . . they call him *Sir Timothy Deuxace:* that wretch has play'd off one of the best families in Europe—he has thrown away all his posterity and reduced 20,000 acres of wood-land, arable meadow and pasture within the narrow circumference of an oaken table of eight foot." *The Masquerade* as the title of the play is a misnomer, for it does not conduce at all to the plot.

We give the greater part of the Prologue to *The Masquerade*, spoken by Mr. Wilks:—

The Poet, who must paint by Nature's Law,
If he wou'd merit what he begs, Applause,
Surveys your changing Pleasures with Surprise,
Sees each new Day some new Diversion rise,
Hither, thro' all the Quarters of the Sky,
Fresh Rooks in Flocks from ev'ry Nation hye,
To us, the Cullies of the Globe, they fly.
French, Spaniards, Switzers; This Man dines on Fire
And swallows Brimstone to your Heart's Desire;
Another, Handless, Footless, Half a Man,
Does, Wou'd you think it? what no Whole one can.
A Spaniard next, taught an Italian Frown,
Boldly declares he'll stare all Europe down:
His tortured Muscles pleas'd our English Fools;[2]
Why wou'd the Sot engage with English Bulls?
Our English Bulls are Heretucks uncivil,
They'd toss the Grand Inquisitor, the Devil:
'Twas stupidly contrived of Don Grimace,
To hope to fright 'em with an ugly Face
And yet, tho' these Exotick Monsters please,
We must with humble Gratitude confess,
To you alone 'tis due, that in this Age,
Good Sense still triumphs on the British Stage:
Shakespeare beholds with Joy his Sons inherit
His good old Plays, with good old Bess's Spirit.
Be wise and merry, while you keep that Tether;
Nonsense and Slavery must die together.

NOTES

[1] Biographia Dramatica, by Baker, Reed and Jones, 1812, Vol. I. Part 1.

[2] In the rival House, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, Rich was bringing out Pantomimes, which by the fertility of his invention, the excellency of his own performance, and the introduction of foreign performers, drew nightly crowded houses—hence the allusion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON GARCIA, Prince of Navarre, in love with Elvira.[1]

DON ALPHONSO, Prince of Leon, thought to be Prince of Castile, under the name of Don Silvio.

DON ALVAREZ, Confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza.

DON LOPEZ, Another confidant of Don Garcia, in love with Eliza.

DON PEDRO, Gentleman-usher to Inez.

A PAGE.

DONNA ELVIRA, Princess of Leon.

DONNA INEZ, A Countess, in love with Don Silvio, beloved by Mauregat, the usurper of the Kingdom of Leon.

ELIZA, Confidante to Elvira.

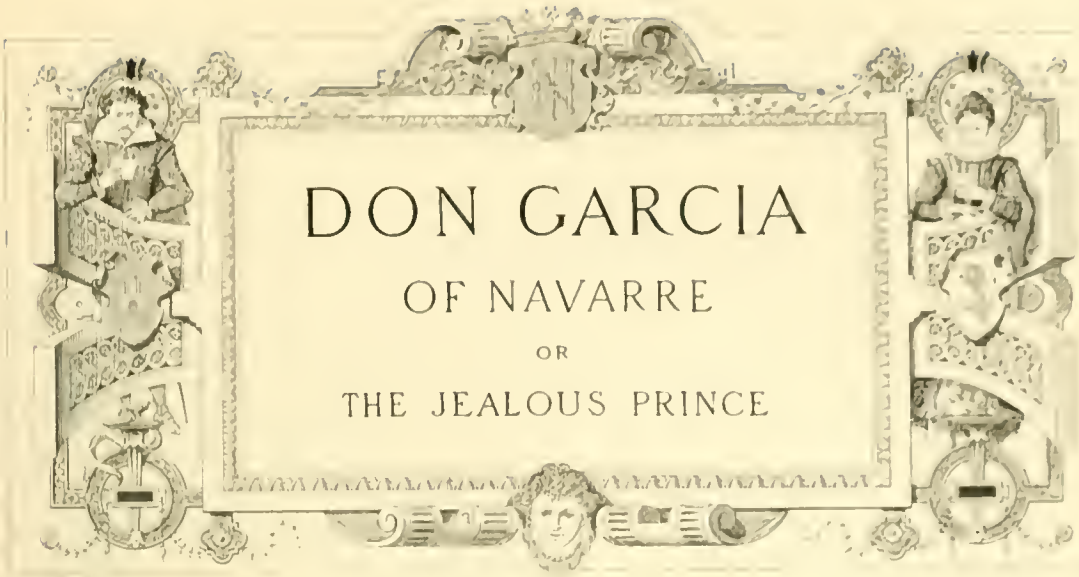
SCENE—*Astorga, a city of Spain, in the Kingdom of Leon.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JACQUES LEMAN, DEL. P. ARENTS, SC.

AT THE TOP, A CARTOUCHE, WITH THE WORDS "DRAMATIS PERSONÆ," CARRIED BY THE HEAD OF A FURIOUS LION. THE TWO SUPPORTS ARE IN THE FORM OF LONG HAIR-PINS, SURMOUNTED BY THE HEADS OF WOMEN, AND HALF WAY UP ARE SERPENTS WOUND ABOUT THE ARMS OF CASTILE AND OF LEON.

AT THE BOTTOM ARE THE ARMS OF THE TOWN OF ASTORGA, GULES, A BRANCH OF AN OAK DIVIDING INTO SMALLER BRANCHES. KIPFERER (*Nobiliario de España, IV., 1860*), ADDS THAT GIL GONZALEZ DAVILA GAVE TO HIM, AS ARMS, THREE TIGER-LILIES IN BLOOM AND TWO CRESCENTS; BUT MENDEZ SILVAS SPEAKS OF NOTHING BUT THE BRANCH OF THE OAK, WHICH IS ALSO GIVEN BY MOYA, (*Rasgo Heroico, Madrid, 1756*). BE THAT AS IT MAY, THE ESCUTCHEON IS HERE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO SIRENS, BACK TO BACK, BLOWING TRUMPETS, THE FANIONS OF WHICH BEAR THE ARMS OF CASTILE AND OF LEON, WORKED IN THE CLOTH.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Donna Elvira, Eliza.

Elvira. No, the hidden feelings of my heart were not regulated by choice; whatever the prince may be, there is nothing in him to make me prefer his love. Don Silvio shows as well as he all the qualities of a renowned hero. The same noble virtues and the same high birth made me hesitate whom to prefer. If aught but merit could gain my heart, the conqueror were yet to be named; but these chains with which Heaven keeps our souls enslaved decide me, and though I esteem both equally my love is given to Don Garcia.

Eliza. The love which you feel for him seems to have very little influenced your actions, since I, myself, madam, could not for a long time discover which of the two rivals was the favored one.

Elv. Their noble rivalry in love, Eliza, caused a severe struggle in my breast. When I looked on the one I felt no pangs, because I followed my own tender inclination; but when I thought I sacrificed the other I considered I acted very unjustly; and was of opinion that Don Silvio's passion after all deserved a happier destiny. I also reflected that a daughter of the late King of Leon owed some obligation to the house of Castile; that an intimate friendship had long knit together the interests of his father and mine. Thus, the more the one made progress in my heart, the more I lamented the ill success of the other. Full of pity, I listened to his ardent sighs, and received his vows politely; thus in a slight degree I tried to make amends for the opposition his love met with in my heart.

El. But since you have been informed he

previously loved another your mind ought to be at rest. Before he loved you Donna Inez had received the homage of his heart. As she is your most intimate friend, and has told you this secret, you are free to bestow your love upon whom you wish, and cover your refusal to listen to him under the guise of friendship for her.

ELV. It is true, I ought to be pleased with the news of Don Silvio's faithlessness, because my heart that was tormented by his love is now at liberty to reject it; can justly refuse his addresses, and without scruple grant its favors to another. But what delight can my heart feel if it suffers severely from other pangs; if the continual weakness of a jealous prince receives my tenderness with disdain, compels me justly to give way to anger, and thus to break off all intercourse between us?

EL. But as he has never been told that you love him how can he be guilty if he disbelieves in his happiness? And does not that which could flatter his rival's expectations warrant him to suspect your affection?

ELV. No, no; nothing can excuse the strange madness of his gloomy and unmanly jealousy; I have told him but too clearly, by my actions, that he can indeed flatter himself with the happiness of being beloved. Even if we do not speak there are other interpreters which clearly lay bare our secret feelings. A sigh, a glance, a mere blush, silence itself, is enough to show the impulses of a heart. In love everything speaks: in a case like this, the smallest glimmer ought to throw a great light upon such a subject, since the honor which sways our sex forbids us ever to discover all we feel. I have, I own, endeavored so to guide my conduct that I should behold their merits with an unprejudiced eye. But how vainly do we strive against our inclinations! How easy is it to perceive the difference between those favors that are bestowed out of mere politeness, and such as spring from the heart! The first seem always forced; the latter, alas! are granted without thinking, like those pure and limpid streams which spontaneously flow from their native sources. Though the feelings of pity I showed for Don Silvio moved the prince, yet I unwittingly betrayed their shallowness, whilst my very looks, during this torture, always told him more than I desired they should.

EL. Though the suspicions of that illustrious lover have no foundation—for you tell me so—they at least prove that he is greatly smitten: some would rejoice at what you complain of. Jealousy may be odious when it proceeds from a love which displeases us; but when we return that love such feelings should delight us. It is the best way in which a lover can express his passion; the more jealous he is the more we ought to love him. Therefore since in your soul a magnanimous prince . . .

ELV. Ah! do not bring forward such a strange maxim. Jealousy is always odious and monstrous; nothing can soften its injurious attacks; the dearer the object of our love is to us the more deeply we feel its offensive attempts. To see a passionate prince losing every moment that respect with which love inspires its real votaries; to see him when his whole mind is a prey to jealousy finding fault either with what I like or dislike, and explaining every look of mine in favor of a rival![2] No, no! such suspicions are too insulting, and I tell you my thoughts without disguise. I love Don Garcia; he alone can fascinate a generous heart; his courage in Leon has nobly proved his passion for me; he dared on my account the greatest dangers, freed me

from the toils of cowardly tyrants, and protected me against the horrors of an unworthy alliance by placing me within these strong walls. Nor will I deny but that I should have regretted that I owed my deliverance to any other; for an enamored heart feels an extreme pleasure, Eliza, in being under some obligations to the object beloved; its faint flame becomes stronger and brighter when it thinks it can discharge them by granting some favors. Yes, I am charmed that he assisted me and risked his life for me, for this seems to give his passion a right of conquest; I rejoice that the danger I was in threw me into his hands. If common reports be true, and Heaven should grant my brother's return, I wish fervently and with all my heart that his arm may aid my brother to recover his throne, and punish a traitor; that his heroic valor may be successful, and thus deserve my brother's utmost gratitude. But for all this, if he continues to rouse my anger; if he does not lay aside his jealousy, and obey me in whatever I command, he in vain aspires to the hand of Donna Elvira. Marriage can never unite us; for I abhor bonds, which, undoubtedly, would then make a hell upon earth for both of us.

EL. Although one may hold different opinions, the prince, madam, should conform himself to your desires; they are so clearly set down in your note that when he sees them thus explained, he . . .

ELV. This letter, Eliza, shall not be employed for such a purpose. It will be better to tell him what I think of his conduct. When we favor a lover by writing to him we leave in his hands too flagrant proofs of our inclination. Therefore take care that that letter is not delivered to the prince.

EL. Your will is law; yet I cannot help wondering that Heaven has made people's minds so unlike, and that what some consider an insult should be viewed with a different eye by others. As for me, I should think myself very fortunate if I had a lover who could be jealous, for his uneasiness would give me satisfaction. That which often vexes me is to see Don Alvarez give himself no concern about me.

ELV. We did not think he was so near us. Here he comes.

SCENE II.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

ELV. Your return surprises me. What tidings do you bring? Is Don Alphonso coming, and when may we expect him?

ALV. Yes, madam; the time has arrived when your brother, brought up in Castile, will get his own again. Hitherto, the cautious Don Louis, to whom the late king on his death-bed entrusted the care of Don Alphonso, has concealed his rank from every one, in order to save him from the fury of the traitor Mauregat. Though the miserable but successful tyrant has often inquired after him, under pretense of restoring him to the throne, yet Don Louis, who is full of prudence, would never trust to Mauregat's pretended feelings for justice, with which he tried to allure him. But as the people became enraged at the violence which a usurper would have offered you, generous old Don Louis thought it time to try what could be done after twenty years' expectation. He has sounded Leon; his faithful emissaries have sought to influence the minds of great and small. Whilst Castile

was arming ten thousand men to restore that prince so wished for by his people, Don Louis caused a report to be noised abroad that the renowned Don Alphonso was coming, but that he would not produce him save at the head of an army, and completely ready to launch the avenging thunderbolts at the vile usurper's head. Leon is besieged, and Don Silvio himself commands the auxiliary forces with which his father aids you.

ELV. We may flatter ourselves that our expectations will be realized, but I am afraid my brother will owe Don Silvio too heavy a debt.[3]

ALV. But, madam, is it not strange that, notwithstanding the storm which the usurper of your throne hears growling over his head, all the advices from Leon agree that he is going to marry the Countess Inez?

ELV. By allying himself to the high-born maiden he hopes to obtain the support of her powerful family. I am rather uneasy that of late I have heard nothing of her. But she has always shown an inveterate dislike to that tyrant.

EL. Feelings of honor and tenderness will cause her to refuse the marriage they urge upon her, for . . .

ALV. The prince is coming here.

SCENE III.—DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

GARC. I come, madam, to rejoice with you in the good tidings you have just heard. Your brother, who threatens a tyrant stained with crimes, allows me to hope that my love may one day be returned, and offers to my arm an opportunity to acquire glory in fresh dangers for the sake of your lovely eyes. If Heaven proves propitious I will gain amidst these dangers a victory, which divine justice owes to you, which will lay treachery at your feet, and restore to your family its former dignity. But what pleases me still more amidst these cherished expectations is that Heaven restores you this brother to be king; for now my love may openly declare itself without being accused of seeking to gain a crown whilst striving to obtain your hand. Yes, my heart desires nothing more than to show before the whole world that in you it values but yourself; if I may say so without giving offense, a hundred times have I wished you were of less rank. Loving you as I do I could have desired that your divine charms had fallen to the lot of some one born in a humbler station, that I might unselfishly proffer my heart, and thus make amends to you for Heaven's injustice, so that you might owe to my love the homage due to your birth.[4] But since Heaven has forestalled me, and deprives me of the privilege of proving my love, do not take it amiss that my amorous flames look for some slight encouragement when I shall have killed the tyrant whom I am ready to encounter; suffer me by noble services favorably to dispose the minds of a brother and of a whole nation towards me.

ELV. I know, prince, that by avenging our wrongs you can make a hundred deeds of daring speak for your love. But the favor of a brother and the gratitude of a nation are not sufficient to reward you; Elvira is not to be obtained by such efforts; there is yet a stronger obstacle to overcome.

GARC. Yes, madam, I know what you mean. I know very well that my heart sighs in vain for you; neither do I ignore the powerful obstacle against my love, though you name it not.

ELV. Often we hear badly when we think

we hear well. Too much ardor, prince, may lead us into mistakes. But since I must speak, I will. Do you wish to know how you can please me, and when you may entertain any hope?

GARC. I should consider this, madam, a very great favor.

ELV. When you know how to love as you ought.

GARC. Alas! madam, does there exist anything under the canopy of heaven that yields not to the passion with which your eyes have inspired me?

ELV. When your passion displays nothing at which the object of your love can feel offended.

GARC. That is its greatest study.

ELV. When you shall cease to harbor mean unworthy sentiments of me.

GARC. I love you to adoration.

ELV. When you have made reparation for your unjust suspicions, and when you finally banish that hideous monster which poisons your love with its black venom; that jealous and whimsical temper which mars, by its outbreaks, the love you offer, prevents it from ever being favorably listened to, and arms me, each time, with just indignation against it.

GARC. Alas, madam, it is true that notwithstanding my utmost effort some trifling jealousy lingers in my heart; that a rival, though distant from your divine charms, disturbs my equanimity. Whether it be whimsical or reasonable I always imagine that you are uneasy when he is absent, and that in spite of my attentions, your sighs are continually sent in search of that too happy rival. But if such suspicions displease you, alas, you may easily cure them: their removal, which I hope for, depends more on you than on me. Yes, with a couple of love-breathing words you can arm my soul against jealousy, and disperse all the horrors with which that monster has enshrouded it, by encouraging me to entertain some expectation of a successful issue. Deign therefore to remove the doubt that oppresses me; and amidst so many trials let your charming lips grant me the assurance that you love me,—an assurance of which I know I am utterly unworthy.

ELV. Prince, your suspicions completely master you. The slightest intimation of a heart should be understood; it does not reciprocate a passion that continually adjures the object beloved to explain herself more clearly. The first agitation displayed by our soul ought to satisfy a discreet lover; if he wishes to make us declare ourselves more plainly, he only gives us a reason for breaking our promise. If it depended on me alone, I know not whether I should choose Don Silvio or yourself; the very wish I expressed for you not to be jealous, would have been a sufficient hint to any one but you; I thought this request was worded agreeably enough without needing anything further. Your love, however, is not yet satisfied, and requires a more public avowal. In order to remove any scruples, I must distinctly say that I love you; perhaps even, to make more sure of it, you will insist that I must swear it too.

GARC. Well, madam, I own I am too bold; I ought to be satisfied with everything that pleases you. I desire no further information. I believe you feel kindly towards me; that my love inspires you even with a little compassion. I am happier than I deserve to be. It is over now; I abandon my jealous suspicions; the sentence which condemns them is very agreeable; I shall obey the decision you so kindly pronounce, and free my heart from their unfounded sway.

ELV. You promise a great deal, prince, but I very much doubt whether you can restrain yourself sufficiently.

GARC. Ah! madam, you may believe me; it is enough that what is promised to you ought always to be kept, because the happiness of obeying the being one worships ought to render easy the greatest efforts. May Heaven declare eternal war against me; may its thunder strike me dead at your feet; or, what would be even worse than death, may your wrath be poured upon me if ever my love descends to such weakness as to fail in the promise I have given; if ever any jealous transport of my soul . . . !

SCENE IV.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA, A PAGE *presenting a letter to Donna Elvira.*

ELV. I was very anxious about this letter, I am very much obliged to you; let the messenger wait.

SCENE V.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

ELV. (*Low and aside.*) I see already by his looks that this letter disturbs him. What a wonderfully jealous temper he has! (*Aloud.*) What stops you, prince, in the midst of your oath?

GARC. I thought you might have some secret together; I was unwilling to interrupt you.

ELV. It seems to me that you reply in a much altered voice; I see all of a sudden a certain wildness in your looks; this abrupt change surprises me. What can be the cause of it? May I know?

GARC. A sudden sickness at heart.

ELV. Such illnesses have often more serious consequences than one believes; some immediate remedy would be necessary; but, tell me, have you often such attacks?

GARC. Sometimes.

ELV. Alas, weak-minded prince! Here, let this writing cure your distemper; it is nowhere but in the mind.

GARC. That writing, madam! No, I refuse to take it. I know your thoughts and what you will accuse me of, if . . .

ELV. Read it, I tell you, and satisfy yourself.

GARC. That you may afterwards call me weak-minded and jealous? No, no, I will prove that this letter gave me no umbrage, and though you kindly allow me to read it, to justify myself I will not do so.

ELV. If you persist in your refusal I should be wrong to compel you; it is sufficient, in short, as I have insisted upon it, to let you see whose hand it is.

GARC. I ought always to be submissive to you; if it is your pleasure I should read it for you, I will gladly do so.

ELV. Yes, yes, prince, here it is; you shall read it for me.

GARC. I only do so, madam, in obedience to your commands, and I may say . . .

ELV. Whatever you please; but pray make haste.

GARC. It comes from Donna Inez, I perceive.

ELV. It does, and I am glad of it, both for your sake and mine.

GARC. (*Reads.*) "*In spite of all that I do to show my contempt for the tyrant he persists in his love for me; the more effectually to encompass his designs he has since your absence directed against me all that violence with which he pursued the alliance between yourself and*

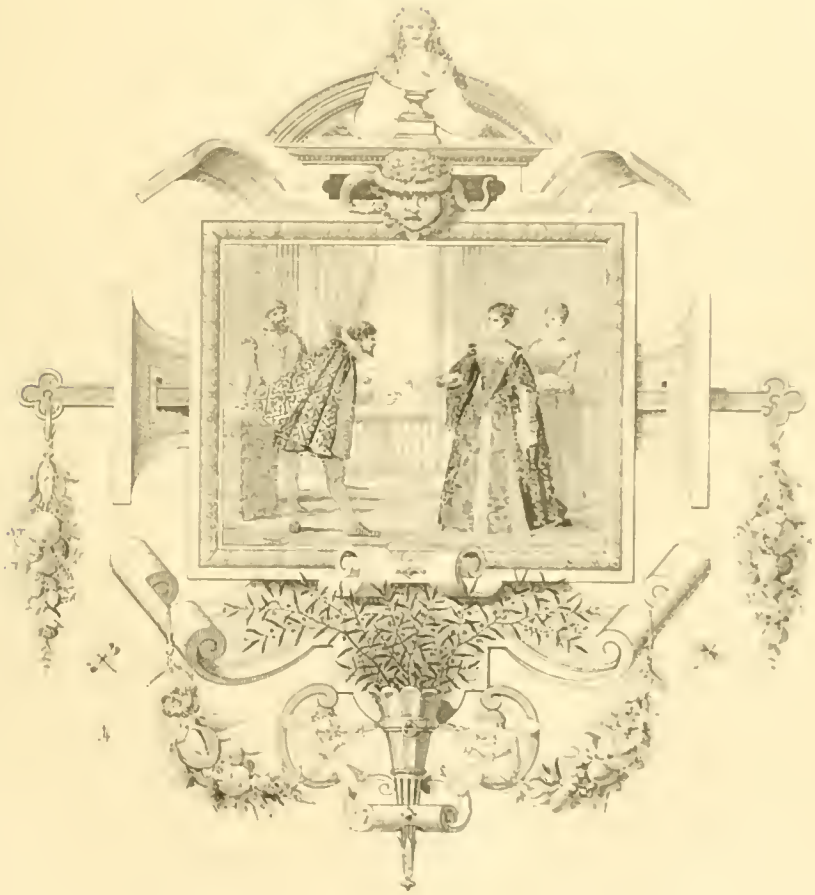
his son. Those who perhaps have the right to command me, and who are inspired by base motives of false honor, all approve this unworthy proposal. I do not know yet where my persecution will end; but I will die sooner than give my consent. May you, fair Elvira, be happier in your fate than I am. DONNA INEZ." A lofty virtue fortifies her mind.

ELV. I will go and write an answer to this illustrious friend. Meanwhile, prince, learn not to give way so readily to what causes you alarm. I have calmed your emotion by enlightening you, and the whole affair has passed off quietly; but, to tell you the truth, a time may come when I might entertain other sentiments.

GARC. What? you believe then . . .

ELV. I believe what I ought. Farewell, remember what I tell you; if your love for me be really so great as you pretend prove it as I wish.

GARC. Henceforth this will be my only desire; and sooner than fail in it, I will lose my life.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—Eliza, Don Lopez.

El. To speak my mind freely to you I am not much astonished at anything the prince may do; for it is very natural, and I cannot disapprove of it, that a soul inflamed by a noble passion should become exasperated by jealousy, and that frequent doubts should cross his mind: but what surprises me, Don Lopez, is to hear that you keep alive his suspicions; that you are the contriver of them; that he is sad only because you wish it, jealous only because he looks at everything with your eyes. I repeat it, Don Lopez, I do not wonder that a man who is greatly in love becomes suspicious. But, that a man who is not in love should have all the anxieties of one who is jealous—this is a novelty that belongs to none but you.

Lop. Let everybody comment on my actions as much as they please. Each man regulates his conduct according to the goal he wishes to reach; since my love was rejected by you I court the favor of the prince.

El. But do you not know that no favor will be granted to him if you continue to maintain him in this disposition?

Lop. Pray, charming Eliza, was it ever known that those about great men minded anything but their own interest, or that a perfect courtier wished to increase the retinue of those same grandees by adding to it a censor of their faults? Did he ever trouble himself if his conversation harmed them, provided he could but derive some benefit? All the actions of a courtier only tend to get into their favor; to obtain a place in as short a time as possible; the quickest way to acquire their good graces is by always flattering their weaknesses, by blindly applauding what they have a mind to do, and by never countenancing

anything that displeases them. That is the true secret of standing well with them. Good advice causes a man to be looked upon as a troublesome fellow, so that he no longer enjoys that confidence which he had secured by an artful subservience. In short, we always see that the art of courtiers aims only at taking advantage of the foibles of the great, at cherishing their errors, and never advising them to do things which they dislike.

EL. These maxims may do well enough for a time: but reverses of fortune have to be dreaded. A gleam of light may at last penetrate the minds of the deceived nobles, who will then justly avenge themselves on all such flatterers for the length of time their glory has been dimmed. Meanwhile I must tell you that you have been a little too frank in your explanations; if a true account of your motives were laid before the prince it would but ill serve you in making your fortune.

LOP. I could deny having told you those truths I have just unfolded, and that without being gainsaid; but I know very well that Eliza is too discreet to divulge this private conversation. After all, what I have said is known by everyone; what actions of mine have I to conceal? A downfall may be justly dreaded when we employ artifices or treachery. But what have I to fear? I, who cannot be taxed with anything but complaisance, who by my useful lessons do but follow up the prince's natural inclination for jealousy. His soul seems to live upon suspicions; and so I do my very best to find him opportunities for his uneasiness, and to look out on all sides if anything has happened that may furnish a subject for a secret conversation. When I can go to him with a piece of news that may give a deadly blow to his repose then he loves me most: I can see him listen eagerly and swallow the poison, and thank me for it too, as if I had brought him news of some victory which would make him happy and glorious for all his life. But my rival draws near, and so I leave you together; though I have renounced all hope of ever gaining your affection yet it would pain me not a little to see you prefer him to me before my face; therefore I will avoid such a mortification[5] as much as I can.

EL. All judicious lovers should do the same.

SCENE II.—DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

ALV. At last we have received intelligence that the King of Navarre has this very day declared himself favorable to the prince's love, and that a number of fresh troops will reinforce his army, ready to be employed in the service of her to whom his wishes aspire. As for me, I am surprised at their quick movements . . . but . . .

SCENE III.—DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

GARC. What is the princess doing?

EL. I think, my lord, she is writing some letters; but I shall let her know that you are here.

GARC. I will wait till she has done.

SCENE IV.—DON GARCIA (*alone*).

Being on the point of seeing her I feel my soul shaken by an unusual emotion; fear as well as excess of feeling makes me suddenly tremble. Take heed, Don Garcia, lest a blind caprice lead you to some precipice, and lest the great disorder of your mind cause you to

yield a little too much to your senses. Consult reason, take her for your guide; see whether your suspicions are well founded; do not reject their voice, but yet take care not to believe them too readily, otherwise they might deceive you, and your first outburst might pass all bounds. Read carefully again this half of a letter. Ha, what would I whose heart is full of agony not give for the other half of it? But, after all, what do I say? This part suffices and is more than enough to convince me of my misfortune:

> "*Though your rival . . .*
> *you ought still . . .*
> *It is in your power to . . .*
> *the greatest obstacle . . .*
> *I feel very grateful . . .*
> *for rescuing me from the hands . . .*
> *his love, his homage . . .*
> *but his jealousy is . . .*
> *Remove, therefore, from your love . . .*
> *deserve the regards . . .*
> *and when one endeavors . . .*
> *do not persist . . .*

Yes, my destiny is sufficiently explained by these words, which clearly show that she wrote what she felt; the imperfect meaning of this ominous letter does not require the other half to be clear to me. Let us, however, act gently at first; let us conceal our deep emotion from this faithless woman; let us employ against her the same arts she makes use of. Here she comes. Reason, be thou mistress of my soul, and for some time at least keep me from giving way to my passion!

SCENE V.—Donna Elvira, Don Garcia.

Elv. I trust you will pardon me for letting you wait.

Garc. (*in a low voice and aside.*) How well she dissembles.

Elv. We have just now heard that the king, your father, approves your designs, and consents that his son should restore us to our subjects. I am extremely rejoiced at this.

Garc. Yes, madam, and my heart is rejoiced at it too; but . . .

Elv. The tyrant will doubtless find it difficult to defend himself against the thunderbolts which from all sides threaten him. I flatter myself that the same courage which was able to deliver me from the brutal rage of the usurper, to snatch me out of his hands, and place me safe within the walls of Astorga, will conquer the whole of Leon, and, by its noble efforts cause the head of the tyrant to fall.

Garc. A few days more will show if I am successful. But pray let us proceed to some other subject of conversation. If you do not consider me too bold, will you kindly tell me, madam, to whom you have written since fate led us hither?

Elv. Why this question, and whence this anxiety?

Garc. Out of pure curiosity, madam, that is all.

Elv. Curiosity is the daughter of jealousy.

Garc. No; it is not at all what you imagine; your commands have sufficiently cured that disease.

Elv. Without endeavoring further to discover what may be the reasons for your inquiry I have written twice to the Countess Inez at Leon, and as often to the Marquis, Don Louis, at Burgos. Does this answer put your mind at rest?

Garc. Have you written to no one else, madam?

Elv. No, certainly, and your questions astonish me.

GARC. Pray consider well before you make such a statement, because people forget sometimes, and thus perjure themselves.

ELV. I cannot perjure myself in what I have stated.

GARC. You have, however, told a very great falsehood.

ELV. Prince!

GARC. Madam!

ELV. Heavens; what is the meaning of this! Speak! Have you lost your senses?

GARC. Yes, yes, I lost them, when to my misfortune I beheld you, and thus took the poison which kills me; when I thought to meet with some sincerity in those treacherous charms that bewitched me.

ELV. What treachery have you to complain of?

GARC. Oh! how double-faced she is! how well she knows to dissimulate! But all means for escape will fail you. Cast your eyes here, and recognize your writing.[6] Without having seen the other part of this letter it is easy enough to discover for whom you employ this style.

ELV. And this is the cause of your perturbation of spirits?

GARC. Do you not blush on beholding this writing?

ELV. Innocence is not accustomed to blush.

GARC. Here indeed we see it oppressed. You disown this letter because it is not signed.

ELV. Why should I disown it since I wrote it?[7]

GARC. It is something that you are frank enough to own your handwriting; but I will warrant that it was a note written to some indifferent person, or at least that the tender sentiments it contains were intended only for some lady friend or relative.

ELV. No, I wrote it to a lover, and what is more to one greatly beloved.

GARC. And can I, O perfidious woman . . .?

ELV. Bridle, unworthy prince, the excess of your base fury. Although you do not sway my heart, and I am accountable here to none but myself, yet for your sole punishment I will clear myself from the crime of which you so insolently accuse me. You shall be undeceived; do not doubt it. I have my defense at hand. You shall be fully enlightened; my innocence shall appear complete. You yourself shall be the judge in your own cause, and pronounce your own sentence.

GARC. I cannot understand such mysterious talk.

ELV. You shall soon comprehend it to your cost. Eliza, come hither!

SCENE VI.—DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.

EL. Madam.

ELV. (*To Don Garcia.*) At least observe well whether I make use of any artifice to deceive you; whether by a single glance or by any warning gesture I seek to ward off this sudden blow. (*To Eliza.*) Answer me quickly, where did you leave the letter I wrote just now?

EL. Madam, I confess I am to blame. This letter was by accident left on my table; but I have just been informed that Don Lopez, coming into my apartment, took as he usually does the liberty to pry everywhere, and found it. As he was unfolding it, Leonora wished to snatch it from him before he had read anything; and whilst she tried to do this, the letter in dispute was torn in two pieces, with one of which Don Lopez quickly went away, in spite of all she could do.

ELV. Have you the other half?

EL. Yes; here it is.

ELV. Give it to me. (*To Don Garcia.*) We shall see who is to blame; join the two parts together, and then read it aloud. I wish to hear it.

GARC. "*To Don Garcia.*" Ha!

ELV. Go on! Are you thunderstruck at the first word?

GARC. (*Reads.*) "*Though your rival, prince, disturbs your mind you ought still to fear yourself more than him. It is in your power to destroy now the greatest obstacle your passion has to encounter. I feel very grateful to Don Garcia for rescuing me from the hands of my bold ravishers; his love, his homage, delights me much; but his jealousy is odious to me. Remove, therefore, from your love that foul blemish; deserve the regards that are bestowed upon it; and when one endeavors to make you happy do not persist in remaining miserable.*"

ELV. Well, what do you say to this?

GARC. Ah! madam, I say that on reading this I am quite confounded; that I see the extreme injustice of my complaints, and that no punishment can be severe enough for me.

ELV. Enough! Know that if I desire that you should read the letter it was only to contradict everything I stated in it; to unsay a hundred times all that you read there in your favor. Farewell, prince.

GARC. Alas, madam! whither do you fly?

ELV. To a spot where you shall not be, over-jealous man.

GARC. Ah, madam, excuse a lover who is wretched because, by a wonderful turn of fate, he has become guilty towards you, and who, though you are now very wroth with him, would have deserved greater blame if he had remained innocent. For, in short, can a heart be truly enamored which does not dread as well as hope? And could you believe I loved you if this ominous letter had not alarmed me, if I had not trembled at the thunderbolt which I imagined had destroyed all my happiness? I leave it to yourself to judge if such an accident would not have caused any other lover to commit the same error; if I could disbelieve, alas, a proof which seemed to me so clear!

ELV. Yes, you might have done so; my feelings so clearly expressed ought to have prevented your suspicions. You had nothing to fear; if some others had had such a pledge they would have laughed to scorn the testimony of the whole world.

GARC. The less we deserve a happiness which has been promised us the greater is the difficulty we feel in believing in it. A destiny too full of glory seems unstable, and renders us suspicious. As for me, who think myself so little deserving of your favors, I doubted the success of my rashness. I thought that finding yourself in a place under my command you forced yourself to be somewhat kind to me; that, disguising to me your severity . . .

ELV. Do you think that I could stoop to so cowardly an action? Am I capable of feigning so disgracefully; of acting from motives of servile fear; of betraying my sentiments; and because I am in your power of concealing my contempt for you under a pretence of kindness? Could any consideration for my own reputation so little influence me? Can you think so, and dare to tell it me? Know that this heart cannot debase itself; that nothing under Heaven can compel it to act thus: if it has committed the great error of showing you some kindness, of which you were not worthy, know that in spite of your power it will be able now to show the hatred it feels for you, to defy your rage, and

convince you that it is not mean, nor ever will be so.

GARC.[9] Well, I cannot deny that I am guilty: but I beg pardon of your heavenly charms, I beg it for the sake of the most ardent love that two beautiful eyes ever kindled in a human soul. But if your wrath cannot be appeased; if my crime be beyond forgiveness; if you have no regard for the love that caused it, nor for my heart-felt repentance, then one propitious blow shall end my life, and free me from these unbearable torments. No, think not that having displeased you, I can live for one moment under your wrath. Even whilst we are speaking my heart sinks under gnawing remorse; were a thousand vultures cruelly to wound it, they could not inflict greater pangs. Tell me, madam, if I may hope for pardon; if not, then this sword shall instantly, in your sight, by a well-directed thrust, pierce the heart of a miserable wretch; that heart, that irresolute heart, whose weakness has so deeply offended your excessive kindness, too happy if in death this just doom efface from your memory all remembrance of its crime, and cause you to think of my affection without dislike. This is the only favor my love begs of you.

ELV. Oh! too cruel prince!

GARC. Speak, madam.

ELV. Must I still preserve some kind feelings for you, and suffer myself to be affronted by so many indignities?

GARC. A heart that is in love can never offend, and finds excuses for whatever love may do.

ELV. Love is no excuse for such outbursts.

GARC. Love communicates its ardor to all emotions, and the stronger it is the more difficulty it finds . . .

ELV. No, speak to me no more of it; you deserve my hatred.

GARC. You hate me then?

ELV. I will at least endeavor to do so. But alas! I am afraid it will be in vain, and that all the wrath which your insults have kindled will not carry my revenge so far.

GARC. Do not endeavor to punish me so severely, since I offer to kill myself to avenge you; pronounce but the sentence and I obey immediately.

ELV. One who cannot hate cannot wish anybody to die.

GARC. I cannot live unless you kindly pardon my rash errors; resolve either to punish or to forgive.

ELV. Alas! I have shown too clearly my resolution; do we not pardon a criminal when we tell him we cannot hate him?

GARC. Ah! this is too much. Suffer me, adorable princess . . .

ELV. Forbear, I am angry with myself for my weakness.

GARC. (*Alone.*) At length I am . . .

SCENE VII.—DON GARCIA, DON LOPEZ.

LOP. My lord, I have to communicate to you a secret that may justly alarm your love.

GARC. Do not talk to me of secrets or alarms, whilst I am in such a blissful rapture. After what has just taken place I ought not to listen to any suspicions. The unequaled kindness of a divine object ought to shut my ears against all such idle reports. Do not say anything more.

LOP. My lord, I shall do as you wish; my only care in this business was for you. I thought that the secret I just discovered ought to be communicated with all diligence; but

since it is your pleasure I should not mention it I shall change the conversation, and inform you that every family in Leon threw off the mask, as soon as the report spread that the troops of Castile were approaching; the lower classes especially show openly such an affection for their true king that the tyrant trembles for fear.

GARC. Castile, however, shall not gain the victory without our making an attempt to share in the glory; our troops may also be able to terrify Mauregat. But what secret would you communicate to me? Let us hear it?

LOP. My lord, I have nothing to say.

GARC. Come, come, speak, I give you leave.

LOP. My lord, your words have told me differently; and since my news may displease you I shall know for the future how to remain silent.

GARC. Without further reply I wish to know your secret.

LOP. Your commands must be obeyed; but, my lord, duty forbids me to explain such a secret in this place. Let us go hence, and I shall communicate it to you; without taking anything likely for granted you yourself shall judge what you ought to think of it.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Donna Elvira, Eliza.

Elv. What say you, Eliza, to this unaccountable weakness in the heart of a princess? What do you say when you see me so quickly forego my desire for revenge, and in spite of so much publicity weakly and shamefully pardon so cruel an outrage?

El. I say, madam, that an insult from a man we love is doubtless very difficult to bear; but if there be none which makes us sooner angry, so there is none which we sooner pardon. If the man we love is guilty, and throws himself at our feet, he triumphs over the rash outbreak of the greatest anger; so much the more easily, madam, if the offense comes from an excess of love. However great your displeasure may have been I am not astonished to see it appeased; I know the power which in spite of your threats will always pardon such crimes.

Elv. But know, Eliza, however great the power of my love may be, I have blushed for the last time; if henceforth the prince gives me fresh cause for anger, he must no longer look for pardon. I swear, that in such a case, I will never more foster tender feelings for him: for, in short, a mind with ever so little pride is greatly ashamed to go back from its word, and often struggles gallantly against its own inclinations; it becomes stubborn for honor's sake, and sacrifices everything to the noble pride of keeping its word. Though I have pardoned him now, do not consider this a precedent for the future. Whatever fortune has in store for me I cannot think of giving my hand to the Prince of Navarre until he has shown that he is completely cured of those gloomy fits which unsettle his reason, and has convinced me, who am the greatest sufferer by this disease,

that he will never insult me again by a relapse.

EL. But how can the jealousy of a lover be an insult to us?

ELV. Is there one more deserving of our wrath? And since it is with the utmost difficulty we can resolve to confess our love; since the strict honor of our sex at all times strongly opposes such a confession, ought a lover to doubt our avowal, and should he not be punished? Is he not greatly to blame in disbelieving that which is never said but after a severe struggle with one's self?[11]

EL. As for me, I think that a little mistrust on such an occasion should not offend us; and that it is dangerous, madam, for a lover to be absolutely persuaded that he is beloved. If . . .

ELV. Let us argue no more. Every person thinks differently. I am offended by such suspicions; and, in spite of myself, I am conscious of something which forebodes an open quarrel between the prince and me, and which, notwithstanding his great qualities . . . . But, heavens! Don Silvio of Castile in this place!

SCENE II.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALPHONSO, *under the name of Don Silvio*, ELIZA.

ELV. Ah! my lord, what chance has brought you here?

ALPH. I know, madam, that my arrival must surprise you. To enter quietly this town, to which the access has become difficult through the orders of a rival, and to have avoided being seen by the soldiers, is an event you did not look for. But if in coming here I have surmounted some obstacles, the desire of seeing you is able to effect much greater miracles. My heart has felt but too severely the blows of merciless fate which kept me away from you; to allay the pangs which nearly kill me I could not refuse myself some moments to behold in secret your inestimable person. I come, therefore, to tell you that I return thanks to Heaven that you are rescued from the hands of an odious tyrant. But in the midst of that happiness I feel that I shall always be tortured with the thought that envious fate deprived me of the honor of performing such a noble deed, and has unjustly given to my rival the chance of venturing his life pleasantly to render you so great a service. Yes, madam, my readiness to free you from your chains was undoubtedly equal to his; I should have gained the victory for you if Heaven had not robbed me of that honor.

ELV. I know, my lord, that you possess a heart capable of overcoming the greatest dangers; I doubt not but this generous zeal which incited you to espouse my quarrel would have enabled you as well as anyone else to overcome all base attempts; but even if you have not performed this noble deed—and you could have done it—I am already under sufficient obligations to the house of Castile. It is well known what a warm and faithful friend the count, your father, was of the late king, and what he did for him. After having assisted him until he died he gave my brother a shelter in his states; full twenty years he concealed him, in spite of the cowardly efforts to discover him, employed by barbarous and enraged enemies; and now to restore to his brow a crown, in all its splendor, you are marching in person against our usurpers. Are you not satisfied, and do not these generous endeavors place me under strong obligations to you? Would you, my lord, obstinately persist in swaying my whole

fate? Must I never receive even the slightest kindness unless from you? Ah! amidst these misfortunes, which seem to be my fate, suffer me to owe also something to another, and do not complain that another arm acquired some glory when you were absent.

ALPH. Yes, madam, I ought to cease complaining; you are quite right when you tell me so; we unjustly complain of one misfortune when a much greater threatens to afflict us. This succor from a rival is a cruel mortification to me: but, alas! this is not the greatest of my misfortunes; the blow, the severe blow which crushes me, is to see that rival preferred to me. Yes, I but too plainly perceive that his greater reputation was the reason that his love was preferred to mine; that opportunity of serving you, the advantage he possessed of signalizing his prowess, that brilliant exploit which he performed in saving you, was nothing but the mere effect of being happy enough to please you, the secret power of a wonderful astral influence which causes the object you love to become famed. Thus all my efforts will be in vain. I am leading an army against your haughty tyrants; but I fulfill this noble duty trembling, because I am sure that your wishes will not be for me, and that if they are granted fortune has in store the most glorious success for my happy rival. Ah! madam, must I see myself hurled from that summit of glory I expected; and may I not know what crimes they accuse me of, and why I have deserved that dreadful downfall?

ELV. Before you ask me anything consider what you ought to ask of my feelings. As for this coldness of mine, which seems to abash you, I leave it to you, my lord, to answer for me; for, in short, you cannot be ignorant that some of your secrets have been told to me. I believe your mind to be too noble and too generous to desire me to do what is wrong. Say yourself if it would be just to make me reward faithlessness; whether you can without the greatest injustice offer me a heart already tendered to another; whether you are justified in complaining, and in blaming a refusal which would prevent you from staining your virtues with a crime? Yes, my lord, it is a crime; for first love has so sacred a hold on a lofty mind, that it would rather lose greatness and abandon life itself than incline to a second love.[11] I have that regard for you which is caused by an appreciation of your lofty courage, your magnanimous heart; but do not require of me more than I owe you, and maintain the honor of your first choice. In spite of your new love, consider what tender feelings the amiable Inez still retains for you; that she has constantly refused to be made happy for the sake of an ungrateful man; for such you are, my lord! In her great love for you how generously has she scorned the splendor of a diadem! Consider what attempts she has withstood for your sake, and restore to her heart what you owe it.

ALPH. Ah, madam, do not present her merit to my eyes! Though I am an ungrateful man and abandon her, she is never out of my mind; if my heart could tell you what it feels for her I fear it would be guilty towards you. Yes, that heart dares to pity Inez, and does not without some hesitation follow the violent love which leads it on. I never flattered myself that you would reward my love without at the same time breathing some sighs for her; in the midst of these pleasant thoughts my memory still casts some sad looks towards my first love, reproaches itself with the effect of your divine charms, and mingles some remorse with what I wish most fervently. And since I must tell you all I have done

more than this. I have endeavored to free myself from your sway, to break your chains, and to place my heart again under the innocent yoke of its first conqueror. But, after all my endeavors, my fidelity gives way, and I see only one remedy for the disease that kills me. Were I even to be forever wretched I cannot forswear my love, or bear the terrible idea of seeing you in the arms of another; that same light which permits me to behold your charms will shine on my corpse before this marriage takes place. I know that I betray an amiable princess; but, after all, madam, is my heart guilty? Does the powerful influence which your beauty possesses leave the mind any liberty? Alas! I am much more to be pitied than she; for by losing me she loses only a faithless man. Such a sorrow can easily be soothed; but I through an unparalleled misfortune abandon an amiable lady, whilst I endure all the torments of a rejected love.

ELV. You have no torments but what you yourself create, for our heart is always in our own power. It may indeed sometimes show a little weakness; but, after all, reason sways our passions . . .

SCENE III.—DON GARCIA, DONNA ELVIRA, DON ALPHONSO, *under the name of Don Silvio.*

GARC. I perceive, madam, that my coming is somewhat unseasonable, and disturbs your conversation. I must needs say I did not expect to find such good company here.

ELV. Don Silvio's appearance indeed surprised me very much; I no more expected him than you did.

GARC. Madam, since you say so, I do not believe you were forewarned of this visit; (*to Don Silvio*) but you, sir, ought at least to have honored us with some notice of this rare happiness, so that we should not have been surprised, but enabled to pay you here those attentions which we would have liked to render you.

ALPH. My lord, you are so busy with warlike preparations, that I should have been wrong had I interrupted you. The sublime thoughts of mighty conquerors can hardly stoop to the ordinary civilities of the world.

GARC. But those mighty conquerors, whose warlike preparations are thus praised, far from loving secrecy, prefer to have witnesses of what they do; their minds trained to glorious deeds from infancy make them carry out all their plans openly; being always supported by lofty sentiments they never stoop to disguise themselves. Do you not compromise your heroic merits in coming here secretly, and are you not afraid that people may look upon this action as unworthy of you?

ALPH. I know not whether any one will blame my conduct because I have made a visit here in secret; but I know, prince, that I never courted obscurity in things which require light. Were I to undertake anything against you, you should have no cause to remark you were surprised. It would depend upon yourself to guard against it; I would take care to warn you beforehand. Meanwhile let us continue upon ordinary terms, and postpone the settlement of our quarrels until all other affairs are arranged. Let us suppress the outbursts of our rather excited passions, and not forget in whose presence we are both speaking.

ELV. (*To Don Garcia.*) Prince, you are in the wrong; and his visit is such that you . . .

GARC. Ah! madam, it is too much to espouse his quarrel. You ought to dissemble a little better when you pretend that you were ignorant he was coming here. You defend him so warmly and so quickly that it is no very convincing proof of his visit being unexpected.

ELV. Your suspicions concern me so little that I should be very sorry to deny your accusation.

GARC. Why do you not go farther in your lofty pride, and without hesitation lay bare your whole heart? You are too prone to dissimulation. Do not unsay anything you once said. Be brief, be brief, lay aside all scruples; say that his passion has kindled yours, that his presence delights you so much . . .

ELV. And if I have a mind to love him can you hinder me? Do you pretend to sway my heart, and have I to receive your commands whom I must love? Know that too much pride has deceived you if you think you have any authority over me; my mind soars too high to conceal my feelings when I am asked to declare them. I will not tell you whether the count is beloved; but I may inform you that I esteem him highly; his great merits, which I admire, deserve the love of a princess better than you; his passion, the assiduity he displays, impress me very strongly; and if the stern decree of fate puts it out of my power to reward him with my hand I can at least promise him never to become a prey to your love. Without keeping you any longer in slight suspense I engage myself to act thus, and I will keep my word. I have opened my heart to you, as you desired it, and shown you my real feelings. Are you satisfied, and do you not think that as you pressed me I have sufficiently explained myself? Consider whether there remains anything else for me to do in order to clear up your suspicions. *(To Don Silvio.)* In the meanwhile, if you persist in your resolution to please me, do not forget, count, that I have need of your arm, and that whatever may be the outbreaks of temper of an eccentric man you must do your utmost to punish our tyrants. In a word, do not listen to what he may say to you in his wrath, and in order to induce you so to act remember that I have entreated you.

SCENE IV.—DON GARCIA, DON ALPHONSO.

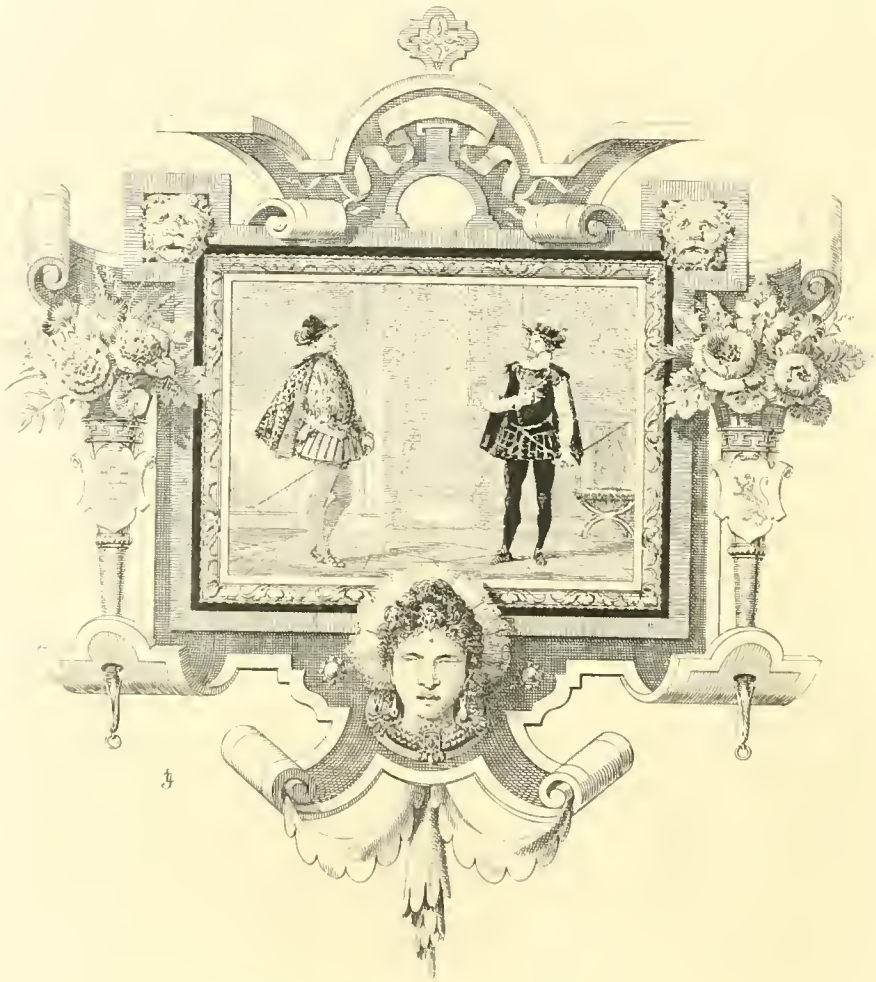
GARC. Everything smiles upon you, and you proudly triumph over my confusion. It is pleasant to hear the glorious confession of that victory which you obtain over a rival; but it must greatly add to your joy to have that rival a witness to it. My pretensions, openly set aside, enhance all the more the triumph of your love. Enjoy this great happiness fully, but know that you have not yet gained your point; I have too just cause to be incensed, and many things may perhaps ere then come to pass. Despair when it breaks out goes a great way; everything is pardonable when one has been deceived. If the ungrateful woman, out of compliment to your love, has just now pledged her word never to be mine, my righteous indignation will discover the means of preventing her ever being yours.

ALPH. I do not trouble myself about your antagonism. We shall see who will be deceived in his expectations. Each by his valor will be able to defend the reputation of his love, or avenge his misfortune. But as between rivals the calmest mind may easily become irate, and as I am unwilling that such a

conversation should exasperate either of us, I wish, prince, you would put me in the way of leaving this place, so that the restraint I put upon myself may be ended.

GARC. No, no, do not fear that you will be compelled to violate the order you received. Whatever righteous wrath is kindled within me, and which no doubt delights you, count, I know when it should break forth. This place is open to you; you can leave it, proud of the advantages you have gained. But once more I tell you that my head alone can put your conquest into your hands.

ALPH. When matters shall have reached that point fortune and our arms will soon end our quarrel.



DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

OR, THE JEALOUS PRINCE

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

JACQUES LEMAN, PAINTER. C. CHAMPOLLION, ETCHER.

DON GARCIA (*Hat in hand, starts furiously forward as he sees, through the half open door, what happens in the next apartment, where Donna Elvira, standing by a table, embraces Donna Inez, who is disguised as a man*): "WHAT DO I SEE, RIGHTEOUS HEAVENS! CAN I BELIEVE MY EYES? ALAS! THEY ARE DOUBTLESS BUT TOO FAITHFUL WITNESSES! THIS IS THE MOST TERRIBLE OF ALL MY GREAT TROUBLES!"

BESIDE HIM, DON ALVAREZ, IN WHITE BREECHES AND DOUBLET.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Donna Elvira, Don Alvarez.

Elv. You can go back, Don Alvarez, but do not expect that you shall persuade me to forget this offense. The wound which my heart received is incurable; all endeavors to heal it make it but fester the more. Does the prince think I shall listen to some simulated compliments? No, no, he has made me too angry; and his fruitless repentance, which led you hither, solicits a pardon which I will not grant.

Alv. Madam, he deserves your pity. Never was any offense expiated with more stinging remorse; if you were to see his grief it would touch your heart and you would pardon him. It is well known that the prince is of an age at which we abandon ourselves to first impressions; that in fiery youth the passions hardly leave room for reflection. Don Lopez, deceived by false tidings, was the cause of his master's mistake. An idle report that the count was coming, and that you had some understanding with those who admitted him within these walls, was indiscreetly bruited about. The prince believed it; his love deceived by a false alarm has caused all this disturbance. But being now conscious of his error he is well aware of your innocence; the dismissal of Don Lopez clearly proves how great his remorse is for the outburst of which he has been guilty.

Elv. Alas! He too readily believes me innocent; he is not yet quite sure of it. Tell him to weigh all things well, and not to make too much haste, for fear of being deceived.

Alv. Madam, he knows too well . . .

Elv. I pray you, Don Alvarez, let us no longer continue a conversation which vexes

me: it revives in me some sadness, at the very moment that a more important sorrow oppresses me. Yes, I have received unexpectedly the news of a very great misfortune; the report of the death of the Countess Inez has filled my heart with so much wretchedness that there is no room for any other grief.

ALV. Madam, these tidings may not be true; but when I return I shall have to communicate to the prince a cruel piece of news.

ELV. However great his sufferings may be they fall short of what he deserves.

SCENE II.—DONNA ELVIRA, ELIZA.

EL. I waited, madam, until he was gone, to tell you something that will free you from your anxiety, since this very moment you can be informed what has become of Donna Inez. A certain person, whom I do not know, has sent one of his servants to ask an audience of you, in order to tell you all.

ELV. Eliza, I must see him; let him come quickly.

EL. He does not wish to be seen except by yourself; by this messenger he requests, madam, that his visit may take place without any one being present.

ELV. Well, we shall be alone; I will give orders about that whilst you bring him here. How great is my impatience just now! Ye fates, shall these tidings be full of joy or grief?

SCENE III.—DON PEDRO, ELIZA.

EL. Where . . .

PED. If you are looking for me, madam, here I am.

EL. Where is your master . . .

PED. He is hard by; shall I fetch him?

EL. Desire him to come; tell him that he is impatiently expected, and that no one shall see him. (*Alone.*) I cannot unravel this mystery; all the precautions he takes . . . But here he is already.

SCENE IV.—DONNA INEZ, *in man's dress*, ELIZA.

EL. My lord, in order to wait for you, we have prepared . . . But what do I see? Ah! madam, my eyes . . .

INEZ. Do not tell any one, Eliza, I am here; allow me to pass my sad days in peace. I pretended to kill myself. By this feigned death I got rid of all my tyrants; for this is the name my relatives deserve. Thus I have avoided a dreadful marriage; rather than have consented, I would really have killed myself. This dress, and the report of my death, will keep the secret of my fate from all, and secure me against that unjust persecution which may even follow me hither.

EL. My surprise might have betrayed you if I had seen you in public; but go into this room and put an end to the sorrow of the princess; her heart will be filled with joy when she shall behold you. You will find her there alone; she has taken care to see you by herself, and without any witnesses.

SCENE V.—DON ALVAREZ, ELIZA.

EL. Is this not Don Alvarez whom I see?

ALV. The prince sends me to entreat you to use your utmost influence in his favor. His

life is despaired of, unless he obtains by your means, fair Eliza, one moment's conversation with Donna Elvira; he is beside himself . . . but here he is.

SCENE VI.—Don Garcia, Don Alvarez, Eliza.

Garc. Alas, Eliza, feel for my great misfortune; take pity on a heart full of wretchedness, and give up to the bitterest sorrow.

El. I should look upon your torments, my lord, with other eyes than the princess does; Heaven or our mood is the reason why we judge differently about everything. But, as she blames you, and fancies your jealousy to be a frightful monster, if I were in your place I should obey her wishes, and endeavor to conceal from her eyes what offends them. A lover undoubtedly acts wisely when he tries to suit his temper to ours; a hundred acts of politeness have less influence than this unison, which makes two hearts appear as if stirred by the same feelings. This similarity firmly unites them; for we love nothing so much as what resembles ourselves.

Garc. I know it, but alas! merciless fate opposes such a well-intentioned plan; in spite of all my endeavors it continually lays a snare for me, which my heart cannot avoid. It is not because the ungrateful woman, in the presence of my rival, avowed her love for him, and not for me; and that with such an excess of tenderness, that it is impossible I can ever forget her cruelty. But as too much ardor led me to believe erroneously that she had introduced him into this place I should be very much annoyed if I left upon her mind the impression that she has any just cause of complaint against me. Yet, if I am abandoned, it shall be only through her faithlessness, for as I have come to beg her pardon for my impetuosity she shall have to excuse her ingratitude.

El. Give a little time for her resentment to cool, and do not see her again so soon, my lord.

Garc. Ah! if you love me, induce her to see me; she must grant me that permission: I do not leave this spot until her cruel disdain at least . . .

El. Pray, my lord, defer this purpose.

Garc. No; make no more idle excuses.

El. (*Aside.*) The princess herself must find means to send him away if she says but one word to him. (*To Don Garcia.*) Stay here, my lord, I shall go and speak to her.

Garc. Tell her that I instantly dismissed the person whose information was the cause of my offense, that Don Lopez shall never . . .

SCENE VII.—Don Garcia, Don Alvarez.

Garc. (*Looking in at the door which Eliza left half open.*) What do I see, righteous heavens! Can I believe my eyes? Alas! they are doubtless but too faithful witnesses; this is the most terrible of all my great troubles! This fatal blow completely overwhelms me! When suspicions raged within me, it was Heaven itself, vaguely but ominously foretelling me this horrible disgrace.

Alv. What have you seen, my lord, to disturb you?

Garc. I have seen what I can hardly conceive; the overthrow of all creation would

less astonish me than this accident. It is all over with me . . . Fate . . . I cannot speak.[13]

ALV. My lord, endeavor to be composed.

GARC. I have seen . . . Vengeance! Oh, heaven!

ALV. What sudden alarm . . . ?

GARC. It will kill me, Don Alvarez, it is but too certain.

ALV. But, my lord, what can . . .

GARC. Alas! Everything is undone. I am betrayed, I am murdered![14] A man (can I say it and still live), a man in the arms of the faithless Elvira!

ALV. The princess, my lord, is so virtuous . . .

GARC. Ah, Don Alvarez, do not gainsay what I have seen. It is too much to defend her reputation after my eyes have beheld so heinous an action.

ALV. Our passions, my lord, often cause us to mistake a deception for a reality; to believe that a mind nourished by virtue can . . .

GARC. Prithee leave me, Don Alvarez, a counselor is in the way upon such an occasion; I will take counsel only of my wrath.

ALV. (*Aside.*) It is better not to answer him when his mind is so upset.

GARC. Oh! how deeply am I wounded! But I shall see who it is, and punish with my own hand . . . But here she comes. Restrain thyself, O rage!

SCENE VIII.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, DON ALVAREZ.

ELV. Well, what do you want? However bold you may be, how can you hope for pardon after the way you have behaved? Dare you again present yourself before me? And what can you say that will become me to hear?

GARC. That all the wickedness of this world is not to be compared to your perfidy; that neither fate, hell, nor Heaven in its wrath ever produced anything so wicked as you are.[15]

ELV. How is this? I expected you would excuse your outrage; but I find you use other words.

GARC. Yes, yes, other words. You did not think that the door being by accident left half open I should discover the caitiff in your arms, and thus behold your shame, and my doom. Is it the happy lover who has returned, or some other rival to me unknown? O Heaven! grant me sufficient strength to bear such tortures. Now, blush, you have cause to do so; your treachery is laid bare. This is what the agitations of my mind prognosticated; it was not without cause that my love took alarm; my continual suspicions were hateful to you; but I was trying to discover the misfortune my eyes have beheld; in spite of all your care and your skill in dissembling my star foretold me what I had to fear. But do not imagine that I will bear unavenged the slight of being insulted! I know that we have no command over our inclinations; that love will everywhere spring up spontaneously; that there is no entering a heart by force, and that every soul is free to name its conqueror; therefore I should have no reason to complain if you had spoken to me without dissembling; you would then have sounded the death-knell of my hope, but my heart could have blamed fortune alone. But to see my love encouraged by a deceitful avowal on your part is so treacherous and perfidious an action that it cannot meet with too great a punishment; I can allow my resentment to do anything. No, no, after such an outrage,

hope for nothing. I am no longer myself, I am mad with rage.[16] Betrayed on all sides, placed in so sad a situation, my love must avenge itself to the utmost; I shall sacrifice everything here to my frenzy, and end my despair with my life.

ELV. I have listened to you patiently; can I, in my turn, speak to you freely?

GARC. And by what eloquent speeches, inspired by cunning . . .

ELV. If you have still something to say, pray continue; I am ready to hear you. If not, I hope you will at least listen for a few minutes quietly to what I have to say.

GARC. Well, then, I am listening. Ye heavens! what patience is mine!

ELV. I restrain my indignation, and will without any passion reply to your discourse so full of fury.

GARC. It is because you see . . .

ELV. I have listened to you as long as you pleased; pray do the like to me. I wonder at my destiny, and I believe there was never anything under heaven so marvelous, nothing more strange and incomprehensible, and nothing more opposed to reason. I have a lover who incessantly does nothing else but persecute me; who amidst all the expressions of his love does not entertain for me any feelings of esteem; whose heart on which my eyes have made an impression does not do justice to the lofty rank granted to me by Heaven; who will not defend the innocence of my actions against the slightest semblance of false appearances. Yes, I see . . . (*Don Garcia shows some signs of impatience, and wishes to speak.*) Above all, do not interrupt me. I see that my unhappiness is so great that one who says he loves me, and who even if the whole world were to attack my reputation ought to claim to defend it against all, is he who is its greatest foe. In the midst of his love he lets no opportunity pass of suspecting me; he not only suspects me but breaks out into such violent fits of jealousy that love cannot suffer without being wounded. Far from acting like a lover who would rather die than offend her whom he loves, who gently complains and seeks respectfully to have explained what he thinks suspicious, he proceeds to extremities as soon as he doubts, and is full of rage, insults and threats. However, this day I will shut my eyes to everything that makes him odious to me, and out of mere kindness afford him an opportunity of being reconciled, though he insulted me anew. This great rage with which you attacked me proceeds from what you accidentally saw; I should be wrong to deny what you have seen; I own you might have some reason to be disturbed at it.

GARC. And is it not . . .

ELV. Listen to me a little longer, and you shall know what I have resolved. It is necessary that our fates should be decided. You are now upon the brink of a great precipice; you will either fall over it, or save yourself, according to the resolution you shall take. If, notwithstanding what you have seen, prince, you act towards me as you ought, and ask no other proof but that I tell you you are wrong; if you readily comply with my wishes and are willing to believe me innocent upon my word alone, and no longer yield to every suspicion, but blindly believe what my heart tells you; then this submission, this proof of esteem, shall cancel all your offenses; I instantly retract what I said when excited by well-founded anger. And if hereafter I can choose for myself, without prejudicing what I owe to my birth, then my honor being satisfied with the respect you so quickly show promises to

reward your love with my heart and my hand. But listen now to what I say. If you care so little for my offer as to refuse completely to abandon your jealous suspicions; if the assurance which my heart and birth give you do not suffice; if the mistrust that darkens your mind compels me though innocent to convince you, and to produce a clear proof of my offended virtue, I am ready to do so, and you shall be satisfied; but you must then renounce me at once, and forever give up all pretensions to my hand. I swear by Him who rules the heavens, that whatever fate may have in store for us, I will rather die than be yours! I trust these two proposals may satisfy you; now choose which of the two pleases you.

GARC. Righteous Heaven! Was there ever anything more artful and treacherous? Could hellish malice produce any perfidy so black? Could it have invented a more severe and merciless way to embarrass a lover? Ah! ungrateful woman, you know well how to take advantage of my great weakness, even against myself, and to employ for your own purposes that excessive, astonishing, and fatal love which you inspired.[17] Because you have been taken by surprise, and cannot find an excuse, you cunningly offer to forgive me. You pretend to be good-natured, and invent some trick to divert the consequences of my vengeance; you wish to ward off the blow that threatens a wretch, by craftily entangling me with your offer. Yes, your artifices would fain avert an explanation which must condemn you; pretending to be completely innocent you will give convincing proof of it only upon such conditions as you think and most fervently trust I will never accept; but you are mistaken if you think to surprise me. Yes, yes, I am resolved to see how you can defend yourself; by what miracle you can justify the horrible sight I beheld, and condemn my anger.

ELV. Consider that by this choice you engage yourself to abandon all pretensions to the heart of Donna Elvira.

GARC. Be it so! I consent to everything; besides, in my present condition, I have no longer any pretensions.

ELV. You will repent the wrath you have displayed.

GARC. No, no, your argument is a mere evasion; I ought rather to tell you that somebody else may perhaps soon repent. The wretch, whoever he may be, shall not be fortunate enough to save his life if I wreak my vengeance.

ELV. Ha! This can no longer be borne; I am too angry foolishly to preserve longer my good nature. Let me abandon the wretch to his own devices, and, since he will undergo his doom, let him—Eliza! . . (*To Don Garcia.*) You compel me to act thus; but you shall see that this outrage will be the last.

SCENE IX.—DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA, ELIZA.

ELV. (*To Eliza.*) Desire my beloved to come forth . . . Go, you understand me, say that I wish it.

GARC. And can I . . .

ELV. Patience, you will be satisfied.

EL. (*Aside, going out.*) This is doubtless some new trick of our jealous lover.

ELV. Take care at least that this righteous indignation perseveres in its ardor to the end; above all, do not henceforth forget what price you have paid to see your suspicions removed.

DON GARCIA OF NAVARRE

OR, THE JEALOUS PRINCE

ACT IV. SCENE X.

EDM. HEDOUIN, PAINTER. F. L. KIRKPATRICK, ETCHER

DONNA ELVIRA, DON GARCIA AND DONNA INEZ, *in man's dress*

DONNA ELVIRA (*To Don Garcia, showing him Donna Inez*). "THANKS TO HEAVEN, BEHOLD THE CAUSE OF THE GENEROUS SUSPICIONS YOU SHOWED. LOOK WELL ON THAT FACE, AND SEE IF YOU DO NOT AT ONCE RECOGNIZE THE FEATURES OF DONNA INEZ."

DON GARCIA: "O HEAVENS!"

DONNA INEZ (*To Don Garcia*): "MY LORD, YOUR UNJUST AND VIOLENT SUSPICIONS HAVE WRONGED VIRTUE ITSELF."

condemn my anger.

ELV. Consider that by this choice you engage yourself to abandon all pretensions to the heart of Donna Elvira.

GARC. Be it so! I consent to everything; besides, in my present condition, I have no longer any pretensions.

ELV. You will repent the wrath you [illegible]

GARC. No, no, your argument is a mere [illegible] I ought rather to tell you that [illegible] perhaps soon repent. The [illegible] for- [illegible] I wreak my [illegible]

ELV. Ha! [illegible] Forbearance, I am too [illegible] to his own [illegible] his doom, let [illegible] you shall see that this outr[illegible]

DONNA ELVIRA (To Don Garcia)

LOOK WELL ON THAT FACE, AND SEE IF YOU DO NOT AT ONCE RECOGNIZE

THE FEATURES OF DONNA INEZ.

DON GARCIA. "O HEAVENS!"

ELV. [illegible]

DONNA INEZ (To Don Garcia)

SUSPICIONS HAVE WRONGED VIRTUE [illegible]

[illegible] is doubtless [illegible] of our [illegible] lover.

[illegible] care [illegible] that this righte[illegible] us [illegible] persevere in its ardor to the end, [illegible] do not henceforth forget what price [illegible] have paid to see your suspicions removed.

SCENE X.—Donna Elvira, Don Garcia, Donna Inez, Eliza, Don Alvarez.

Elv. (*To Don Garcia, showing him Donna Inez.*) Thanks to Heaven, behold the cause of the generous suspicions you showed. Look well on that face, and see if you do not at once recognize the features of Donna Inez.

Garc. O heavens!

Elv. If the rage which fills your heart prevents you from using your eyes you can ask others, and thus leave no room for doubt. It was necessary to pretend she was dead so that she might escape from the tyrant who persecuted her: she disguised herself in this manner the better to profit by her pretended death. (*To Donna Inez.*) You will pardon me, madam, for having consented to betray your secrets and to frustrate your expectations; but I am exposed to Don Garcia's insolence; I am no longer free to do as I wish; my honor is a prey to his suspicions, and is every moment compelled to defend itself. This jealous man accidentally saw us embrace, and then he behaved most disgracefully. (*To Don Garcia.*) Yes, behold the cause of your sudden rage, and the convincing witness of my disgrace. Now, like a thorough tyrant, enjoy the explanation you have provoked; but know that I shall never blot from my memory the heinous outrage done to my reputation. And if ever I forget my oath may Heaven shower its severest chastisements upon my head; may a thunderbolt descend upon me if ever I resolve to listen to your love. Come, madam, let us leave this spot, poisoned by the looks of a furious monster; let us quickly flee from his bitter attacks, let us avoid the consequences of his mad rage, and animated by just motives, let us only pray that we may soon be delivered from his hands.

Inez. (*To Don Garcia.*) My lord, your unjust and violent suspicions have wronged virtue itself.

SCENE XI.—Don Garcia, Don Alvarez.

Garc. What gleam of light clearly shows me my error, and at the same time involves my senses in such a profound horror that dejected, I can see nothing but the dreadful object of a remorse that kills me! Ah! Don Alvarez, I perceive you were in the right; but hell breathed its poison into my soul; through a merciless fatality I am my worst enemy. What does it benefit me to love with the most ardent passion that an amorous heart ever displayed, if this love continually engenders suspicions which torment me, and thus renders itself hateful! I must, I must justly revenge by my death the outrage committed against her divine charms. What advice can I follow now? Alas! I have lost the only object which made life dear to me! As I relinquished all hope of ever being beloved by her it is much easier to abandon life itself.

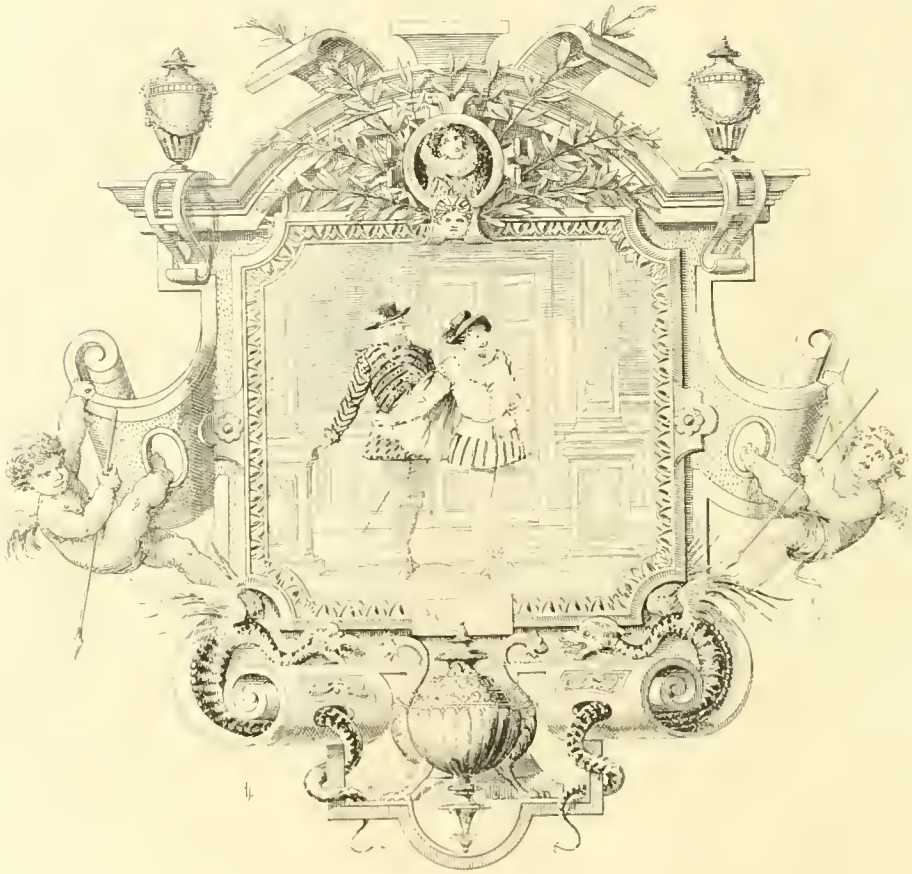
Alv. My lord . . .

Garc. No, Don Alvarez, my death is necessary. No pains, no arguments shall turn me from it; yet my approaching end must do some signal service to the princess. Animated by this noble desire I will seek some glorious means of quitting life; perform some mighty deed worthy of my love, so that in expiring for her sake she may pity me, and say it was excess of love that was my sole offense. Thus she shall see herself avenged! I must attempt a deed of daring, and with my own hand give to Mauregat that death he so justly deserves.

My boldness will forestall the blow with which Castile openly threatens him. With my last breath I shall have the pleasure of depriving my rival of performing such a glorious deed.

ALV. So great a service, my lord, may perhaps obliterate all remembrance of your offense; but to risk . . .

GARC. Let me fulfill my duty, and strive to make my despair aid in this noble attempt.



ACT V.

SCENE I.—Don Alvarez, Eliza.

Alv. No, never was anyone more astonished. He had just planned that lofty undertaking; inspired by despair, he was all anxiety to kill Mauregat; eager to show his courage, and to reap the advantage of this lawful deed; to endeavor to obtain his pardon, and prevent the mortification of seeing his rival share his glory. As he was leaving these walls a too accurate report brought him the sad tidings that the very rival whom he wished to forestall had already gained the honor he hoped to acquire; had anticipated him in slaying the traitor and urged the appearance of Don Alphonso, who will reap the fruits of Don Silvio's prompt success, and come to fetch the princess, his sister. It is publicly said and generally believed that Don Alphonso intends to give the hand of his sister as a reward for the great services Don Silvio has rendered him, by clearing for him a way to the throne.

El. Yes, Donna Elvira has heard this news, which has been confirmed by old Don Louis, who has sent her word that Leon is now awaiting her happy return and that of Don Alphonso, and that there, since fortune smiles upon her, she shall receive a husband from the hands of her brother. It is plain enough from these few words that Don Silvio will be her husband.

Alv. This blow to the prince's heart . . .

El. Will certainly be severely felt. I cannot help pitying his distress; yet, if I judge rightly, he is still dear to the heart he has offended; it did not appear to me that the princess was well pleased when she heard of Don Silvio's success, and of the approaching arrival of her brother, or with the letter; but . . .

SCENE II.—Donna Elvira, Donna Inez, Eliza, Don Alvarez.

Elv. Don Alvarez, let the prince come hither. (*Don Alvarez leaves.*) Give me leave, madam, to speak to him in your presence concerning this piece of news which greatly surprises me; and do not accuse me of changing my mind too quickly, if I lose all my animosity against him. His unforeseen misfortune has extinguished it; he is unhappy enough without the addition of my hatred. Heaven, who treats him with so much rigor, has but too well executed the oaths I took. When my honor was outraged I vowed openly never to be his; but as I see that fate is against him I think I have treated his love with too great severity; the ill success that follows whatever he does for my sake cancels his offense, and restores him my love. Yes, I have been too well avenged; the waywardness of his fate disarms my anger, and now full of compassion I am seeking to console an unhappy lover for his misfortunes. I believe his love well deserves the compassion I wish to show him.

Inez. Madam, it would be wrong to blame the tender sentiments you feel for him. What he has done for you . . . He comes; and his paleness shows how deeply he is affected by this surprising stroke of fate.

SCENE III.—Don Garcia, Donna Elvira, Donna Inez, Eliza.

Garc. Madam, you must think me very bold in daring to come here to show you my hateful presence . . .

Elv. Prince, let us talk no more of my resentment; your fate has made a change in my heart. Its severity, and your wretched condition have extinguished my anger, and our peace is made. Yes, though you have deserved the misfortunes with which Heaven in its wrath has afflicted you; though your jealous suspicions have so ignominiously, so almost incredibly, sullied my fame, yet I must needs confess that I so far commiserate your misfortune as to be somewhat displeased with our success. I hate the famous service Don Silvio has rendered us, because my heart must be sacrificed to reward it; I would were it in my power bring back the moments when destiny put only my oath in my way. But you know that it is the doom of such as we are to be always the slaves of public interests; that Heaven has ordained that my brother who disposes of my hand is likewise my king. Yield, as I do, prince, to that necessity which rank imposes upon those of lofty birth. If you are very unfortunate in your love be

comforted by the interest I take in you; and though you have been overwhelmed by fate do not employ the power which your valor gives you in this place: it would doubtless be unworthy of you to struggle against destiny; whilst it is in vain to oppose its decrees, a prompt submission shows a lofty courage. Do not therefore resist its orders; but open the gates of Astorga to my brother who is coming; allow my sad heart to yield to those rights which he is entitled to claim from me; perhaps that fatal duty which I owe him against my will may not go so far as you imagine.

GARC. Madam, you give me proofs of exquisite goodness in endeavoring to lighten the blow that is prepared for me, but without such pains you may let fall upon me all the wrath which your duty demands. In my present condition I can say nothing. I have deserved the worst punishments which fate can inflict; and I know that whatever evils I may suffer I have deprived myself of the right to complain of them. Alas, amidst all my misfortunes, on what grounds can I be bold enough to utter any complaint against you? My love has rendered itself a thousand times odious, and has done nothing but outrage your glorious charms; when by a just and noble sacrifice I was endeavoring to render some service to your family fortune abandoned me, and made me taste the bitter grief of being forestalled by a rival. After this, madam, I have nothing more to say. I deserve the blow which I expect; and I see it coming without daring to call upon your heart to assist me. What remains for me in this extreme misfortune is to seek a remedy in myself, and by a death which I long for free my heart from all those tribulations. Yes, Don Alphonso will soon be here; already my rival has made his appearance, he seems to have hurried hither from Leon, to receive his reward for having killed the tyrant. Do not fear that I shall use my power within these walls to offer him any resistance. If you allowed it there is no being on earth which I would not defy in order to keep you, but it is not for me when you detest to expect such an honorable permission. No vain attempts of mine shall offer the smallest opposition to the execution of your just designs. No, madam, your feelings are under no compulsion; you are perfectly free. I will open the gates of Astorga to the happy conqueror, and suffer the utmost severity of fate.

SCENE IV.—DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ, ELIZA.

ELV. Madam, do not ascribe all my afflictions to the interest which I take in his unhappy lot. You will do me but justice if you believe that you have a large share in my heart-felt grief; that I care more for friendship than for love. If I complain of any dire misfortune it is because Heaven in its anger has borrowed from me those shafts which it hurls against you, and has made my looks guilty of kindling a passion which treats your kind heart unworthily.

INEZ. This is an accident caused doubtless by your looks, for which you ought not to quarrel with Heaven. If the feeble charms which my countenance displays have exposed me to the misfortune of my lover abandoning me, Heaven could not better soften such

a blow than by making use of you to captivate that heart. I ought not to blush for an inconstancy which indicates the difference between your attractions and mine. If this change makes me sigh it is from foreseeing that it will be fatal to your love; amidst the sorrow caused by friendship I am angry for your sake that my few attractions have failed to retain a heart whose devotion interferes so greatly with the love you feel for another.

ELV. Rather blame your silence which without reason concealed the understanding between your hearts. If I had known this secret sooner it might perhaps have spared us both some sad trouble; I might then coldly and justly have refused to listen to the sighs of a fickle lover, and perhaps have sent back whence they strayed . . .

INEZ. Madam, he is here.

ELV. You can remain without even looking at him. Do not go away, madam, but stay, and though you suffer hear what I say to him.

INEZ. I consent, madam; though I very well know that were another in my place she would avoid being present at such a conversation.

ELV. If Heaven seconds my wishes, madam, you shall have no cause to repine.

SCENE V.—DON ALPHONSO (*believed to be Don Silvio*), DONNA ELVIRA, DONNA INEZ.

ELV. Before you say a word, my lord, I earnestly beg that you will deign to hear me for a moment. Fame has already informed us of the marvelous deeds you have performed. I wonder to see, as all do, how quickly and successfully you have changed our lot. I know very well that such an eminent service can never be sufficiently rewarded, and that nothing ought to be refused to you for that never-to-be-forgotten deed which replaces my brother on the throne of his ancestors. But whatever his grateful heart may offer you make a generous use of your advantages, and do not employ your glorious action, my lord, to make me bend under an imperious yoke; nor let your love—for you know who is the object of my passion—persist in triumphing over a well-founded refusal; let not my brother, to whom they are going to present me, begin his reign by an act of tyranny over his sister. Leon has other rewards which for the nonce may do more honor to your lofty valor. A heart which you can obtain only by compulsion would be too mean a reward for your courage. Can a man be ever really satisfied when by coercion he obtains what he loves? It is a melancholy advantage; a generous-minded lover refuses to be happy upon such conditions. He will not owe anything to that pressure which relatives think they have a right to employ; he is ever too fond of the maiden he loves to suffer her to be sacrificed as a victim even to himself. Not that my heart intends to grant to another what it refuses to you. No, my lord, I promise you, and pledge you my word of honor, that no one shall ever obtain my hand, that a convent shall protect me against every other . . .

ALPH. Madam, I have listened long enough to your discourse, and might by two words have prevented it all if you had given less credit to false tidings. I know that a common

report, which is everywhere believed, attributes to me the glory of having killed the tyrant; but as we have been informed the people alone, stirred up by Don Louis to do their duty, have performed this honorable and heroic act, which public rumor ascribed to me. The reason of these tidings was that Don Louis, the better to carry out his lofty purpose, spread a report that I and my soldiers had made ourselves masters of the town; by this news he so excited the people that they hastened to kill the usurper. He has managed everything by his prudent zeal, and has just sent me notice of this by one of his servants. At the same time, a secret has been revealed to me which will astonish you as much as it surprised me. You expect a brother, and Leon its true master; Heaven now presents him before you. Yes, I am Don Alphonso; I was brought up and educated under the name of Prince of Castile; this clearly proves the sincere friendship that existed between Don Louis and the king, my father. Don Louis has all the proofs of this secret, and will establish its truth to the whole world. But now my thoughts are taken up with other cares; I am clear how to act towards you; not that my passion is opposed to such a discovery, or that the brother in my heart quarrels with the lover. The revelation of this secret has without the least murmur changed my ardor into a love commanded by nature; the tie of relationship which unites us has so entirely freed me from the love which I entertained for you that the highest favor I now long for is the sweet delights of my first chain, and the means of rendering to the adorable Inez that which her excessive goodness deserves.[18] But the uncertainty of her lot renders mine miserable; if what is reported be true then it will be in vain for Leon to invite me, and for a throne to wait for me, for a crown could not make me happy. I only wished for it splendor in order to let me taste the joy of placing it on the head of that maiden for whom Heaven destined me, and by those means to repair, as far as I could, the wrong I have done to her extraordinary virtues. It is from you, madam, I expect tidings as to what has become of her. Be pleased to communicate them, and by your words hasten my despair, or the happiness of my life.

ELV. Do not wonder if I delay answering you; for this news, my lord, bewilders me. I will not take upon me to tell your loving heart, whether Donna Inez be dead or alive; but this gentleman here who is one of her most intimate friends will doubtless give you some information about her.

ALPH. (*Recognizing Donna Inez.*) Ah, madam, in this dilemma I am happy to behold again your heavenly beauty. But with what eye can you look upon a fickle lover, whose crime . . .

INEZ. Ah! do not insult me, and venture to state that a heart which I hold dear could be inconstant. I cannot bear the thought, and the apology pains me. All the love you felt for the princess could not offend me, because her great worth is a sufficient excuse. The love you bore her is no proof of your guilt towards me. Learn that if you had been culpable the lofty pride within me would have made you sue in vain to overcome my contempt, and that neither repentance nor commands could have induced me to forget such an insult.

ELV. Ah, dear brother,—allow me to call you by this gentle name,—you render your sister very happy! I love your choice, and bless fortune, which enables you to crown so

pure a friendship! Of the two noble hearts I so tenderly love . . .

SCENE VI.—Don Garcia, Donna Elvira, Donna Inez, Don Alphonso, Eliza.

Garc. For mercy's sake, madam, hide from me your satisfaction, and let me die in the belief that a feeling of duty compels you. I know you can freely dispose of your hand; I do not intend to run counter to your wishes. I have proved this sufficiently, as well as my obedience to your commands. But I must confess that this levity surprises me, and shakes all my resolutions. Such a sight awakens a storm of passion which I fear I cannot command, though I would punish myself if this could make me lose that profound respect I wish to preserve. Yes, you have ordered me to bear patiently my unfortunate love; your behest has so much influence over my heart that I will rather die than disobey you. But still, the joy you display tries me too severely; the wisest man, upon such an occasion, can but ill answer for his conduct. Suppress it, I beseech you, for a few moments, and spare me, madam, this cruel trial; however great your love for my rival may be do not let me be a wretched witness of his felicity. This is the smallest favor I think a lover may ask, even when he is disliked as much as I am. I do not seek this favor for long, madam; my departure will soon satisfy you. I go where sorrow shall consume my soul, and shall learn your marriage only by hearsay; I ought not to hasten to behold such a spectacle; for, without seeing it, it will kill me.

Inez. Give me leave, my lord, to blame you for complaining, because the princess has deeply felt your misfortunes; this very joy at which you murmur arises solely from the happiness that is in store for you. She rejoices in a success which has favored your heart's desire, and has discovered that your rival is her brother. Yes, Don Alphonso, whose name has been so bruited about, is her brother; this great secret has just now been told to her.

Alph. My heart, thank Heaven, after a long torture, has all that it can desire, and deprives you of nothing, my lord. I am so much the happier, because I am able to forward your love.

Garc. Alas! my lord, I am overwhelmed by your goodness, which condescends to respond to my dearest wishes. Heaven has averted the blow that I feared; any other man but myself would think himself happy. But the fortunate discovery of this favorable secret proves me to be culpable towards her I adore; I have again succumbed to these wretched suspicions, against which I have been so often warned, and in vain; through them my love has become hateful, and I ought to despair of ever being happy. Yes, Donna Elvira has but too good reason to hate me; I know I am unworthy of pardon; and whatever success fortune may give me, death, death alone is all that I can expect.

Elv. No, no, prince, your submissive attitude brings more tender feelings into my heart; I feel that the oath I took is no longer binding on me; your complaints, your respect, your grief has moved me to compassion; I see an excess of love in all your actions, and your malady deserves to be pitied. Since Heaven is

the cause of your faults, some indulgence ought to be allowed to them; in one word, jealous or not jealous, my king will have no compulsion to employ when he gives me to you.

GARC. Heaven! enable me to bear the excess of joy which this confession produces.

ALPH. I trust, my lord, that after all our useless dissensions this marriage may forever unite our hearts and kingdoms. But time presses, and Leon expects us; let us go therefore, and by our presence and watchfulness give the last blow to the tyrant's party.

NOTES

[1] In the inventory taken after Molière's death mention is made of "Spanish dress, breeches, cloth cloak, and a satin doublet, the whole adorned with silk embroideries." This is probably the dress in which Molière played *Don Garcia*.

[2] Molière has expressed the same thoughts differently in *The Bores*, Act ii, Scene 4.

[3] Donna Elvira is afraid that Don Alphonso will owe Don Silvio a debt so heavy that he will only be able to repay it by the gift of her hand.

[4] The sentence from "Yes, my heart," &c., until "your birth" is nearly the same as the words addressed by Alceste to Célimène in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[5] Don Lopez bears a distant resemblance to "honest Iago" in Othello, though Molière has only faintly shadowed forth what Shakespeare has worked out in so masterly a manner.

[6] The lines, "Heavens! what is the meaning of this?" till "and recognize your writing," have been employed again by Molière in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3. The misanthrope Alceste has also in his hand the written proofs of the faithlessness of the object of his love: but his suspicions are well founded, whilst those of Don Garcia are inspired only by jealousy.

[7] The words, "And this is the cause" until "since I wrote it," are, with a few slight alterations, found also in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[8] Molière has with a few alterations placed this phrase beginning with "the less," and ending with "my rashness," in the mouth of *Tartuffe* in the play of the same name, Act iv, Scene 5.

[9] This scene beginning from "Well," until the end, has, with several alterations rendered necessary by change of metre, been treated by Molière in his *Amphitryon*, Act ii, Scene 6.

[10] Compare Iago's reticence in Shakespeare's *Othello* (iii, 3).

[11] The words "since it is" until "one's self" have been used by Molière with some slight alteration in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[12] The words "Yes, my Lord" until "second love" are also, with some alterations, found in *The Blue Stockings*, Act iv, Scene 2.

[13] The words from "What have you seen" till "I cannot speak," are, with some slight alterations, found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 2.

[14] The last sentences of Don Alvarez and Don Garcia are also found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 2.

[15] These words of Don Garcia are also in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[16] The whole of this speech, from "Now blush," until "mad with rage," has, with few alterations, been used in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[17] The phrase "Ah! ungrateful woman" until "inspired" is also found in the *Misanthrope*, Act iv, Scene 3.

[18] Compare the manner in which Andrès, in *The Blunderer* (Act v, Scene 15), recognizes his sister in Celia.

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